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COLONEL GORDON IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

C. G. Gordon

COLONEL GORDON

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA

1874-1879,

With a Portrait; and Map of the Country prepared under Colonel Gordon's supervision.

FROM ORIGINAL LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L.

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B." "DR. JOHNSON: HIS FRIENDS AND HIS CRITICS," ETC.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

LONDON:

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.

1881

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TO

MISS GORDON

This Record

OF HER BROTHER'S BENEFICENT RULE OVER THE

WILD TRIBES OF CENTRAL AFRICA

IS DEDICATED

WITH EVERY FEELING OF RESPECT

BY

HER FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

A FEW words are needful to set forth the somewhat unusual circumstances in which this book appears. With the consent of Colonel Gordon, there were placed last summer in my hands, not only the public documents that have reference to his administration in Central Africa, but also the correspondence that, during his long absence from England, he maintained with more than one member of his family. With these materials I was allowed to deal as I thought best. For the form that the book should take, and for everything that should appear in it, I and I alone was to be answerable. I had not the honour of Colonel Gordon's acquaintance, and I was told from the first that he would neither see me nor correspond with me till the book was finished and before the world. Neither, too, would he read my manuscript, or the proofs of my work

as they passed through the press. I have therefore neither seen nor corresponded with the man whose Memoir I have sketched, and whose Letters I am editing. When, however, I have been puzzled by any *fact* in the account that he gives of his travels, or in the history of the countries which he has ruled, he has kindly cleared up my difficulties through the intervention of his brother, Sir Henry Gordon. Colonel Gordon is, then, only so far answerable for this work in that he gave his consent, acting on the advice of others, that his papers should be placed in my hands for me to make the best use of them that I could. The book is mine, and I must answer for it, just as much as if he were dead and I his literary executor. Sir Henry Gordon has, however, been kind enough to bear some share of the burden. He has read the proof-sheets, and has here and there suggested a slight change, which I have gladly made.

I found no difficulty in deciding on the form that the work should take. Colonel Gordon, I soon saw, must be left to tell his own story. The worst use to which I could put his letters would be to make out of them a continuous narrative told in my own words. My art would mostly lie in selecting the proper passages for extract, and in piecing them together. I have

not hesitated, I may add, to make here and there a change in the arrangement of the subjects, and now and then a verbal alteration. The letters are between three and four hundred in number; they are closely written, and they very often run to great lengths: there are some, indeed, that fill twenty and even thirty pages of note-paper. They are his Journal, as more than once he reminded his correspondent. He was lonely—often for weeks together he had no one with whom he could converse—and so he poured forth his thoughts on paper. I need scarcely say that they were never meant to see light. Of all that he wrote I am not publishing more than, perhaps, a tenth part.

One word as to the strong religious utterances that will be met with in these pages. When we see a man undergoing year after year all that Colonel Gordon has undergone; when we see him in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst; when we see him, besides those things that are without, bearing that which came upon him daily, the care of a great government; when we see him, moreover, bearing all these great sufferings and this vast burden steadfastly and

patiently, we put to ourselves the question that was of old put to Milton in his blindness:—"What supports me, dost thou ask?" In these letters the answer is given. We may not, perhaps, hold with the writer—his thoughts may not be our thoughts. The answer, nevertheless, cannot but be of the highest interest to every thoughtful man. We see one who "by manifold struggles feels his feet on the Everlasting Rock,"* and who lets us see how he has made sure his footing.

G. B. HILL.

THE POPLARS, BURGHFIELD,
April 6th, 1881.

* *Reminiscences*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, Vol. I., p. 5.

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MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL GORDON'S PREVIOUS CAREER.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, the fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, was born at Woolwich on January 28, 1833.* His mother was the daughter of the late Samuel Enderby, Esq., of Blackheath. When he was not yet fifteen years old he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. In 1852 he received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. When the war broke out with Russia he volunteered for service in the East, and in the last month of 1854 he joined the army before Sebastopol. While on duty in the trenches he was wounded in the forehead by a stone thrown up by a shot. Sir Harry Jones specially mentioned him with some other subalterns of the Royal Engineers as officers who had done gallant service, "but who, from the constitution of the corps, wherein promotion goes by seniority, are never promoted out of

* Two of his elder brothers are Sir Henry W. Gordon, K.C.B., and Major-General S. Enderby Gordon, C.B., Royal Artillery.

the corps." From the French Government he received the Order of the Legion of Honour. On the fall of Sebastopol he joined the force that laid siege to Kinburn, and he was present at the capture of that fortress in October, 1855. Returning to the Crimea he was engaged first in the survey of the Russian entrenchments, and next in the destruction of the docks of Sebastopol. This latter service was one of no ordinary difficulty.

On the declaration of peace Lieutenant Gordon accompanied Major Stanton* to Galatz, where he was engaged, as Assistant-Commissioner, in laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania. In June, 1857, on the completion of that duty, he accompanied Major Simmons† to Armenia. There, in the same capacity, he was engaged in determining the Asiatic frontiers of Russia and Turkey. At the end of the year he returned to England. In the following spring (1858) he went back to Armenia on the same duty, but holding the appointment of Commissioner. Returning to England in December of that year, he was quartered at Chatham, and was employed as Field-work Instructor and Adjutant. In 1860, holding now the rank of Captain, he joined the army before Pekin, and was present at the surrender of that town. For his services he received his brevet promotion to the rank of Major.

* Now Lieutenant-General Stanton, C.B.

† Now General Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B.

In December, 1861, accompanied by Lieutenant Cardew of the 67th Regiment, he made a tour on horseback to the Outer Wall of China at Kalgan. A Chinese lad, of the age of fourteen, who knew a little English, acted as their servant and interpreter, while their baggage was carried in two carts. In the course of their journey they passed through districts which had never before been visited by Europeans. Against the northern side of the city of Sinen-hoa they found that the sand had drifted with the wind, till it had formed a sloping bank so high that it reached to the top of the walls, though they were nearly twenty feet high. Nature had followed in the steps of the generals of old, and had cast up a bank against the town. At Kalgan the Great Wall was, with its parapet, about twenty-two feet high and sixteen feet broad. Both of its faces were built of bricks —each of which was three times the size of one of our bricks. The space between was filled in with rubble. "It is wonderful," writes Colonel Gordon, "to see the long line of wall stretching over the hills as far as the eye can reach." From Kalgan they travelled westwards to Taitong, where the wall was not so high. There they saw huge caravans of camels, laden with "brick tea," going towards Russia. Here they were forced to have the axle-trees of their carts widened, for they had come into a part of the country where the wheels were always set wider apart than in the province whence they came. Their carts, therefore, no

longer fitted the deep ruts which had been worn in the roads. The chief object of their journey had been to ascertain whether there was in the Inner Wall any pass besides the Tchatiaou, which, on that side of the country, led from the Russian territory to Pekin. They pushed along southwards, in vain trying for a long time to find a way eastward over the mountains. It was not till they reached Taiyuen that they struck into the road that led to Pekin or Tientsin. In this town, for the first time on their journey, they got into any kind of trouble. When their bill was brought them for their night's lodging, they found that the charge was enormous. Seeing that a dispute would arise, they sent on their carts, and waited at the inn till they felt sure that they had got well on their way. They then, like the three Quakers with whom Charles Lamb travelled to Exeter,* offered what they thought a reasonable sum. It was refused. They tried to mount their horses, but the people of the inn stopped them. Major Gordon took out his revolver, for show more than for use, for he allowed them to take it from him. He thereupon said, "Let us go to the Mandarin." To this they agreed, and at the same time they gave him back his revolver. They all walked towards the Mandarin's house—the two Englishmen alongside their horses. On the way Major Gordon said to his companion "Are you ready to mount?" "Yes," he answered

* See "Imperfect Sympathies," in *Essays by Elia*.

So they mounted quietly, and went on with the people. When they reached the Mandarin's, they turned their horses, and scampered after their carts as fast as they could. The people yelled and rushed after them, but it was too late. Some way beyond Taiyuen they came upon the pass over the mountains which led down into the country drained by the Peiho. The descent was a terrible one. All along the cold had been intense—so much so, that raw eggs were frozen hard as if they had been boiled. To add to their troubles, when they were on in front their carts were attacked by robbers; but the Chinese lad—an ugly imp—kept them off with his gun. When they drew near Paoting fu they sent on with the lad the two carts and their tired horses, which had now carried them for three weeks without the break of a single day, and they hired a fresh cart, in which they thought to ride to Tientsin. But with the boy gone they had no interpreter, and in their impatience, "their new driver"—to quote our traveller's own words—"got rather crossly dealt with." They stopped near Paoting fu for the night. Early next morning, as they were washing, they heard the gates of the inn open, and the rumble of cart-wheels. They guessed what was happening. "Half-stripped as I was, I rushed out, and saw our cart bolting away. I ran for a mile after it, but had to come back and hire another, with which we got to Tientsin—more than fourteen days over our leave."

Early in 1862, Major Gordon left for Shanghai, under the orders of Sir Charles Staveley, who had been appointed to the command of the English forces in China. At the very time that England and France had been at war with China, that Empire was suffering from a vast and most cruel rebellion. The hordes of the Taipings had laid waste whole provinces in the south, and were now advancing northwards, destroying the towns and turning everywhere the fruitful land into a wilderness. They even threatened one of the ports in which the European nations had established their factories. While the English and French were gathering their forces for their march on Pekin, two Governor-Generals of the Empire prayed for their aid against the rebels, who, having sacked two great and fair cities—Soochow and Hangchow*—were now threatening Shanghai. Not only for the sake of defending the European traders, but also, "on grounds of policy and humanity, to prevent, if possible, the scenes of bloodshed and pillage being enacted here which took place at Hangchow,"† this assistance was granted. Thus was seen the strange sight of the English and French armies marching on the capital of the Empire, and at the same time joining with the Imperial forces in the defence of it

* "Above," says a Chinese proverb, "is Paradise, but beneath are Soo and Hang."—*Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, and the Tai-ping Rebellion*, by ANDREW WILSON. Blackwood & Sons.

† Mr. Bruce in his despatch to Lord John Russell of May 30, 1860, quoted by Mr. Wilson, p. 61.

town which the rebels of the Empire were attacking. The attack was beaten off, and on August 22, 1860, the enemy was in full retreat.

Shortly before this some of the wealthy Chinese merchants of Shanghai had undertaken to provide the necessary funds, if the Governor of the province would enlist a force of foreigners to defend their city against the Taipings. Some troops accordingly had been raised, and placed under the command of an American of the name of Ward. From this band grew the force which later on bore the swelling title of the "ever-victorious army." The allies did their best to keep as clear as possible of the Civil War. The seat of their factories they would defend, but if that were not troubled they were content to watch the fray. However, in January, 1862, the rebels threatened a second attack on Shanghai. One of their leaders, who bore the title of the Faithful King, put forth a proclamation, in which he said, "Shanghai is a little place. We have nothing to fear from it; we must take it to complete our dominions." Thereupon the English and French commanders resolved to clear the country from the Taipings for thirty miles round that town. They were supported in this by an Imperial army, and by Ward's force, which now mustered nearly 1,000 natives, under the command of Europeans. There was a good deal of heavy fighting, the English Admiral was wounded, and the French Admiral was shot dead. In all these actions

Major Gordon bore his part. In the autumn of this year Ward fell in an attack on a town, and was succeeded by a worthless adventurer named Burgevine. Of this man Li Hung-chang, who had lately been made Governor of the Province, soon became so distrustful that he begged General Staveley to displace him, and to appoint an English officer in his stead. A scheme was thereupon drawn up by the General for the re-modelling of the force, and was accepted by the Chinese Governor. It received the sanction of Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister, and in February, 1863, Burgevine's troops were placed under Major Gordon. He held the command till May, 1864, when the neck of the rebellion had been broken, and the "ever-victorious army," having done its work, was disbanded. Of his great services a full account is given in Mr. Wilson's interesting work. There we read how—

"In almost all these engagements Colonel Gordon was very much exposed, for he found it necessary, or at least expedient, to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. Though brave men the officers of his force would sometimes hang back, and their commander had occasionally to take one by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. He himself seemed to bear a charmed life, and never carried any arms, even when foremost in the breach. His only weapon on these occasions was a small cane, with which he used to direct his troops, and in the Chinese imagination this cane soon became magnified into Gordon's 'magic wand of victory.' His celestial followers, finding him almost invariably victorious and escaping unhurt, though more exposed than any other man in the force, naturally concluded, in accordance with their usual ideas, that the little wand he carried insured protection and success to its owner. Every one who knows the Chinese

character will be aware that such an idea must have given great encouragement to the ever-victorious army, and was of more service to its commander than could have been any amount of arms which he himself could possibly have carried."*

In storming the town of Kintang "he was shot through the leg; but, silencing one of his body-guard who cried out that the commander was hit, he stood giving orders until he fainted from loss of blood, and was carried back to his boat."† Sir Frederick Bruce at once wrote to beg him "to be cautious, not on account of the force," he said, "but of yourself. . . . . I beg you not to look upon your position merely from a military point of view—you have done quite enough for your reputation as a gallant and skilful leader. We all look to you as the only person fit to act with these perverse Chinese, and to be trusted with the great interests at stake at Shanghai. Your life and ability to keep the field are more important than the capture of any city in China."

The Chinese Government, in its gratitude for his great services, not only made him a Mandarin of a very high order, but also gave him the rank of Ti-Tu—the highest in their army. In the decree that the Emperor issued, he said:—

"We command that Gordon be rewarded with a yellow riding-jacket‡ to be worn on his person, and a peacock's feather to be carried on his cap; also that there be bestowed

* *Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, etc.*, p. 184. † *Ibid.* p. 222.

‡ The yellow jacket is a high distinction conferred only rarely on Chinese officers.

on him four suits of the uniform proper to his rank of Ti-Tu in token of our favour and desire to do him honour. Respect this."*

The English Government was more moderate in its rewards. By it he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Companion of the Bath. Sir Frederick Bruce, in enclosing to Earl Russell (at that time Foreign Secretary) a translation of the Emperor's decree, thus bore testimony to all that Colonel Gordon had done :—

"HONG KONG, *July 12, 1864.*

". . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon well deserves Her Majesty's favour; for, independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese. Not only has he refused any pecuniary reward, but he has spent more than his pay in contributing to the comfort of the officers who served under him, and in assuaging the distress of the starving population, whom he relieved from the yoke of their oppressors. Indeed, the feeling that impelled him to resume operations after the fall of Soochow was one of the purest humanity. He sought to save the people of the districts that had been recovered from a repetition of the misery entailed upon them by this cruel civil war." †

By no means the least striking were the words of a young German prince who had served under Colonel Gordon, and who thus wrote to his commander :—"The opinion you have expressed of the slight services I may have rendered is so much the more flattering to me, knowing as I do that it emanates from an officer whose magnanimity and charity to the weak and defenceless are equal to his military talents so universally admired. I feel

* *Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, etc.*, p. 248. † *Ibid.* p. 246.

proud to have been at the school of war under so able and distinguished. a General, and I am thankfull (*sic*) to Providence for having been showen (*sic*) in you so bright an example of a Christian soldier."

His services were thus well summed up by the *Times*:—

"Never did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, and with more mercy towards the vanquished, with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage, or with more entire devotion to the objects and desires of his own Government, than this officer, who, after all his victories, has just laid down his sword. A history of operations among cities of uncouth names, and in provinces the geography of which is unknown except to special students, would be tedious and uninstructive. The result of Colonel Gordon's operations, however, is this: He found the richest and most fertile districts of China, in the hands of the most savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities of Hangchow and Soochow were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins in their possession. Gordon has cut the Rebellion in half, has recovered the great cities, has isolated and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power, and has left the marauders nothing but a few tracts of devastated country, and their stronghold of Nanking. All this he has effected, first by the power of his arms, and afterwards still more rapidly by the terror of his name."—Leading article in the *Times* of August 5, 1864.*

Eleven years later Colonel Gordon thus wrote from Central Africa to a brother officer in England:—"With respect to China we may rest without fear. *They will never stand if their communications are cut.* However good their arms

* *Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, etc.*, p. 257.

may be, they will never take care of them. Even with all my care, I never could get them to clean them. Fill the barrel and shake it up and down was the mode. With breech-loaders it may be easier to make them do it. We may be sure that they have a dozen sorts of rifles, with different ammunition. I saw at one place four batteries of different natures."

On his return to England in February, 1865, Colonel Gordon was appointed Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, and for the next six years was employed upon the erection of the Thames defences. At the end of 1871 he returned to the scene of his earlier labours as English Commissioner of the European Commission of the Danube.*

In September, 1872, he met Nubar Pasha, the famous Egyptian Minister, at the British Embassy in Constantinople. Sir Samuel Baker's term of office as Governor of the Tribes which inhabit the Nile Basin would come to an end in the following year, and Nubar wished to find a successor, and something more than a successor. He asked Colonel Gordon whether he knew of any officer of the Engineers who would be willing to fill the vacancy. The Colonel could not at once give an answer, but in July, 1873, he informed Nubar by

* To this Commission each of the Great Powers sends a member. Its chief duty is the improvement of the mouth of the Danube. It has power to levy taxes on shipping to pay for the works that it takes in hand. The depth of water on the bar of that river has been increased by its labours from 6 feet to 21 feet.

letter that he himself would accept the post, if on the Khedive's own application to the English Government for his services permission were granted. A favourable answer being received he returned to England, and at the close of the year started for Cairo. In his interview with the Khedive he was told to fix his own terms. He took £2,000 a year.

"I have laboured somewhat in my time,
And not been paid profusely,"

he might well have taken as his proud motto when he brought the first term of his long task to a close. In the following abstract that I have drawn up of the final instructions which he received on his departure for his province, the nature and the extent of his duties will be seen :—

ABSTRACT OF THE KHEDIVE'S FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO COLONEL GORDON, DATED FEBRUARY 16, 1874.

"The province which Colonel Gordon has undertaken to organise and to govern is but little known. Up to the last few years it had been in the hands of adventurers who had thought of nothing but their own lawless gains, and who had traded in ivory and slaves. They established factories and governed them with armed men. The neighbouring tribes were forced to traffic with them whether they liked it or not. The Egyptian Government, in the hope of putting an end to this inhuman trade, had taken the factories into their own hands, paying the owners an indemnification. Some of these men, nevertheless, had been still allowed to carry on trade in the district, under a promise that they would not deal in slaves. They had been placed under the control of the Governor of the Soudan. His authority, however, had scarcely been able to make itself felt in these remote countries. The Khedive, therefore, had resolved to form them into a separate government, and to claim as a monopoly of the state the whole of the trade with the outside world. There was no other way of putting an end to the

slave-trade, which at present was carried on by force of arms in defiance of law. When once brigandage had become a thing of the past, and when once a breach had been made in the lawless customs of long ages, then trade might be made free to all.

"If the men who had been in the pay of these adventurers were willing to enter the service of the Government, Colonel Gordon was to make all the use of them that he could. If, on the other hand, they attempted to follow their old course of life, whether openly or secretly, he was to put in force against them the utmost severity of martial law. Such men as these must find in the new Governor neither indulgence nor mercy. The lesson must be made clear, even in those remote parts, that a mere difference of colour does not turn men into wares, and that life and liberty are sacred things.

"One great error must be avoided into which others had fallen. The armament must be so well supplied with provisions that there shall be no need, as heretofore, to take from the tribes their stores of corn. By doings such as this distrust had been sown, where the Khedive had hoped to establish a feeling of confidence. The lands must be tilled by the troops, and crops raised. If, as seemed to be the case, Gondokoro was an ill-chosen position, situated as it was on a thankless soil, the seat of government must be moved to a more favoured spot. Among the natives who should be rescued from the slave-dealers many would be found who had been carried away from countries so far off that it would be impossible to restore them to their homes. They could be employed about the stations in tilling the ground.

"Another object of the new Governor should be to establish a line of posts through all his provinces, so that from one end to the other they might be brought into direct communication with Khartoum. These posts should follow, as far as was possible, the line of the Nile; but for a distance of seventy miles the navigation of that river was hindered by rapids. He was to search out the best way of overcoming this hindrance, and to make a report thereon to the Khedive.

"In dealing with the chieftains of the tribes which dwell on the shores of the lakes, the Governor was above all to try to win their confidence. He must respect their territory, and conciliate them by presents. Whatever influence he gains over them, he must use in the endeavour to persuade them to put an end to the wars which they so often make on each other in

the hope of carrying off slaves. Much tact will be needed, for should he succeed in stopping the slave-trade, while wars were still waged among the chiefs, it might well come to pass that, for want of a market, the prisoners would, in such a case, be slaughtered. Should he find it needful to exercise a real control over any one of these tribes, it will be better to leave to the chieftains the direct government. Their obedience must be secured by making them dread his power."

So remote from us are the lands which, for the next three years, were to be the scene of Colonel Gordon's labours, that we run a risk of forgetting how far they lie outside the pale of even the civilisation of the East. Cairo is scarcely farther from St. Petersburg than from these southern borders of the dominions of the Khedive. Khartoum is the last Egyptian town towards the south. Gondokoro, the seat of government of the provinces of the Equator, was nothing but a miserable station, outside which none durst move, except in armed bands. Yet Khartoum is about as far from Gondokoro as London is from Turin. Both these Egyptian settlements lie, no doubt, on the same great river, but, by the grassy barrier that from time to time forms in its upper reaches, they are cut off from each other, often for months together. In February, 1870, Sir Samuel Baker, with his large flotilla borne along by a strong breeze from the north, started up the stream from Khartoum. In spite of all his efforts—and very great they were—he did not arrive at Gondokoro till April in the following year. Happily for Colonel Gordon, the barrier had been cleared

away shortly before his arrival, so that he made a rapid ascent. Yet some years later on, in the war with the slave-dealers, one of his lieutenants was not only greatly delayed in his operations by its forming once more, but, being cut off from his supplies of ammunition, saw himself and his army brought by it into very great danger.*

With the imperfect materials that I have at my command, I have, to the best of my power, carried my readers to the point where Colonel Gordon is starting for these distant lands and entering upon his new government. The rest of his story, happily, is told in his own words. But, for these earlier days which I have thus gone through, would that there had been some one of whom he could say, he—

> "Still question'd me the story of my life,
> From year to year the battles, sieges, fortunes,
> That I have pass'd.
> I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
> To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
> Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Such a tale were well worth listening to and well worth recording.

* See p. 375.

SKETCH OF AFFAIRS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

"EGYPT in her greatest days," writes Colonel Gordon, "never seems to have extended permanently farther south than Wadi Halfa. There are certainly near Khartoum some ancient ruins of the time of the Pharoahs, and at Merowa there are some pyramids; but the occupation of these large regions was only ephemeral. To what was due this apparent indifference to conquest on the part of Ancient Egypt? The explanation is to be found in the difficulty of access to the Soudan—the Country of the Blacks, as the word means. From Wadi Halfa southwards to Hanneck—a distance of 180 miles—an utter desert extends, spreading also for miles and miles eastwards and westwards on both sides of the Nile. For the same length the river also is encumbered with ridges of rock. Any invader who should have succeeded in passing the waste tract would have found deployed against him the warlike tribes of the Soudan. Ancient Egypt might certainly have penetrated from Suakin on the Red Sea to Berber on the Nile. But her forces coming by this route would have had to cross a desert of 280 miles, and would equally have had to face the enemy at the end of their wearisome march. It was therefore this boundary of the desert that kept the warlike and independent tribes of the Soudan quite apart from the inhabitants of Egypt proper, and has made the Soudanese and the Egyptians two distinct peoples, that have not the least sympathy one with the other."

By the strength that is given by the arms of modern warfare, the sheltering barrier of the desert was at last broken down. For the last sixty years Egypt has been steadily extending her frontiers towards the south. Under Mehemet Ali, Nubia, Kordofan and Sennaar were added to

her territories. In the year 1853 the last Egyptian settlement on the Nile was in latitude 13° 45′ N.—about 120 miles, that is to say, south of Khartoum.* At the present day her fortified posts are found between the Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, little more than two degrees north of the equator. The line of conquest has not merely followed the course of the Nile. By the subjugation of Darfour the Egyptian border now comes within less than fifteen days' march of Lake Tchad, while in the east lands have been annexed which are washed by the lower part of the Red Sea and by the Gulf of Aden. In the advance southwards from Khartoum the way was opened by a succession of adventurers. In the year 1853 Mr. John Petherick, the English Consul for the Soudan, started on the first trading voyage to the upper waters of the White Nile. Other foreigners followed in his wake, tempted chiefly by the abundance and the cheapness of the ivory. Far up the country of the Bahr Gazelle posts were fortified by these traders, and held for them by bands of armed men under the command of Arabs. It was soon found that slave-hunting paid even better than ivory, and raids were made on the surrounding tribes. "About the year 1860," writes Colonel Gordon, "the scandal became so great that the Europeans had to get rid of their stations. They sold them to their Arab agents, who paid a rental for them to the Egyptian Government." The unhappy natives gained nothing by the change, for the new masters carried slave-hunting to far greater heights. Supplied both by the European settlers at Khartoum and by the Government with fire-arms and ammunition, these Arabs found the path of plunder an easy one. Many of the negro boys whom they enslaved they trained to arms, and by their aid they advanced to further acts of kidnapping and robbery. The misery and ruin that they have caused are beyond all human estimate. Unhappily, this vast tide of suffering, which for a time was checked in its course by Colonel Gordon, has since his retirement, begun once more to flow. Those conquerors are once more moving on,

"Who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove."

Nearly twenty years ago Captain Speke thus wrote of "those vile ruffian traders on the White Nile. . . . . The atrocities

* *Egypt, The Soudan, and Central Africa.* By JOHN PETHERICK, p. 342.

committed by these traders are beyond civilised belief. They are constantly fighting, robbing, and capturing slaves and cattle. No honest man can either trade or travel in the country; for the natives have been bullied to such an extent that they either fight or run away, according to their strength or circumstances."* Dr. Schweinfurth spent almost three years with the slave-hunters. "Twenty years ago," he writes, "hundreds of Dinka villages stood on this [the eastern] side of the river. . . . . As the result of the incessant ravages of Mohammed Kher, the entire eastern shore has degenerated into a forest-waste."† "There are traces still existing," he says in another passage, "which demonstrate that large villages and extensive plots of cultivated land formerly occupied the scene where now all is desolation. . . . . The population must have diminished by at least two-thirds."‡ "In comparatively a brief space of time," he says again, "all signs of activity and all traces of progress of any kind" have been obliterated. § Sir Samuel Baker lays the guilt of the wasting of the country of the Dinka tribe at the door of men high in office in the Egyptian Government. "This country," he writes, "had been quite depopulated by razzias made for slaves by the former and present Governors of Fashoda. . . . . I frequently rode on horseback," he adds, "about the country, and wherever I found a spot slightly raised above the general level, I was sure to discover quantities of broken pottery, the vestiges of villages which had at a former time been numerous."¶ In 1864 he had for the first time seen the Victoria Nile. He saw it once more in 1872. "It is impossible," he writes, "to describe the change that has taken place since I last visited this country. It was then a perfect garden, thickly populated, and producing all that man could desire. The villages were numerous; groves of plantains fringed the steep cliffs on the river's bank; and the natives were neatly dressed in the bark-cloth of the country. The scene has changed! All is wilderness! The population has fled! Not a village is to be seen! This is the certain result of the settlement of Khartoum traders. They

* *What led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile*, p. 367.

† *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 71.

‡ *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 260. Maundrell, writing so long ago as the year 1697, describes "that general ruin which the Turks bring with them into most places where they come."—*Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*, p. 16.—ED.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol I., p. 284.

¶ *Ismailia*, Vol. I., p. 111.

kidnap the women and children for slaves, and plunder and destroy wherever they set their foot."* "Not a soul to be seen for miles," wrote Colonel Gordon as he went up the Saubat River; "all driven off by the slavers in years past. You could scarcely conceive such a waste or desert."†

For a while nothing was done to check this cursed trade. There was, indeed, from time to time a certain "holy ostentation," and proclamations were freely issued. But, as Dr. Schweinfurth says, "an ineradicable propensity to slave-dealing has always shown itself in every Government official, be he Turk or Egyptian."‡ At length the Khedive was moved, not by pity for the countless sufferers, but by the dread of the growth of a rival power. The slave-hunters were now reckoned by thousands. They were strengthened by swarms of daring men, who sought refuge in the wilds from the heavy burthen of taxation laid on all who dwell within the reach of the Egyptian Government. They had, moreover, large bands of armed slaves, whose obedience was secured not only by fear, but by the constant plunder of the weak and helpless. So powerful had they become, that they now refused to the Government the rental that had been agreed on. Among these slave-dealers one man, by his wealth, his troops of slaves, and the number of his fortified stations, stood out as a kind of king. So great was his power, that it even threatened the authority of the Khedive. His name was Sebehr Rahama. Dr. Schweinfurth had found him "surrounded with a court that was little less than princely in its details. . . . . Special rooms, provided with carpeted divans, were reserved as ante-chambers, and into these all visitors were conducted by richly-dressed slaves. . . . . The regal aspect of these halls of state was increased by the introduction of some lions, secured, as may be supposed, by sufficiently strong and massive chains."§ His wealth matched even his superstition. It was reported on good authority that, to foil the black art of an enemy whose charms were a proof against lead, "he had had 25,000 dollars melted down into bullets, as the amulets did not apply to silver."¶ He owned no less than thirty stations. These fortified posts were carried far into the heart of Africa; and all along the line from one to another, and

* *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 136. † Page 24.

‡ *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 383.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 361. ¶ *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 325.

round each one of them far and wide, the slave-trader exercised despotic rule. So early as the year 1869 the Egyptian Government had tried to put a curb upon his power. Some companies of soldiers, under the command of a man named Bellal, had been sent up to the Bahr Gazelle. With him the slave-dealer soon came to blows. Bellal and most of his men were slain, but Sebehr himself was wounded in the ankle. Incensed though the Khedive was at this outrage done to his authority, he was powerless to punish it. Sebehr made some excuses, which were accepted. From this time he became the acknowledged head of the slave-dealers, and the real and sole chief of all their country. In name he was a subject of Egypt, but in reality he came little short of an independent sovereign.

One of the objects of Bellal's expedition had been the conquest of Darfour. This country was still free, and was governed by a line of Sultans which had existed for more than 400 years. The reigning Sultan had met Bellal's threatened attack by placing an embargo on corn along his southern border. This had greatly distressed not only his acknowledged enemy, but also the slave-traders, who drew much of their supplies of grain from Darfour. Sebehr was now strong enough to retaliate, and he was not slow in attacking Darfour. The Khedive became thoroughly alarmed. If Darfour fell into Sebehr's power, it was more than likely that the whole of the Soudan would follow. He thought it the safer course to act with Sebehr than to go against him, and he sent a force under Ismail Pasha Yacoob into Darfour from the north to support the slave-dealers, who were advancing from the south. On Sebehr the rank of Bey was conferred. In one of the battles the Sultan of Darfour, was shot in the head through his helmet, and fell from his horse to the ground. His two sons sprang down to defend their father's dead body "with their long crusaders' swords,"* but they soon fell lifeless upon it. The Sultan's uncle succeeded; but he also was killed, and then the succession was claimed by another member of the family—a young man of the name of Haroun. Darfour, however, for the time was subdued, and the conquerors soon began to quarrel over the spoils.† Sebehr was made a Pasha, but that

* See p. 248.

† Colonel Gordon, writing on March 18 of this year (1881), says: "All the robberies, &c., are going on in Darfour, which is governed at a yearly loss of £50,000. Two-thirds of its population have been taken into slavery."—Ed.

title did not satisfy his ambition. He and his men, he said, had done all the fighting, and he insisted therefore on his right to be Governor-General of the new province. How powerful and how dangerous he was is shown in a letter written by Colonel Gordon a year or two later. He says, "If you were here [at Shaka in Darfour] you would see how anxious, how terribly anxious, the Khedive is to put down the slave-trade, which threatens his supremacy." He goes on to describe Sebehr's troops—his bands of armed slaves. "Had I said to them, 'You shall be free,' they would have scoffed at me, and it would have been taken as a sign of fear. . . . . Smart, dapper-looking fellows, like antelopes, fierce, unsparing, the terror of Central Africa, having a *prestige* far beyond that of the Government—these are the slave-dealers' tools." In another letter he writes, "The fortified camps saw that they were stronger than the Government, and then came the idea of independence of the Khedive." Sebehr, in an evil hour for himself, but in a most happy one for the lands that he had wasted, went down to Cairo to assert his claim before the Khedive. He took with him, it was said, £100,000 to use in bribing the Pashas. At Cairo he was residing when Colonel Gordon returned to Egypt in 1877 as Governor-General of the Soudan. His son, Suleiman, during his absence, filled his place. Urged on by his father, who has never been allowed to leave Cairo, the young man before long broke out into a most formidable revolt. How he prospered for a time, and how at length he was crushed by the Governor-General and his able and daring lieutenant, Gessi Pasha, is told towards the close of the present work.*

Colonel Gordon during the first three years of his command did not come across this king of ruffians. With other slave-hunters he had much to do, but it was along the main channel of the Nile that he was constantly employed, while Sebehr's stations were far to the west. A short sketch of what he effected in these lands may, perhaps, be of some service to the reader. He took up the work where Sir Samuel Baker had laid it down. On his arrival he found that three stations, and three only, were held by the Egyptian troops. These three miserable posts and an imaginary boundary line constituted the whole Province of the Equator. One of them was at Gondokoro, the second and third far to the south at

* See p. 371.

Fatiko and Foweira. To convey stores or even letters from one garrison to another a strong body of troops was needed. It was not till the twenty-first month after his arrival at Gondokoro that he reached Foweira. The mere organisation of his government required much time and heavy labour. Till that was done he was not in a state to extend the lines of his posts. At first his province depended, to a great extent, on the Governor of the Province of Khartoum. This man, Ismail Yacoob Pasha, and his subordinate Raouf Bey,* who was in command of the troops at Gondokoro, were both hostile to him, for they knew too well that he would upset some of their cherished schemes. From no officer of the Government did he get any support. "The Khedive," he writes, "gave me a Firman [a decree] as Governor-General of the Equator, and left me to work out the rest. . . . . I had to depend on myself entirely. On an examination of affairs I found that I must get hold of the finances of the new Province and of the troops. This I effected by getting rid of Raouf Bey—I sent him off to Cairo—and by separating my finances entirely from those of Khartoum." By the end of 1874 he had set these two matters on a sound footing, and had also done much towards putting a stop to slave-hunting. In 1875 he was engaged in joining Gondokoro and Foweira "by fortified posts, so placed as to be an easy day's march one from the other. It was, moreover, needful that each post should have a supply of water. I chose the left [western] bank of the Nile, and worked up along it from Gondokoro to Duffli. Having the river on one side we could only be attacked on the other." By the end of 1875 the chain of posts was established. "We had then no difficulty in moving up first the two life-boats, then the 50-ton steamer—all three in sections—and in putting them together at Duffli." In the year 1876 "things were generally consolidated. Posts were pushed on to Mrooli and Masindi; but it was evident that opposition would be made to the advance to Lake Victoria." He had entered the country of Kaba Rega, the powerful king of Unyoro. The readers of *Ismailia* will not have forgotten with what treachery the hosts of that savage monarch attacked Sir Samuel Baker's troops in their camp at Masindi, and how near he was to cutting them all off in their flight. Sir Samuel had proclaimed his deposition, and had appointed his rival and cousin

* Now Raouf Pasha and Governor-General of the Soudan.

Rionga ruler of the kingdom, as vakeel or representative of the Egyptian Government. But a proclamation does not always upset a throne, and in the south, at all events, and on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, Kaba Rega maintained his power. In Anfina, another chieftain of Unyoro, Colonel Gordon found a man who had a better right to the central part of that country than either Kaba Rega or Rionga. Should he settle matters with these rivals, then there awaited him a war with Mtesa, king of Uganda, who, with good reason, resisted the advance of the Egyptians to the Victoria Nyanza. "I returned," wrote Colonel Gordon, "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent."

"*WHOSO upon him selfe will take the skill*
True Justice unto people to divide
Had needs have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.

"*Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise*
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Than this of Artegall, which here we have to say."

—THE FAERIE QUEENE, Book v., Canto iv

COLONEL GORDON IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.—1874.

CAIRO, *February 9, 1874.*—I paid a visit to Shereef Pasha, the Minister of Justice, and I took the opportunity of asking him to express to the Khedive my ideas of giving up the affair if it did not pay, and let him understand that your brother was not an hireling. I did this rather sharply, because I thought Nubar Pasha's manner was different. . . . . In the evening I saw Abou Saoud, and he will go up with me.* . . . .

February 14.—I think I can see the true motive now of the expedition, and believe it to be a sham, to catch the attention of the English people, as Baker said; I think the Khedive is quite innocent (or nearly so) of it, but Nubar is the chief man. Now what has happened? There has been a mutual disappointment. Nubar thought he had a rash fellow to do with, who could be persuaded to cut a dash, etc., etc., and found he had one of the Gordon race; this latter thought the thing real, and found it a sham, and felt like a Gordon who has been humbugged. . . . . There is a passenger steamer going to Suakin on February

* The Abou Saood frequently mentioned by Sir Samuel Baker in *Ismailia*.—ED.

18, the day I want to start. I meant to go with her, with one servant, and thus save—the special steamer going the same day—say £400. Nubar says, "No, you must have a special steamer, and go in state as Governor of Upper Egypt." I thus have to engage seven servants. . . . . —— is very angry with your brother, who is undiplomatic to a degree, and who, irritated with a remark of his "Take care, or you will make an enemy of Nubar," flew out with the remark that he did not care for Nubar or any one else. . . . . Though I do not credit myself with anything, it cannot be denied but that your brother's conduct is a silent reproach to the usual mode of doing things in this country, and is the more cutting from its silence. It is Greek and Hebrew to them to reason that all the coin one takes is wrung out of poor people; that if you act uprightly you need fear no one whatsoever, supposing that the Khedive is acting honestly; if he is not, nothing upright would please him or save you. I cannot tell you, spite of all the cutting remarks one receives, how happy and composed I feel in my sure refuge."

CAIRO, *February 18.*—In the afternoon I was to see the two Egyptian aide-de-camps who were to go with me, and whom I did not want, for they would be more trouble than worth. I went to Nubar Pasha's to be introduced. They came up, two sallow young men, and the eldest began questioning Nubar—For how long was it to be? Where to? etc., etc., till Nubar, ha, ha! lost his temper and sent them out. I said, "As they do not want to go, never mind." "Oh," he says, "they must go." I said, "All right;"

for I really am a philosopher, and so I went out. I met ——, to whom I told the affair, and he said, "Oh, they must go." I said it was not fair on me. However, go they are to; poor devils! they have families and £60 a year; but I will make it up to them. I could not refuse more than I did, for I had expressed a wish not to have them before, and it had been overruled. It makes no difference to me—they will be sent back if I find them useless. On coming out, —— of the Constantinople Embassy, said I ought not to have risen when the officers went out, and kept on about it. Your brother was angelic for a time, and then said "Don't bother!" which, though rude, was effective. . . . . Nubar and your brother do not hit it off, and the other evening —— said foolishly, "Do not make an enemy of Nubar: he will or may do you mischief." It was too much, and your brother replied, in the midst of a circle of guests, that there was no one living who could do him the slightest injury which he could feel, and that he would not shape his face to suit any one, beyond acting loyally. . . . . I think that they think me very queer, and I am, I dare say. When I get away I shall be better with them all. Your brother *has* been so dosed with advice, and is *so* indignant, but he does not in reality care a bit. . . . . You have no idea of the intrigues here; it is a regular hot-bed, and things cannot last long like this. They are paying thirty-six per cent. for money. . . . . An American named Long, a colonel in the Egyptian army, has asked to come with me, and if I can I shall take him.

Colonel Gordon's route to Khartoum was by train to Suez; thence by steamer down the Red Sea to Suakin; thence by camel across the desert to Berber, on the Nile; and thence by boat up the river to Khartoum.

SUEZ, *February 21*.—Midnight.—A special train was ready with an equerry of the Viceroy's to take me down; the Chef d'Etat Major and A.D.C. were in attendance. After two hours we were stopped by an engine being off the line, which delayed us for hours. We were shunted into a common train, with a great many people—begun in glory, and ended in shame! The poor A.D.C. has gone off without saying good-bye to his mother and sisters. He is an Egyptian, and is very low: he is young and useless. I feel sorrow for him—part of the lot of life; it is very hard, poor soul!

SUAKIN, *February 26*.—We arrived here yesterday, and were put in quarantine for the night. I expect it was because the Governor was not ready to receive us. We had on board of us 220 troops, who are to go up with us. We shall leave in a day or two by camels, across the desert to Berber—twelve days' journey with the 200 soldiers, who will thus know us a little before we go into the wilds. . . . . I think the Khedive likes me, but no one else does; and I do not like them—I mean the swells, whose corns I tread on in all manner of ways. . . . . I saw —— at Suez. He agrees with me in our opinion of the rottenness of Egypt: it is all for the flesh, and in no place is human nature to be studied with such advantage. Duke of This wants steamer—say, £600. Duke of That wants house, etc. All the time the poor people are ground down to get money for all this. Who art thou to be afraid of a man? If He wills, I will

shake all this in some way not clear to me now. Do not think I am an egoist; I am like Moses who despised the riches of Egypt. We have a King mightier than these, and more enduring riches and power in Him than we can have in this world. I will not bow to Haman.

[The letter describing the journey from Suakin to Berber is missing.—ED.]

KHARTOUM, *March 14.*—We left Berber on March 9, and arrived here on the 13th, at daybreak. The Governor-General met your brother in full uniform, and he landed amid a salute of artillery, and a battalion of troops with a band. It was a fine sight. The day before, your brother had his trowsers off, and was pulling the boat in the Nile, in spite of crocodiles, who never touch you when moving. He cannot move now without guards turning out. I have got a good house here, and am very comfortable. The Governor had news, the day before I arrived, that the dense mass of vegetation — the "sudd" — in the Bahr Gazelle had been removed by the soldiers, so that Gondokoro is only three weeks from this. We made this journey quicker than any one has ever made it. I had a *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 13 with me when I got here on March 13, so it is one month from England only. All the people are dead against Abou Saoud, but I am faithful to him, and trust to a higher power to bring me through. Trust in Him with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding: in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Either there is a God, or there is none; that is the whole question.

I had a review the day after my arrival, and visited the Hospital and the Schools. They are very well cared for, and the little blacks were glad to see me. (I wish that flies would not dine on the corners of their eyes!) Khartoum is a fine place, as far as position goes. The houses are of mud, and flat-roofed. I leave on the 20th for Gondokoro, and hope to be there on April 18. The caravan comes after me, and will be there in two months. I am quite well, and have quiet times in spite of all the work. Tell ——, (as he said,) "*Self is the best officer to do anything for you.*"

KHARTOUM, *March 17.*—Your brother's title is, "His Excellency General Colonel Gordon"—(it seems an extraordinary mixture)—"the Governor-General of the Equator;" so no one can or ought to cross it without permission of His Excellency. . . . . I have issued a stinging decree, declaring the Government monopoly of the ivory trade, and prohibiting the import of arms and powder, the levying of armed bands by private people, and the entry of any one without passports —in fact, I have put the district under martial law, *i.e.*, the will of the General. I am quite well, and think things promise, with God's help, to work out all right. Tossing up about difficult questions relieves me of much anxiety. Two servants who were useless were brought in, and the question whether they went on or not decided by a toss in their presence. It went for them once; however, afterwards they were sent away—they exasperated me dreadfully.

The Khartoum people make a shrill noise when they see you, as a salutation; it is like a jingle of

bells, very shrill, and somewhat musical. . . . . The air here is so dry that things do not decay or smell; they simply dry up hard. A dead camel becomes like a drum.

I have spoken of the opening of the "sudd." You know that the Nile comes out of Albert Nyanza Lake. Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts, when dry; the ashes form mould, and fresh grasses grow, till it becomes like *terra firma*. The Nile rises, and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve, and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles. Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last, one night the water burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotamuses were carried down, screaming and snorting; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer, and killed; one crocodile, thirty-five feet long, was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer. You can scarcely imagine the advantage of this opening to me. It took people

eighteen months and two years to go to Gondokoro from here, and now it is only twenty-one days in the steamer.

EN ROUTE FOR GONDOKORO, *March 23*.—We left Khartoum amid a salute of artillery yesterday, at 10 a.m., and are now steaming up the Nile. My caravan will not be here for a month or more, for they have not left Cairo yet. We see a great many crocodiles, but no hippopotamuses yet. The crocodiles lie out on the sand every evening, and look glistering in the sun. They are dreadful-looking creatures as they lie, with their mouths open, basking. There are also a number of little birds about them always. Geese, and other migratory birds, are seen in large flocks, getting ready to go North. . . . . We are very comfortable, and the weather is delightful—nice and cool, and with a good breeze; the country flat and slightly wooded. You know all I told you about Abou Saoud, etc. Well, at Berber I found the Governor dead against him; but two very nice Arabs, one the Cadi and the other a high sheikh, were high in his praises as a good man. I got to Khartoum, and every one's jaw dropped when I said Abou was to come. They said everything they could to dissuade me; and the Governor tried several times, in different ways, to get me to give him up. No one but poor people spoke in his favour; but those poor people were as loud, and louder, in his praises than the others in their blame, and your brother held good, more from innate feeling that he was doing right than anything else. Now I am so glad I stuck to him, for I feel sure he will be a very great help. I told you I had decreed the

monopoly of ivory and commerce in the provinces I have to govern. I am going to make two men governors under me—one Abou Saoud, so he will be a great man; and he is built and made to govern. I am making a map of the river, and find Manuel's map is rather out. I have had to make a log to measure the speed of the steamer. Though one sees these things often enough, they are not easy to make. I could not get the triangle to halt in the water at first, and then found I must lead it.

I heard from Cairo yesterday that my party* would start to-day for Suez. I expect they are tired of waiting. I have written to them some instructions to the effect that they are not to forget things which I tell them to do; and not to say, when that thing has not been done, that they told some one to do it; but to see that not only do they give the order, but see it executed. I have such a very limp *personnel* up here—much flourish and no result! I have to look after our food myself, or we should starve. The smaller staff one has the better; and I told my fellows that they must remember they are volunteers, *i.e.*, that if they do not like it they can go. . . . . One of the gentlemen at Khartoum went so far as to say that I ought never, at any rate, to eat with my poor friend Abou, hinting that he would poison me. Now I have taken Abou into the service, and I feel sure he will be the most useful man I have got. I have seven steamers, and ought to keep up a monthly communication with Khartoum. It is a fine post, there is no doubt; and I think it will be a profitable one for the

* See p. 16.

Government after a time. I am very glad I have not many English with me, they would be more trouble than enough to look after.

March 25.—The steamer is very slow: only four miles an hour against the current, which is about two knots. The Danube, black and white, storks are in thousands on the banks, with pelicans and all sorts of storks, from the little egret to the immense great bird with a huge bill who sits perfectly stationary. I saw some hippopotamuses to-day, but it was only their noses—they were in the middle of the river. Troops of monkeys come down to drink, with very long tails stuck up straight like swords over their backs. They look most comical. The banks are thickly wooded, and the country quite flat. The trees are either gums or tamarisks. We have passed some people who wear a gourd for a head-dress, and also some Shillooks who wear no *head-* or *other* dress at all.

Last night (the 26th) we were going along slowly in the moonlight, and I was thinking of you all, and the expedition, and Nubar, etc., when all of a sudden from a large bush came peals of laughter. I felt put out; but it turned out to be birds, who laughed at us from the bushes for some time in a very rude way. They are a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything. The crocodiles were lying interlaced on the few rocks, with their mouths, garnished with teeth, wide open. The hippopotamuses were very active last night. You could see them walking about, like huge islands, in the shallow

water. They are very fat and smooth-looking, and their profile is like a horse. We passed a village of Shillooks, who were astonished to see us, and fled when we looked at them with our telescopes.

March 29.—We saw a huge troop of wild buffaloes yesterday, looking as black as coals. They are the most ferocious animals, and by far the most dangerous to shoot of any wild animals. We have changed into a faster steamer that has just come from Gondokoro. No one there knows that I am coming, and so it will be a surprise for them all. I do not think they will like it much. I could relate many amusing things which have passed between the Governor-General and me—how he has tried to cajole one of the Gordon family, and how he was disabused of the idea that it could be done.

ENTRANCE OF SAUBAT RIVER, LAT. 9° 30′ N., *April 2.*—Got down here to-day. We have been much delayed in cutting wood for the steamer. We saw nine camelopards two days ago eating the tops of trees; they looked like steeples. Very many hippopotamuses bellowing all night and fighting. We have seen the Shillook and Dinka people in the distance spearing fish. They throw their spears at a venture, and often get a big fish. We passed Fashoda, a poor place, the day before yesterday. It is in Lat. 9° 54′ N. The villages are like haystacks, and the country seems full of people. Crocodiles in abundance, and all sorts of strange birds. There is a hippopotamus snorting now. . . . . We stopped last night, or rather this morning, near a large clump of trees, from whence issued in great fear a whole tribe of

Dinkas. With great difficulty the chief was induced to come on board with four of his people. He was in full dress—a necklace. We gave him some presents. He came up to me, took up each hand, and gave a good soft lick to the backs of them; then he held my face, and made the motion of spitting in it.* He was very greedy; and when we gave him something to eat, he did not hesitate to take his neighbour's portion. After the collation he and his companions sang a hymn of praise and thanks to me; and then crawled to kiss my feet, which I would not let them do. They had a splendid present of beads, and went off delighted. Our interpreter was one of the soldiers who had been taken when young. This naked chief was a great deal too great a man to carry his own present, so the soldier had to do it.

This is the celebrated Bahr Gazelle, where so many have died. We got through it in a dozen hours in the steamer, and quite comfortably. The river is very narrow, and the banks quite marshy; with the exception of this it does not look very bad. The mosquitoes in these parts are very bad, worse than I have ever met with either in China, Batoum, or the Danube, and that for two reasons—first, their bite is very venomous, sharp, and burning; and second, they do not hesitate to bite you. The moment they arrive

**.* "The chief, grasping my right hand and turning up the palm, quietly spat into it; then, looking into my face, he elaborately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down; but, his features expressing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed to his companions his conviction that I must be a great chief."—*Egypt, The Soudan, and Central Africa*, by JOHN PETHERICK. Page 364.—ED.

their gimlet is in you, and it is too late to brush them off. The river here is not sixty yards wide. The Bahr Giraffe, which Baker went up, is like a ditch. . . . . Tell —— I never drink other than water that is boiled; and I thank him for the advice, for it has kept me well. Also tell him he was wise in advising me not to take Patrick. In fact, I never cease congratulating myself that I have no poor creatures to suffer with the heat, etc. I have every comfort, and am quite well; but it would be no joke for those who have not. —— is a regular failure. He is so feeble, he can do nothing at all. He lives on what he *has done*, and of course that does not help what *has to be done* now. His object is to prove to me that he is not to blame. Another useless thing; for it is not a judgment I have to pronounce, but to get through my work. There is a set of officers I hate, viz., Captains "*I-told-him-to-do-it*," "*I-am-going-to-do-it*," "*I-thought-you-were-going-to-do-it*," and a host of others of the same class: their object is self-extenuation and laziness. I hate the reasoning that because the Arabs are slow we must be the same.

April 5.—After writing this last night we started and reached Bahr Gazelle junction with the Gondokoro River at 1 a.m. It is a small lake with morasses on each side at the junction; both rivers are clearly marked. The river, in fact, from the Bahr Giraffe is contracted to about sixty yards wide, and it was in its curves that the "sudd" formed. It appears that all that Ismail Pasha did in 1873* closed up again, and that another unknown man opened it out this year

* See SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 488.—ED.

about a month before I got to Khartoum. Ismail Pasha got the credit of it.

I gave a chief a picture from the *Illustrated London News*, of the date of February 4. It was on April 4 I gave it to him, and he is going to keep it to show that he is protected.

April 10.—We passed another herd of elephants to-day. They have immense ears. Swarms of natives—having rubbed their faces with wood-ash they are the colour of slate pencils. Sometimes they do not rub their faces, so that they look as if they had on black masks. Poor people! they are very badly fed and appear to be in much suffering. What a mystery—is it not?—why they are created! a life of fear and misery night and day! one does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands,—heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people.

April 12.—Not yet at Gondokoro. We passed a vast number of animals—elephants, buffaloes, etc., and came to Bohr yesterday. This is a regular slave-trading place, and they were not over civil when they heard of my decree. We passed St. Croix the day before yesterday. It was a missionary establishment, and several missionaries lie buried there. The only remains of the settlement are some banana trees, which they planted there.* We passed another herd of elephants, each with a white bird on its back. The

* "The Austrian Government, discouraged by the failure of so many years, had ordered the recall of the whole of the establishment for these regions. It was no wonder these men were recalled; for, out of twenty missionaries who, during the last thirteen years, had ascended the White Nile

people seem more gay, and dance as the steamer passes them. We see some very young mammas, some apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years of age. The women of this tribe wear tails of hide.

GONDOKORO, *April 16.*—Got here to-day, much to the surprise of the people, who never expected one's arrival at all, and did not know of my nomination.

KHARTOUM, *May 4.*—I staid six days at Gondokoro, and then finding I could do nothing till my baggage came, I have come back in eleven days to bring it up. I got here in the evening, and found that the baggage is at Berber.

Now to go back to Gondokoro. The only possessions Egypt has in my provinces are two forts, one at Gondokoro, and the other at Fatiko. There are 300 men in one, and 200 in the other. As for paying taxes or any government existing outside the forts it is all nonsense. You cannot go out in any safety half-a-mile—all because they have been fighting the poor natives and taking their cattle. I apprehend not the least difficulty in the work; the greatest will be to gain the people's confidence again. They have been hardly treated. . . . . The people at Gondokoro were quite astonished at my

for the purpose of propagating the Gospel, thirteen had died of fever, two of dysentery, and two had retired broken in health, yet not one convert had been made by them. . . . . The missionaries never had occasion to complain of these blacks, and to this day they would doubtless have been kindly inclined towards Europeans, had the White Nile traders not brought the devil amongst them. The Rev. Mr. Moorlan (of the Mission) remembers the time when they brought food for sale; but now, instead, they turn their backs upon all foreigners, and even abuse the missionaries for having been the precursors of such dire calamities."—*Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, by J. H. SPEKE, p. 604. [The above was written in February, 1863.]—See also *Ismailia*, Vol. I., p. 222.—ED.

appearance in so short a time. I found it absolutely necessary to come down here, or I should never have got my stores up. . . . . I have missed two days, and found it out by the eclipse of the moon when I got my diary. I will send you daily notes, which will be better than these scraps of letters. I am now I think acclimatised quite, and I am quite well. The Governor-General was in a great state when I came,—he would have done nothing for months had I not arrived. He was at first fearful, for he thought that there might have been a revolt at Gondokoro. . . . . Keep your eyes on the cloud by day and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps. The direction is the main point.

BERBER, *May 17*.—I came down to whip up the end of my baggage. I was met by all my staff* yesterday, and have sent them off this morning by the steamer, and follow them to-morrow to Khartoum. . . . . I have had some sharp skirmishing with the Governor-General of Khartoum, and I think I have crushed him. Your brother wrote to him and told him he told *stories*. It was undiplomatic of me, but it did the Governor-General good. You will hear again from me when I leave Khartoum, and then not for some time. I am sorry for it, but two sheikhs are going to Mtesa to teach him the Koran, and the Khedive wants twenty of Mtesa's men to be sent down to Cairo.

KHARTOUM, *May 30*. — I have had trouble

* His staff at this time was formed of the following :—Colonel Long, U.S.A. (who had been left at Gondokoro); Major Campbell, Egyptian Staff; Mr. Kemp, engineer; M. A. Linant; Messrs. Anson, Russell, and Gessi. In December, 1874, it was increased by Lieutenant H. Chippendall, R.E.; and Lieutenant Charles Watson, R.E.

enough, and the utter helplessness of those about me is lamentable.

FASHODA, *June 17.*—We are now on our way south again, and I am quite well, and everything going on quietly and satisfactorily. It has been a monotonous life for the last two months; but night comes regularly, and I have nothing to trouble me.

ENTRANCE OF SAUBAT RIVER, *June 26.*—We arrived here from Khartoum a week ago, and I have made a nice station here, and made great friends with the Shillook natives, who come over in great numbers from the other side of the river. They are poorly off, and I have given them some grain: very little contents them. I have employed a few of them to plant maize, and they do it very fairly. The reason they do not do it for themselves is, that if they did plant any quantity they would run the chance of losing it, by its being taken by force from them: so they plant only enough to keep body and soul together, and even that is sown in small out-of-the-way patches. One of the men brought me over his two children, twelve and nine years old, because he could not keep them, and sold them to me for a small basketful of dhoora.* I gave one of them to ——, and the other to a German who is going to look after the station. The father did not even take leave of them; and though he has been over since, has never noticed them or spoken to them. They are now clothed, and they keep quite aloof from their former companions. A man, his wife, and two children came over the other day (the first

* A cereal known also as *durra*. It commonly attains a height of nearly fifteen feet.—*See* SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 245. —ED.

colonists), and have settled close to the station. I give them a little dhoora every day, till that which they have planted has grown up; and I hope to get their confidence, and really do something at each of my stations. Of course it is infinitely small among such a mass, but it is at any rate something, and may perhaps enable me to solve the question whether the Negro will work sufficiently to keep himself, if he has security of life and property. As far as I can see, he has little or no love for his offspring.

There were three slave-traders' stations (A, B, and C) on the Bahr Giraffe, to whom I sent notice to quit the country some time ago. When I came up here last week, I wanted to find a road from the Saubat to Rabatchambé by land, so as to take my donkey across country, so I sent a man to the slave station (A) to ask the slave-dealers to send me some one to show me the way. The messenger departed, and on his way he met some men coming from station (A) to the Governor of Fashoda with letters, so he came back with them here. I asked them if there was any answer for me. The interpreter said, "No." So I said, "Well, take the letters and keep them." However, the curiosity of my interpreter was so great, that he opened and read the letters. One to the Mudir* of Fashoda said, "I am on my way to you, with the 2000 cows I promised you . . . . and with *all* to satisfy your wants." These cows they had taken from the tribes around them—a robbery; and "*all*" means a number of slaves. The other letters were to different people, saying, "I

* A Mudir is a Governor of a district.—ED.

bring you the negress you asked for, who, I hope, will please you," and others to the same effect. Now these slavers do not know that I am on the way to the Mudir of Fashoda, and that I am prepared to seize them all. I shall confiscate the 2000 cows, for I cannot give them back to the far-away tribes from whom they were stolen. I shall seize the slaves, and take them back to their homes, if I can; and I shall punish the slave-dealers. The road by which this convoy comes crosses my present camp here.

Near the mouth of the Saubat River is a small hut of reeds, two feet high, on a mound. I asked what it was. They said it was put there by the Sheikh of the Shillooks, "to show he was alive" to the people who passed through his territory, and that he often put tobacco in the hut for passers-by to smoke. It is a queer thing! It is on the edge of the Shillook territory.

I mentioned to you about the colonist coming to settle here with his wife and two children. It appears that the man had some time ago stolen a cow from one of his neighbours, and had run away. The man from whom he had stolen the cow found him out here, and claimed the cow—which, however, had been eaten. I happened to go round, and passing the hut saw only one child. "Where was the other?" I asked of the mother. "Oh, it had been given to the man from whom the cow had been stolen." This was said with a cheerful smile by the mother. "But," I said, "are you not sorry?" "Oh, no! we would rather have the cow." "But," said I, "you have eaten the cow, and the pleasure is over." "Oh, but all the same, we would sooner have had the cow!" This

is perfectly true. The other child of twelve years old, like her parents, did not care a bit. A lamb taken from a flock would bleat, while here you see not the very slightest vestige of feeling. Is it not very odd? If the mother had expressed the slightest wish, I would have rescued the child again; but it was evidently a matter of rejoicing, and she did not care as much as if she had lost a handful of dhoora. I have bought another lad to-day, sold by his brother for a small basket of dhoora. I expect the lad asked his brother to sell him; they came up smiling, and pressed me to buy. All these things are experiments. I have planted dhoora, and already, though only sown four days ago, it is two inches above ground. Altogether the first attempt is a success.

SAUBAT, *July 13*.—I have told you that the slave-dealers' letters were opened and read, and now I go on to say what else has happened. The road from the slave-stations A, B, and C, comes down past my camp. So I posted men at the Saubat, and taking the proprietors of the slave establishments (who live at Khartoum, and who came up to see about their property) with me, I went up to the establishment A. I passed by herds of antelopes, giraffes, and heard lions roar at night. One hippopotamus got out by mistake on the bank of the river and was fired at. He was very angry, and dashed about in a confused way. The antelopes got on the tops of ant-hills and looked at us—they seemed like statues on pedestals. When I reached establishment A, there was great confusion, and at last the vakeel or lieutenant came down. It was dusk, so I said, "Bring down all your men to-morrow

morning." He said, Nassar, the slave-dealer had gone to the station B; and both he and the two Khartoum proprietors tried to deceive me. I found out, however, that Nassar had gone off with a herd of cows and a huge convoy of slaves to B, on his way down to Fashoda. I saw the slave-soldiers next day; they said they wanted to stay there. I said, "Very good, but I will not pay you, and your Khartoum merchants and employers will not pay you;" so they were much disgusted. There were sixteen black slave-soldiers with them. I said, "The Khedive gives you your liberty;" which they did not seem to care a bit about. I then said to the Khartoum merchant, "Where did these men come from?" He said "From Khartoum; I bought them and sent them up." Then I said, "You may take them back again." He said, "What can I do with them? I give them to you." I said I did not want them, and so I again told them they were free to go where they liked. They again said they wanted to stay where they were. "All right," said I. "But if we stay here the natives will kill us." "Then you had better not stay." I must say they were in a regular fix, for if I had merely burned their stockaded village and left, the whole country would have risen and killed them; so stay they could not, and yet they were loth to go. However, the end of it all is, that they set off by boat in four days, and that they leave their cows, which they have robbed from the poor people round, behind them.

One of the Nuehr* chiefs, who was in alliance

* The Nueir of Schweinfurth.—See *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 117. —ED.

with Nassar, was in a bad way also. He said, "When you go away the tribes around will attack me." I said, "I cannot help that, but if you will assemble the neighbouring chiefs I will speak to them." My friend Nassar never meant to evacuate the country; he wanted to get away himself with his slaves, and I hope to catch him. I have got a paper from his Khartoum employers, saying "that the cows he has with him are stolen from them;" so he is in a bad way on every side. If I catch him I shall keep him in prison for six months. I found among the slaves three men chained; one of them was a Dinka chief, whom Nassar had taken prisoner. I have released him, and he promises great things. The faces of the slavers and of the slave-soldiers were quite pictures of disgust when they saw themselves trapped. If they ran into the country they would be killed by the natives; if they go down the river the Khartoum authorities will be down on them. I gave the slavers a week to get into their boats and go down, and then came here to wait for Nassar and Co.

The night before I left this place for Bahr Giraffe, a girl of twelve years, in one of those leather-strap girdles, came up to the fire where I was sitting and warmed herself. I sent for the interpreter, and asked what she wanted. She said the soldier who owned her beat her, and she would not stay with him; so I put her on board the steamer. The soldier was very angry; so I said, "If the girl likes to stay with you she may; if she does not she is free." The girl would not go back, so she stays in the steamer. Such swarms of fire-flies all up the Bahr Giraffe—the

sky looked on fire with them. Nassar has at least 300 slaves with him, and 2000 cows.

SAUBAT, *July 20.*—Abou Saoud has arrived, bringing your letters. I saw a chick the other day, not two days old, brought over without a rag on it by its mother. Its face and feet were quite bronze-coloured; and it had creases on its body where it had been packed up. It was quite cheery; a child of one year old here would knock down a child four years old born in England. . . . My German servant, a very good one, has got so frightened that he is going back—so much the better! The best servant I ever had is myself: he always does what I like.

SAUBAT, *July 22.*—Still here. There are so many pretty birds about to-day at the door of my hut, yellow, like canaries, with green backs, and black neckcloth, blue with green backs, and rose-coloured. Nassar came down in a boat, and was at once arrested, and is now in prison here. The Dinka chief, whom he had put in chains, was delighted, and I fear gloated over the ruffian. Nassar is a miserable creature, but had one good point, viz., that when taken to prison he prayed very fervently, with the knowledge that God could help him. . . . I feel convinced that Nassar has sent a convoy of slaves round, and so I am keeping him until I can unravel the thread. He lied to me when I sent for him, and said he never had taken slaves; so I threw his intercepted letters at him. I hear from my spies that the cows will come down here, and the slaves will branch off to the east; so I shall wait here for the cows, and then start off for the slaves up the Saubat River. If I miss them I shall hear if they have passed;

if they have I shall confiscate all the property of the slavers here and elsewhere in the province, and Nassar will have a year's imprisonment.

SAUBAT, *July 31*.—I have just been up the river Saubat, and found, as I expected, that Nassar intends, through his agent, to pass the slaves behind me. I hope I have checkmated him, but am not sure. I went up in a steamer, seeing herds of camelopards—young ones and old ones. They are splendid when they stand still, but when they move in the long grass, they are like heavily-laden ships, and pitch and roll about wonderfully, keeping their long necks well to the front. . . . . The country on both sides of the Saubat for sixty miles is flat, with low forest and huge grasses. Not a soul to be seen for miles; all driven off by the slavers in years past. You could scarcely conceive such a waste or desert. . . . . I have just heard that the slaves and cows are coming down to me. The slavers have got frightened, and have given in. It is a great triumph.

SAUBAT, *August 3*.—In spite of what Livingstone says, I do not myself, about here, find that any affection exists between the parents and children; there is a mutual pleasure in parting with one another.* I think that the slaver's

* Dr. Schweinfurth (*Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 169) speaks much more favourably of the great tribe of the Dinka, whose territory extends north and south of the river Saubat for nearly 400 miles. He says, "Notwithstanding that certain instances may be alleged which seem to demonstrate that the character of the Dinka is unfeeling, these cases never refer to such as are bound by the ties of kindred. Parents do not desert their children, nor are brothers faithless to brothers, but are ever prompt to render whatever aid is possible." One of his bearers—a Dinka—fell lame, and was left behind with such supplies of food as could be spared in a time of great scarcity. "He was not suffered to wait long; his father appeared to fetch him. This old man had brought neither cart nor

wars, made for the purpose of taking slaves, are detestable; but if a father or mother, of their own free will, and with the will of the child, sells that child, I do not see the objection to it. It was and is the wholesale depopulation of districts which makes slavery such a curse, and the numbers killed or who perish in the collection of slaves. A fair and properly-conducted emigration would be the best thing for these parts, and I think the blacks would gladly respond to such a scheme. It will be a very long time before much can be done to civilise them; the climate is against it, and there can be no trade, for they have nothing to exchange for goods. Poor creatures! they would like to be left alone. The Arabs hate these parts, and all the (Arab) troops are sent up for punishment; their constitutions, unlike ours, cannot stand the wet and damp, or the dulness of their life. I prefer it infinitely to going out to dinner in England, and have kept my health exceedingly well. . . . . If the climate would suit it would do —— a mint of good, this quiet monotonous life, if he could bear it. For young men it is deadening; but if you have passed the meridian, and can estimate life at its proper value—viz., as a

donkey, but he set out and carried away the great strapping fellow, who was six feet high, for a distance of fifteen or sixteen leagues, on his own shoulders. This incident was regarded by the other natives as a mere matter of course." The hardening effects of the slave-trade may explain the difference between the two accounts. The Dinka who lived inland from the river had, at all events up to the time of Dr. Schweinfurth's visit, been able to hold their own against the slave-hunters. On their soil the Khartoumers had not made good their footing. But along the eastern shore, in districts where once had stood hundreds of their villages, was a forest waste. The Turk had been there; and according to the saying so well known in the East, when he has been there no grass will grow. The remnant that was left of the unhappy natives had felt the last and greatest curse of cruelty in those sufferings which had made them as brutal as their oppressors.—ED.

probation—then the quiet is enjoyable. It is our own fault we are so discontented. We throw away the best years of our existence in trying for a time, which will never come, when we shall have enough to content us. I am sure it is the secret of true happiness to be content with what we actually have. Of course you may preach this (and it has been preached for ages) and never be listened to. We raise our own goblins, and as soon as one is laid, we raise another. I agree that I have not patience with the groans of half the world, and declare I think there is more happiness among these miserable blacks, who have not a meal from day to day, than among our own middle classes. The blacks are glad of a little handful of maize, and live in the greatest discomfort. They have not a strip to cover them; but you do not see them grunting and groaning all day long, as you see scores and scores in England, with their wretched dinner-parties and attempts at gaiety, where all is hollow and miserable. If they have one thing, they have not another. Better bring up their children to a trade, than let them follow their fathers' sad lives. There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in this world as our Saviour, while the world is in the state it now is. He would be dead against nearly all our pursuits, and be altogether *outré*. I gave you *Watson on Contentment*—it is the true expositor of how happiness is to be attained, *i.e.*, by submission to the will of God, whatever that will may be. He who can say he realises this, has overcome the world and its trials. Everything that happens to-day, good or evil, is settled and fixed, and it is no use fretting over it. The

quiet peaceful life of our Lord was solely due to His submission to God's will. There will be times when a strain may come on one, but it is only for a time; and as the strain, so will your strength be.* . . . . I took a poor old bag-of-bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up; but yesterday she was quietly taken off, and now knows all things. She had her tobacco up to the last, and died quite quietly. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth. . . . . A wretched *sister* of yours is struggling up the road, but she is such a wisp of bones that the wind threatens to overthrow her: so she has halted, preferring the rain to being cast down. I verily believe she could never get up again. I have sent her some dhoora, and will produce a spark of joy in her black and withered carcase. She has not even a cotton gown on, and I do not think her apparel would be worth one-fiftieth of a penny.

August 4.—I am bound to give you the sequel of the lady whom I helped yesterday in the gale of wind. I had told my man to see her into one of the huts, and thought he had done so. The night was stormy and rainy, and when I awoke I

* "'Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;' what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about—which were growing more and more miserable—these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind with an altogether new emphasis, as if within, and shining for me in mild pure splendour, on the black bosom of the night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I ever formally repeated that prayer—nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature: right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner, pray ye.'"—Mr. CARLYLE to his friend Mr. Thomas Erskine.—ED.

heard often a crying of a child near my hut within the enclosure. When I got up I went out to see what it was, and, passing through the gateway, I saw your and my sister lying dead in a pool of mud; her black brothers had been passing and passing and had taken no notice of her. So I went and ordered her to be buried and went on. In the midst of the high grass was a baby about a year or so old, left by itself. It had been out all night in the rain, and had been left by its mother—children are always a nuisance! I carried it in, and seeing the corpse was not moved, I sent again about it, and went with the men to have it buried. To my surprise and astonishment she was alive. After a considerable trouble I got the black brothers to lift her out of the mud, poured some brandy down her throat, and got her into a hut with a fire, having the mud washed out of her sightless eyes. She was not more than sixteen years of age. There she now lies; I cannot help hoping she is floating down with the tide to her haven of rest. The babe is taken care of by another family for a certain consideration of maize per diem. I dare say you will see—in fact, I feel sure you will see—your black sister some day, and she will tell you about it, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe, *but it is true.* I prefer life amidst sorrows, if those sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction. Turn where you will there are sorrows and troubles. Many a rich person is as unhappy and miserable as this rag of mortality, and to them you can minister. "This mustard is very badly made" was the remark of one of my staff some time ago, when some of our

brothers were stalking about showing every bone of their poor bodies.

August 5.—The Rag is still alive. The babe, who is not a year old, seized a gourd of milk and drank it off like a man last night, and is apparently in for the pilgrimage of life. It does not seem the worse for its night out, depraved little wretch!

August 5.—Just a line. I hope you will not fret. Your black sister departed this life at 4 p.m., deeply lamented by me: not so by her black brothers, who thought her a nuisance. When I went to see her this morning, I heard the "lamentations" of something on the other side of the hut. I went round and found one of our species, a visitor of ten or twelve months to this globe, lying in a pool of mud. I am not sure whether he was not less in age. I said, "Here is another foundling!" and had it taken up. Its mother came up afterwards, and I mildly expostulated with her, remarking however good it might be for the spawn of frogs, it was not good for our species. The creature drank milk after this with avidity.

ENTRANCE OF THE SAUBAT, *August 6.*—Still here! What my other steamers are about I cannot tell. They have now been away five weeks. Unless one is oneself on board, the captains are the laziest of mortals. We have had deluges of rain. Mr. —— says it does not rain at night. It does, most fearfully; and the country is quite flooded from a foot to a foot-and-a-half. . . . . It is curious to see the large black ants on a foray, crossing a path or any open space. They have a regular line of sentries guarding a

central road. If you put anything near these sentries, they make at it with the greatest fierceness. Their antennæ are all at a stretch, and in constant motion. If it rains, the sentries throw up a mud wall, and eventually cover in the roadway with a roof. It is odd, also, to see how the wish to gather stores prevails with the ants which are brought on board with the firewood. Now they have no home, and yet you see them as busy as possible, carrying in bits of food, dead friends, etc., into holes. They seem to be of the opinion that to be idle is very bad.

Day by day I rejoice more, amidst the discomforts one has to put up with, that I have not more fellows with me, for they would feel the ups and downs very much. There is only one fellow I know who could bear it, viz., Sanford.* He was the best officer I ever met with.

You know Murchison said, in 1852, before some of Livingstone's discoveries which corroborated it, that Africa was like a basin, with ranges of mountains round the edge. It seems between the rivers to have the same formation. Along their banks is a higher ridge than the land in the interior. The consequence is, that the rain which falls cannot run off into the rivers; and so it rests and evaporates, making a malarious swamp. The ridges are made during the dry season by the deposits of a more luxuriant vegetation on the banks than in the interior. When the vegetation is decayed it forms mould, and makes the banks higher every year. The only remedy to this, and the consequent malaria, would be canals

* Lieut.-Colonel G. E. L. S. Sanford, Royal Engineers.—ED.

to drain off the water. The land is rich enough; but it will be long before this is done, as the Arabs are so very much frightened of these countries, and are so devoid of anything like energy. I look on the Chinamen as far superior to them in every way. The Berberans, a mixed race from Dongola, have much more energy than the Arabs. They are a dark race—copper-coloured.

You can have little idea of the rain which falls. It comes in torrents. I have been obliged to change my station on account of the floods, which have made the place very unhealthy for the low-fed creatures.

August 8.—No steamer yet. I caught seven rats last night in my cabin. I put a pencil, with a string to it, and a piece of biscuit tied to the string, in a despatch-box. The pencil keeps the lid open, but falling down the string brings the lid down and catches my friend. The box is then taken on deck, and my friend jumps into the Nile. It was quite absurd; no sooner had one box been emptied, than down went the lid of the other. You cannot conceive the quantity of rats there are; they run over the mosquito-nets, and scream and fight all night. They have carried off my shaving-brush, soap, torn leaves out of books, and eaten the tops of boots. . . . .

I stayed here for the following reasons:—First, business with the Slave Convoy; secondly, because I have 180 donkeys coming up by land from Khartoum, and I wanted to make the escort comfortable; and thirdly, because the soldiers had an idea that the place was unhealthy, as if Gondokoro was better; so I stayed myself. It is much the best

way; and one's presence is a host in itself, though I say it. If I had gone they would, from sheer obstinacy, all be sick and low-spirited. My staff is all well supplied, and it is their fault if they want anything which I could supply. A contented spirit is not in my gift, and for discontented spirits there is one remedy in their own hands—the road to Cairo.

SAUBAT RIVER, *August 10.*—Still no steamers, but a boat is in sight which may tell us where they are. We have, for a wonder, a fine day, which is a great comfort for all of us. I have had to change our station to the other side of the River Saubat, which will give us better drinking water and a drier site. . . . . People are dull in England, but, oh, dear me! how dull they would be here! All this beautiful large river is quite deserted—you do not see a boat from month's end to month's end. How different it would be with a government like ours! We should have regular steamers and plenty of traffic. I really begin to be in good spirits with the weather. (I am never in bad, for I have passed the ditch which is the great fear and trouble of man.) . . . . I was quite pleased to see how the slaves I bought came up to me to-day; they had not seen me for four days, as we were changing stations, and they all came up and wanted to touch my hands. I believe they are as capable of feeling as other men are. I go out alone among them here, shooting, and am always civilly saluted. No Arab would ever think of doing this—they fear the blacks so much.

Do you know, I have forgiven the head slaver Nassar, and am employing him; he is not worse

than the others, and these slavers have been much encouraged to do what they have done. He is a first-rate man and does a great deal of work. He was in prison for two weeks, and then forgiven. The boat came in and brought a letter from Gessi, telling me that Anson* has died of fever, on the 27-28th July, and that he (Gessi) has been very ill. . . . . No man under forty years of age should be here, and then only those who are accustomed to these climates.

August 13.—I have now been here seven weeks. It is a long time to stay in one place, but it has been a very useful time, and I feel my presence here has done good.

. . . . I have told you that they ride the cows about here; they are dangerous to ride, for when the flies tease them, they toss their heads back, and are likely to stick you with their horns.

August 14.—Still no steamer! It is curious to see how easily the Arab slave-dealers cross the cows over a rapid river seventy or eighty yards wide, without any trouble. I suppose the cows are accustomed to it. . . . . I have seen many nests of black-faced canaries, hanging from branches. The nests are made of matting, and no rain can enter them; the bird is exactly like a canary, with a *black* face, in order to please the natives.

It has been a great work, but I have changed the station. I say, *I*, but in reality it has been the slave-hunters whom I have taken into my

* "Willy Anson, the son of Admiral Anson, was a first-rate fellow—full of energy. He gave up a good appointment to come out, and, had he lived, he would have been of great assistance to me. He was an universal favourite." From a memorandum by Colonel Gordon.—ED.

employ. They are such active, hardy fellows, mostly Berberans; not natives of Berber necessarily, but a people inhabiting Dongola or thereabouts—the remnant of an ancient race. . . . . I would sooner, I think, have the Saubat government than the whole government. To do anything, there is nothing like beginning on a small scale, and directing your energy, like a squirt, on one particular thing. I have made *such* a pair of trowsers for one of the blacks, and the housewifes are so useful.

August 16.—The steamer "Khedive" is just in; the screw having been struck by a hippopotamus, will have to go down to Khartoum to be repaired. . . . . There is a poor Shillook who has a fish-bone in his throat; he suffers terribly, and I cannot help him. . . . . The Bahr Giraffe is closed up with "sudd," and therefore it is impossible to go by it; so I shall go up the Bahr El Abiad or White Nile—the same way that I came up and went down.

August 17.—Do you know that the black babies, when they make their first appearance, are quite light-coloured; they colour after a time like pipes.

SAUBAT RIVER, *August 18.*—You will think I shall never leave this place, but I hope to do so to-morrow. The wood for fuel for the steamer is the great cause of delay, which the captains revel in. Nothing delights them more than perfect rest—nothing in the world to do from day's end to day's end. . . . . The Saubat water is very good for drinking,* which is a great thing,

* "For a considerable distance the cloudy milk-white waters, which indicate the mountain stream (the Saubat), can be distinguished as they

and our new station is much better than the old one.

August 19.—Still waiting for wood. The question of wood is most important; some of my steamers have been delayed three weeks for want of it. I have made inquiries, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the other day my steamer found this quite closed up. . . . . A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down, having a little root ready to attach itself to anything; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like everything up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pass through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up all the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have it closed any day by a wind blowing a floe of these weeds from one side of the lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation altogether, or to anchor the banks of "sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together. It is a difficult matter. There is another trouble also at the place where the Bahr

roll into the deep azure of the White Nile. The Saubat water is, however, far preferable to the Nile water, which, after being strained, as it were, through a filter of grass, emerges transparent in colour, but with a flat, earthy flavour, which is highly disagreeable to the palate."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 100.—ED.

Giraffe leaves the Bahr el Abiad. I thought to keep these vegetables out of the Bahr Giraffe by a spur of wood, but it appears that there are several mouths or entrances from the Bahr el Abiad, so that there is some difficulty in cutting off these vegetables. I wish they were eatable. The papyrus used to come down the Nile to Cairo; now it never gets beyond Khartoum, if even so far. It is a fine reed with a tufted head, and huge islands of it accompanied by A.D.C. [aide-de-camp] cabbages float down here. I cannot account for its ceasing to go further north.

You would be much surprised at the difference there is in the moral state of the people here; when it rains they are down in their boots, when it is fine they are quite cheerful. Some Shillook gentlemen have a very queer way of matting their hair; they plait it into a sort of felt which sticks out quite stiff and is thought very fine. It protects the nape of the neck from rain, and is half-an-inch thick.

August 20.—We shall, I hope, be off to-morrow. My Shillook died last night. I was hoping to try and relieve him to-day, but it is too late. Whether it was a fish-bone, or whether it was the fever which had attacked the glands of the throat, I do not know. I cannot think I do enough for these people: I ought to have seen to him more closely, but it is difficult to do so, for my other German servant has retired into his boots with fever, and so to get anything done I am obliged to do it myself. Just after I had written this, two boats came in from Gondokoro. I heard from my German that there were slaves

on board, so I sent him to see, and he found stowed away in the wood some 105 of them; so I confiscated them and the ivory.

SAUBAT, *August 21.*—When the German went on board the boats yesterday, nothing was to be seen; but he pulled up some wood, and there were a number of woolly heads. They had got ninety-six on board, of all ages and sizes. The ivory confiscated is worth £2000. The strategical position here is splendid; and I do not expect this will be the last capture made here, for the captured cannot communicate with the people up-country, and tell them what has happened. Of course, all this business is not conducted without many hard words and actions on my part; and at night I think sometimes that perhaps a quiet life in a civilised land would be preferable. But in the morning one is all on fire again, and goes on with the same zest. The slaves all desire to stay here. I have given them clothes. We start to-day at noon. The cows came over the river yesterday. They go into the water all right; but when they get near the other side they will not land, but keep near the bank, and get swept down by the current. One cow goes in, and follows an ambatch-wood canoe. This wood is wonderfully light, and bound together with string.* The man in the canoe calls the cow, and the others follow in a string. Some rest their heads on the backs of others.

Just before I set off, a steamer from Gondokoro came in, and we took twenty-five slaves

* "So light are these canoes, that one man can carry three of them on his shoulder, although each canoe is capable of holding three men."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 77.

more from her, making 121 in all. This will be a great warning to the slave-dealers.

EN ROUTE FOR GONDOKORO, NEAR WHERE THE BAHR EL ABIAD JOINS BAHR GAZELLE, *August 24.*—We got here last night. Such strong tea-coloured water, and a vapour bath! If it was not for a bent shaft we should get on capitally; but we cannot go full speed. This morning we had a treat. We have a mass of wood on deck, and in the wood are ants of all sizes and colours. Last night was fine, and so they established their runs; and this morning the decks were covered by lines of them going in all directions in strong columns. Disturbed, they went up your body, and nearly drove us wild, till I ordered the decks to be slushed with water, which swept them away in thousands. They have great nippers, and make you feel them, being very pugnacious and not willing to be brushed off like any other insect.

BAHR EL ABIAD, *August 27.*—There was a glorious tamarisk tree—a regular landmark in this sea of marsh. It was cut down by ——, though it took two days to fell, and was of no use to burn! It was a real old tree, rugged and worn. You know how my father hated a tree to be cut down. How often had its sight gladdened the eyes of those who toiled up and down this stagnant ditch. There is one other, the Deliah Palm, which also stands a *solitaire*, but he left that. The river is such a ditch here. Let the screw strike a bit of floating "sudd," or vegetation, and you will soon see bubbles come up, and smell sulphuretted hydrogen quite plainly.

August 28.—An enormous crocodile concealed in the grass has just made a fearful rush at our

good screw. It was dreadful to see his approach —really paralyzing. He saved himself just as he was touching the screw, and turned off.

I have found out that the slave-dealers did send a convoy of cows and slaves past my camp at Saubat.

NEAR GONDOKORO, *September 2.*—We are two hours from Gondokoro. I have halted early at this place, so as not to go into Gondokoro before morning, in order to have one quiet evening before a mass of trouble, and bother, and lamentations, etc., which will fall on me when I arrive there. Before I go to Gondokoro and open the campaign, I will tell you my ideas. If the staff are discontented, they may go; if they stay, they are to give me their loyal co-operation. If Raouf Bey* fights Abou Saoud, I mean to support Abou Saoud. . . . . I see these two troubles in perspective. They little think I am quite accustomed to this sort of revolts—one speculating on his being my successor, the other on being my vakeel, or second in command.

GONDOKORO, *September 4.*—I arrived here at 7.30 a.m. yesterday, and landed. Went with Raouf Bey and Abou Saoud (now my lieutenant) to the huts, and received the salaams and salutes of the officers, men, and functionaries. . . . . Everything is quite quiet all round: all the chiefs have given in their submission, and are most peaceably inclined. This is owing to the great influence of Abou Saoud, whom I have made my vakeel or lieutenant. Raouf Bey had reason to be vexed, I dare say; but because he had been here six years,

* He had been Governor of Gondokoro. Mentioned frequently by Sir Samuel Baker in *Ismailia.*—ED.

and had done absolutely nothing, I do not see that I could sacrifice myself to a failure, which would have occurred if I had made him my vakeel. This Raouf had never conciliated the tribes, never had planted dhoora; and, in fact, only possessed the land he camped upon.

—— had a contract, and I never read it, but signed it. It had been signed before that, by my authority, by ——, who is kind enough to look after my interests at Cairo. What do you think was my surprise, to find by hearsay (for I have no positive information yet, not having the contract), that —— had put in a clause that Mr. —— was to dine with me! Ha, ha, ha! you know what sort of a dinner he would get.* I never would have signed such a clause. . . . . Everything goes on very well, and I have every reason, not only to hope for success, but for a good revenue, and to get the boats on to the Lake in four months or so. The climate is much better here, and I am quite well—never was better.

September 8.—I have had to invalid two more; they would have died had they stayed here. I have had a deal of work, but we are all right now. I am, thank God, in good health, and see my way clear.

GONDOKORO, *September 11.*—Such an amount of work with my sick, and no chance of getting them off for a long while, I fear. My place is a complete hospital. Now I will tell you how we started and what has become of them all.

Your brother. *Well*, but a shadow.

Kemp, engineer. Well.

Gessi. Well; has had a severe fever.

* See p. 92.

His Greek servant. Ill more or less: result no work.

Berndorff, German, my servant. Ill.

Mengies, German servant. Sent back ill.

Russell. Ill, cannot be moved; invalided.

Anson. Dead.

De Witt, amateur like Berndorff. Dead.

Campbell. Ill.

Linant. Very ill, cannot be moved.

Long. With King Mtesa;* have not heard of him for six months.

Linant and Campbell are in huts near this, and only partially medically attended by one of the best doctors (me) that I know of. Russell is in my tent—a large Divan one—and wholly under my charge; he is not at all well, and has constant attacks of sickness. Add to this all these intrigues about one, and a large amount of work of all sorts, and you will see your brother is bothered. However, I am quite well, but my temper is very, very short, and it is a bad time for those who come across me the wrong way. Abou Saoud is sick. Also I have had the departure of Raouf Bey and all its attendant troubles, letters to the Khedive, money letters of the province, accounts of officers going away, arrangements for their going down, watchfulness that they take as little plunder as possible (*no end* of trouble about this); no servant because Berndorff is ill; things in a dreadful muddle; but all is coming right, and I do not feel it a bit. . . . . I have done all my accounts with the Government, and am now, as far as the things

* Colonel Gordon, when he arrived at Gondokoro in April of this year, had found there some ambassadors from King Mtesa. With these men Colonel Long had gone back, bearing presents to the king.—ED.

of the world are concerned, ready to depart; but something tells me I shall not do so yet. The intense comfort of no fear, no uneasiness about being ill is very great, and more than half the cause of good health. No comfort is equal to that which he has who has God for his stay; who believes, not in words but in fact, that *all* things are ordained to happen and must happen. He who has this has already died, and is free from the annoyances of this life. I do not say I have attained to this perfect state, but I have it as my great desire. . . . . As for the tribes around, all have come and given their submission to the Government. Raouf Bey went off with great joy and contentment with your brother, who gave him great honours, and facilitated his voyage down to Cairo. Abou Saoud, of course, did not like this; he wanted me to keep Raouf here. I said "No, if the Khedive will listen to my enemies and not support me, it is better to have it over at once." . . . . I have let it be generally known that the motto of the province is "Hurriyat" (English, Liberty), and explained that any one that does not like it can go away. It is a good thing, for it saves a mint of trouble every way, to be able to say, "The remedy is in your own hands of all your grievances." . . . . The steamer goes to the Head of the Falls to-morrow. Splendid weather, only very hot. I have a very good body-guard of forty men—Baker's forty thieves;* this is a good thing in this country. . . . . A large bit of cliff fell down to-day near my tent with a thundering noise.

SIXTEEN MILES SOUTH OF GONDOKORO, *September 19.*—I can assure you the relief I experienced

* See *Ismailia*, Vol. I., p. 297.

in getting off —— and —— was immense, they really broke me down. Linant continued almost insensible, so I had nothing I could do to help him. I left Gessi there with him, and started on the 16th for the south to look for a new station on higher ground and more healthy. Of course none of the old party like my giving up Gondokoro. I have selected a new spot near the hill Rageef. It is a beautiful spot, and the air is so pure and agreeable that after all my worries I feel myself again. . . . . Linant died at three p.m. the day I left Gondokoro. I am glad that I had made it up with him, and that we were on good terms before he had the relapse which ended fatally. . . . . Abou Saoud has been tricking your brother, and taking elephant tusks from the sheikhs or chiefs of the tribes who came to see me. Unfortunately one chief brought me a tusk, and I saw it, and afterwards it disappeared. This made me suspicious. Now, whenever a tusk is brought me, I put it into the government lot of ivory; the same way as they do in India with all government presents. This and some other sharp tricks have made me suspicious of Saoud, and he does not like the measures I take to circumvent him. . . . . I can hardly realise that I have got rid of my encumbrances. Imagine your brother let in after all he said, to paddling about a swamped tent without boots, attending to a sick man at night, with more than a chance of the tent coming down bodily.

RAGEEF. FOOT OF FALLS. *September 21.*— I have had to turn Abou Saoud out, I am sorry to say; he got so bumptious and bullying to every one that I could not stand it. He was very presumptuous with your brother, coming into his

cabin on the boat without "with your leave," or "by your leave," even after he had had hints given him that he had better look out. He bullied a poor Mudir of mine, Isib Agah, nearly to death; usurped all my functions, till the cup was full, and then your brother opened on him right and left, ending in a letter recapitulating all his tricks, want of gratitude, etc., and removing him from the post he held. He tried, by means of a petty revolt, to force me to let him go with the steamer to Duffli, at the Head of the Falls, where the steamer has to be put together—this party he was to lead before his disgrace. The soldiers, old negro-hunters of his, now in government pay, said they would not go without him, so I said, "Do not then go at all," (application of my principle of freedom to all—liberty) "but you will not make me send Abou Saoud with you—that would infringe my liberty." Then I mildly remarked that as they received government pay, I might expect that they would obey me. They thought over it, and distrusted this quiet way of taking the matter; and knew, rightly, I would have paid them out for it when I had troops to replace them; so they came and begged me to let them go with the steamer. Thus my friend Abou's scheme fell through, and he left for Gondokoro. The irregular soldiers felt that it was better to stick to me than to him, and that his only object was to make use of them for a time. . . . . The men of Abou Saoud I speak of belong to a large establishment near the Niam Niam. These Niam Niam are mentioned in Petherick's first book,* and Schweinfurth's *Heart*

* *Egypt, The Soudan, and Central Africa*, p. 455.

*of Africa.** They are cannibals. A great number of them have come down with Abou Saoud's soldiers.

This is such a nice climate and country. Such a difference to the Saubat! I have given my poor crushed Mudir my grand tent and a carpet, and made him put up a huge flag. He sits on his throne a perfect king, and is surrounded at this moment by thirty native sheikhs clothed in red. A grand sight! A day ago he was a cypher, and not allowed to speak a word to a sheikh. Abou is sent down to Gondokoro with a letter removing him from his office. The Arab writer was so frightened about the letter that he became ill. He was one of Abou's nomination. If I had not looked out I should have been enveloped in a net before I knew where I was. The letter of dismissal was thus couched:—

"Abou, when I took you up at Cairo, there was not an Arab or a foreigner who would have thought of employing you, but I trusted to your protestation and did so. When I got to Gondokoro, you were behaving properly, and I congratulated myself on your appointment to the high post I gave you. Soon, however, I came little by little to repent my action, and to find out my fair treatment was thrown away. You tried to deceive me about ——, about ——, and about ——; you misstated ——; you told me falsely about ——; etc., etc. To come to more personal matters, you strangely forgot our relative positions; you have forced your way into my private apartments at all times, have disputed my orders in my presence, and treated all my

* Vol. II., p. 1.—ED.

other officers with arrogance, shewing me that you are an ambitious, grasping man, and unworthy of the authority I gave you. If you do this under my eyes, and at the beginning of your work, what will you do when away from me? Now hear my decision. Your appointment is cancelled, and you will return to Gondokoro and wait my orders. Remember, though I remove you from your office, you are still a government officer, subject to its laws, which I shall not hesitate to put in force against you if I find you intriguing."

I then went on to say that his scheme to cause the troops to revolt had never alarmed me, and that I felt confident that they would see their interest lay with me and not with him; so it ended with my saying that I would be merciful to him, and let him go away on leave not to return.

September 23.—I sent Abou off the day before yesterday, and last night at 11 p.m. all the porters but 500 ran away. It made not the least difference to me; in fact, it has turned out better for me, for I can now take my time and arrange things well before I send things up. I am, however, sending up all the smaller portions of the steamer. I half suspect this is owing to my friend Abou's tricks. . . . . I am quite well, and things go on smoothly enough; and I have a conviction that, God willing, I shall do much in this country. The main point is, to be just and straightforward; to fear no one, or no one's sayings; to avoid all tergiversation or twisting, even if you lose by it; and to be *hard to all* if they do not obey you. All this is not easy to do, but it must be my aim to accomplish it.

September 25.—Last night the hippopotamuses were walking about on the island opposite in the moonlight, their wet fat sides gleaming in the light. The greater part of the steamer left yesterday with Kemp for Duffli. . . . . I have found a good place for a station, but shall have to look out for the rains which come down in sheets of water from the hill behind. . . . . A *fantasia*, as they call it, is going on at the Mudir's, viz., a negro dance. The Niam Niam ladies wear a bunch of leaves for full dress. I cannot say I shall ever take a great interest in the black tribes. They are to me all alike; whether one has a bunch of leaves or a scrap of calico does not make much difference to my mind; they are all black, they shave their heads, and they look all alike, male and female.

It is very quiet here for me. My German is away with my boat, and I have no interpreter. I have only two little scraps of Shilluk boys whom I bought for some dhoora at Saubat, who are perfect mosquitoes as to their spindle-legs, and the Arab cook. As I do not talk Arabic, and they do not talk English, our converse is *nil.* It is the same with the authorities; they come, and instinct tells me what they want, and then they go. It is much shorter, and saves a mint of trouble. . . . . The rain is something tremendous. A good slope will scarcely carry off the water—it comes down in such sheets and with such force. The Nile runs down here very swiftly, some three knots an hour, an oily-looking stream. There are pleasant brooks running down to it along the high land. There is a great quantity of mica, schist, rock, and granite, which

sparkle like silver in the sun. There might be gold in the washings of the river.

RAGEEF, *October 1.*—I came up to Rageef on September 27. Half-an-hour after my arrival here, the little boat came down with my baggage and Berndorff, my German servant. He came up to me with a grave face. "I have had a great loss." I said, "What?" thinking one of my poor chicks of Shillooks was dead. He said, "I saw a hippopotamus on the bank, and fired at him with your big rifle; and I did not know it would kick so hard, and it kicked me over, and it fell into the water." I said, "You are a born idiot of three years old! How dare you touch my rifle?" However, as it was ordained to be lost, I soon got over it. It was the Government rifle that Baker had left here, and a great loss to me. It did not kick if held properly, but Berndorf is a cow! I know you will take his part, and say I was sharp. Well; I am. It is a nuisance (there, you frown again) to lose that beautiful rifle. The little Shillooks described the scene, and laughed in scorn at *that cow*. No sooner had I done with him, than I went out to see if the mountain howitzer would go off. The artilleryman, like all that regiment of all nations, was of course quite proud—not so, however, when not a tube would go off! All damp and useless. An order was at once despatched to Gondokoro to have the officer who sent the ammunition (which I had specially said was to be looked to carefully) put in arrest. Two days afterwards I got a letter of apologies from the Commandant of Gondokoro, saying that he had sent me new tubes. Never a bit! The man had

brought *blue lights*, but no tubes! Another letter sent off. Now, I know that when I came they fired a salute for me, and it went off all right, so I knew that they had good tubes; and yet here, where I was with only ten men, they had purposely sent bad ones to get rid of them, thus causing me the risk of my life. Yet no one among the Arabs would dream of being here without at least 100 men.

I have had great work with the native chiefs in teaching them the use of money. Up to the present time the habit has been to give the chief of a tribe some beads or calico, and he makes his men bring wood, or do any work required. Now I want first to break through the feudal system of chiefs; the only way to do this is to let their subjects see that they can stand on their own feet — that is, gain something for themselves independently of the chiefs. Before I began the system which I hope to establish, the chief would keep the mass of the things given to him, and give only a few to his subjects. I began by paying each man who worked some beads. Next day I gave each man who worked half-a-piastre (one penny) in copper, and offered to sell him beads to that amount. They soon saw it, and would not buy; they said, "We will keep the money till we get more, and can buy more expensive things." I have fixed certain prices for certain things, and made out little lots of beads and wire to sell for certain prices—in fact, made a regular shop, much to the discontent of all the old hands, who are dead against these new-fangled ideas, though I say they will eventually gain, for they will all be able to keep shops.

To-day I made a first-rate affair. A chief brought a tusk, and wanted two bells for cows to wear round their necks in exchange. I said, "No, I will give you two dollars for the tusk." He said, "Yes," so I gave him two dollars. "Now," I said, "I will sell you two bells for a dollar each," which he agreed to, and bought them. This was a great step to make; he has brought some more tusks since, for which I gave him money, and he has bought from me copper wire. Abou, who is here, and of whom more hereafter, was as obstinate as a mule about this matter, and did his best to spoil my shop. I had forgiven him, and told him he might go up to Duffli, but I would not give him back his position of second in command.*

I had a great success with the magic-lantern last night; the soldiers were delighted. What the natives will say when they see it I do not know. I have, as yet, too few troops to let them come to see it at night. It is a capital lantern. The magnesian-wire light was also admired much, and also firing the gun off at a distance of 150 yards with a magnetic exploder—earth communications—they could not make it out.†

Now the blacks do not work well, so they are going to have task work—that is, they will bring me so much straw or wood for so much money. I lost on the daily payments, for the bad workers got as much as the good ones. You know the

* In another letter written at this time Colonel Gordon says: "I have forgiven A. S. One wants some forgiveness oneself, and it is not a dear article."—ED.

† Colonel Gordon had a Wheatstone magnetic exploder, with which he used to fire a gun a hundred and fifty yards from his tent. He would make the chief fire it by touching the button.—ED.

feudal system was destroyed by the rise of large towns and manufactures, and by men not having to depend on their chiefs.

RAGEEF, *October 5*.—I must tell you that I was instinctively against Abou's re-employment; but as usual got worked on by —— and ——, who pitied the "poor fellow." The "poor fellow" had, however, the impertinence to ask me to give him back his old place the first night. I saw that the man was not a bit changed—only more wary and sly than usual. The next day I was working with the natives buying ivory for money; my friend Abou was more or less out in the cold, for he was dead against the innovation. In the evening he got an opportunity to speak to the sheikh alone, and since then not a native has come near us though they had thronged here before his arrival. I put this down to his account the first day—whether right or wrong I do not know. Yesterday, however, I got a letter from Gondokoro saying that the natives on the road had showed themselves hostile, and become quite changed. —— wrote me this, and, like a stupid, gave me a riddle to solve; he said there was a person near me whom the blacks did not like, and that they would not come near me while he was there. Who was this person? I hate riddles. Later in the day I heard that the sheikh, who was before friendly, had asked another sheikh to lend him a canoe to transport another tribe to attack us. . . . . Is Abou to blame or not? . . . . It is a question I cannot yet solve. Anyway he is an arrant liar, and utterly false—he seeks his own advancement only. I sent him down to Gondokoro, there to be left till I could think over the matter. Soon after he

left, I felt sure it would be better to have done with him; so I went down to Gondokoro and arranged for his departure. Coming back to Rageef, I met the hostile sheikh on the road. He asked me to come to his house; but I declined as it was dusk. The next day I had a visit from him. He had a large number of armed men with him, and after some friendly intercourse he left me for a time; but soon after came back, and began to surround my tent with about 100 of his men. I watched his movements, and then got up, took up my two guns, and put them down ready. I then told him to walk off—which he did. I feel sure he meditated hitting me on the head with one of his knob sticks. Soon after in came a letter saying that a steamer had come from Saubat, so I started at one a.m. in a small boat for Gondokoro. The hippopotamuses were in large numbers in the river, and the way they rushed in herds through the water was astounding; they made quite a roar like that of a cataract. They look such queer creatures when by chance they get cut off from deep water, and stand like mountains in shoal places. Well, I got to Gondokoro at daybreak, and there I found that two days after my departure from Saubat, my Mudir had connived at the passing of the convoy of slaves, receiving 360 dollars for the same. The convoy went right into the mouth of the lion: viz. to Fashoda. There Rattaz* and Kutchuk Ali were awaiting them. There were 1,600 slaves and 200 cows, and the whole lot were arrested.

* Rattaz, or Ghattas, was the dealer in ivory and slaves with whose caravan Dr. Schweinfurth travelled. See *Heart of Africa*. Vol. I., p. 45. Kutchuk Ali is perhaps, one of the family of Kurshook Ali, the slave-dealer, also mentioned in that book. Vol. II., p. 265.—ED.

Kutchuk Ali and Rattaz will get five years imprisonment and be ruined. You know I told them that if they brought the slaves to me, I would let them off. I told them that the Mudir of Fashoda would not dare to let the slaves pass, as I had written to the Khedive saying I was sure they were *en route*. Yet they persisted in saying there were none; so it is their own fault. I have sent for my Mudir and he will catch it. . . . .

It is bright moonlight, and hippopotamuses—great fat creatures!—have come out on the island opposite. You can see their fat sides gleaming from the water they have come out of in the moonlight. They make such a fat, grunting noise, as if they did like it so much. I cannot move a yard without my guard — a regular Queen Bee system. I only went out just now to look if I could see my silver-sided hippopotamuses, when I heard a squeaking noise in the reeds, and then a cough; and, on looking round, was aware I had no business out without them. . . . . My two little scraps of Shillooks are about nine years old; they hate each other;—one went up a hill with me, and he triumphs over the other, pointing to me and to himself, saying, "We two went up, and you (the other one) did not!"—it is a sore trial for the other one.—There is no interpreter needed to see the dissatisfaction the presents give if not liked. Their look is enough, and says plainly: this is tawdry and flimsy—not half so good as my neighbour's. It is like the G.C.B. and K.C.B. If the other had the same, he would have been contented. We are regular Ishmaelites—our hands are against every man.

If we could take all things as ordained and for the best, we should, indeed, be conquerors of the world. Nothing has ever happened to man so bad as he anticipated it would be; if we could be quiet under our troubles they would not be so painful to bear. I cannot separate the existence of a God from His pre-ordination and direction of all things, good and evil; the latter He permits, but still controls.

RAGEEF, *October 12.*—I have made them make a mosque and keep their Ramadhan,* which they never paid any attention to before I came.

October 15.—Kemp has come in from Duffli at the Head of the Cataract, 134 miles from here. He left the greater part of the steamer there. The slave soldiers who were with him robbed some of the blacks, who resisted and fired arrows on them. If those dear soldiers had been quiet, nothing would have happened. The sheikh at Duffli was very civil, and glad to have the soldiers.

GONDOKORO, *October 20.*—Got here on the 18th from Rageef. Long came in the day before yesterday. He has had a hard time of it. He left this for Fatiko on April 24; got there in ten days, and from thence went on to Karuma Falls, or Foweira, which is close to those falls, where I have a station of soldiers. He went to Mtésa and got a very good reception. He went down to Urundogani, and thence, with two canoes, descended the Nile to Foweira. He found no

* "The ninth month in the Arabian Calendar, and a sort of Lent observed by the Mohammedans, in obedience to the express command of the Koran. During this month every good Moslem is bound to fast from the first appearance of daybreak until sunset."—Article on "Ramadhán," in the *Penny Cyclopædia.*—ED.

cataracts at all on the route. This is a great thing for me, for Fatiko is ten days from here; Foweira is four days from Fatiko, and then I have water-course to within three days of Mtesa's palace. Long says he passed through a large lake between Urundogani and Foweira. He was attacked by Kaba Rega's* men *en route*, and had to fight his way through near Mrooli.

GONDOKORO, *October 22.*—I have been so cross since I wrote to you—and why? The reason is that I was made ill by the utter feebleness of my staff. My friend —— came back sick; took possession of me as servant, and of my things as his; lost his own bed; took mine. I got wet, and a chill; and it was only by a severe course of pills that I am all right again. I have now given orders that all illness is to take place away from me; that the staff are not to come near me except on duty. Long, after his trip to Mtesa, has greatly improved, and is worth a great deal to me, if he will stay. He was inexperienced before; now he is quite *au fait* with the ins and outs of this sort of life. He has gone to Khartoum, and will be back in six weeks. His discovery of the water-passage between Urundogani and Foweira is of great importance. I am withdrawing all my men from Kaba Rega, who, with them, was privy to the attack on Long; they were Dongola soldiers. . . . . The other day sitting under a tree, a long green strip fell down at my feet; it was a slim green snake; fortunately it did not fall on my neck! . . . . Fancy my having no letters since April 20. I cannot make it out.

November 3.—So well, and things going on

* The King of Unyoro.—ED.

satisfactorily, though with much rating and scolding They will not see that unless I work up the revenue of the province I am not justified in raising their pay. However, I have given up soft words, if ever I used them, and am now hard, and they get such *digs ! !* "They" are the Arab officers and soldiers. . . . In spite of my harshness —— says the people all the way up look on me as their only help against oppression.

GONDOKORO, *November 17.*—. . . . —— is fifty-five. In fifteen years he may daily expect his call home; and then what value to him will it be whether this world thought, or did not think, he did much or not? I am sorry for him, for he has a good deal to go through apparently before he realises that he is nothing and God is all. Who knows this? None of us in the flesh. Blessed, indeed, is he who knows it in a degree. We can only know it in its entirety when we quit the shred we live in. The decay of that should teach us the lesson of the worthlessness of the world's praise or blame. . . . Christians like our Christ! Not the least resemblance, till all is taken from us by force; then we are like Christ indeed, and one with Him. Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom; and it is only the poor, in all the power of the word, without money or appearance, who enter in through that dark gate, the grave, to the rest that remaineth which is not broken.

GONDOKORO, *November 23.*—You know all about the slave convoy at Saubat, how they were intercepted by the Mudir of Fashoda. It appears that Kutchuk Ali and Rattaz were not arrested, but went down free. The Khedive writes to me quite harshly to stop this slave-trade, and you see his

Mudirs help it on. So I answer, "I ask His Excellency, if under these circumstances" (as above) "His Highness would think me justified in hanging the little men I find in charge of slaves. I do not think he would." I then go on to say that I am reasonable in my actions; but that I should take extreme measures when the real culprits are his local authorities and the Khartoum merchants, who are entirely in his power, is more than he can expect. I cannot help thinking that the Khedive finds out that he has made a mistake in appointing me, and that he regrets it. He would sooner have a quieter, easy-going salary-drawing man, but that is his fault; he asked me to come, and I came to do the best I could for him and his country. He is free to rid himself of me whenever he likes, and I should not fret to give it up. At any rate it is far better if he repents his bargain for me to go than to linger on half supported. Not that I have anything but thanks to give him up to the present time; but it is no use my giving my life for a service which is unwelcome to my employer; and I feel sometimes that, through my influence with the blacks, I am seducing them into a position where they will be a prey to my Arab successor. They would never do for an Arab what they do for me. I have made friends with tribes right and left; they bring me ivory—not one single tusk came in formerly. Query: How far am I justified in seducing these poor blacks into a position where they may be robbed and ruined? Why delude Mtesa also? . . . . Watson and Chippendall go up to Albert Lake, and I hope will soon be on it in another iron boat. I am free from all the

science now, and mean to attend only to the administration.

GONDOKORO, *December 16*.—In a few days I shall have cleared out everything from this place; it has been hard work, but it is nearly over. —— has deserted from sheer fear, and has been sent down in disgrace. Now, this morning I hear that Linant, the brother of the Linant who died, and his servant, a Frenchman, are also laid up. . . . . The whole of the original staff except Kemp have gone down, eight in all: Tell —— that Watson and Chippendall have made a first-rate set of observations, etc. They are very well instructed in all their work, and are very nice fellows. . . . . I am looking forward to a house on a hill near Lardo, high above all the marsh land, when all is finished with our move from Gondokoro. . . . . I want a hundred iron wheelbarrows, such as Schweinfurth speaks of.* Ask —— what they would cost, made as light, consistent with strength, as possible. I am sorry I never thought of it till I read it in Schweinfurth's book. Your brother has seized a native chief, who, in spite of warnings, would not obey his orders, but would go and take cows from other chiefs; so off he is sent to Khartoum, to the surprise of all the other chiefs, who cannot realise it. . . . . As one lives one sees how men will yearn after money! Their ideas of robbery are very odd; a man who steals directly they scorn, but they will do what virtually comes to the same thing without the slightest

* "I am convinced that the most suitable form for any hand-trucks would be something like that used by the Chinese, running upon a single large wheel, which the framework that contains the goods spans like a bridge."—*Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p. 307.

compunction. I think after forty one sees these things more clearly. I declare I think we are all more or less rogues and swindlers, and that when we are weighed there will be little difference between any of us. And yet how full we are of high-sounding phrases, and how ready to pronounce judgment! I also do not find much difference among the natives—nearly all are alike about money.

Do not break the world's code of honour, and it matters little how we break the code of God. How we ignore Him in all things! You remember I said a widow would sooner have £10,000 in the funds than the promise, "I will be a husband to the widow." "Ah," says self, "that is all words: sooner have the money, something tangible, bird in the hand, etc." Never shall I forget what I got when I scored out the inscription on the gold medal.* How I have been repaid a million fold! There is now not one thing I value in the world. Its honours—they are false; its knick-knacks—they are perishable and useless. Whilst I live I value God's blessing—health, and if you have that, as far as this world goes, you are rich. Why did I come here, you ask? . . . . The thing slid on little by little. I felt too independent to serve, with my views, at Malta or in the corps, and perhaps I felt I had in me something that, if God willed, might benefit these lands, for He has given me great energy and health and some little common sense.

* One of Colonel Gordon's brothers has been kind enough to send me the following explanation of this passage:—"At the close of the Taiping Rebellion the Empress of China sent to Colonel Gordon a large gold medal with a suitable inscription commemorating his services. When the Cotton Famine was at its height in Lancashire, Colonel Gordon, not having money at his disposal, defaced the inscription, and sent the medal to Canon Miller anonymously for the relief of the starving operatives."—ED.

Fancy going to bed at 6.30 p.m., and getting up at five a.m.! There is no help for it, for the mosquitoes drive you wild if you stay up. In the new house (D.V.) there will be none.

December 17.—A clergyman-stork, black with a white neckcloth, has gone up the river just now. It is too cold at the north for him to stay.

GONDOKORO, *December 21.* — I hear from Rageef that Linant's servant is looking towards the north; and that Linant, who was to have started for Fatiko, is laid up, and also has his nose turned towards Egypt; and that it is more than probable he will want to go down.* I will have no more fellows up here. . . . . It is intensely hot—even hotter than in summer, if you can say there is anything but summer in these parts. In four days Gondokoro will be completely evacuated; but I shall keep up the name at Lardo, for it is only twelve miles distant, and people are accustomed to it. It will put my scientific successors out, perhaps. Such an affair this move has been! However, now it is over, it is a first-rate thing, for Lardo is much healthier. I have been studying medicine a good deal, and found out a great thing—*i.e.*, that ½ gr. of ginger, ½ gr. of ipecacuanha, and 3 grs. of rhubarb, make a splendid daily pill, and can be taken without hurt for years or a lifetime. These keep me in perfect health; they are taken either at breakfast or dinner; *not* to be taken *fasting*. . . . . I have sent down to the Khedive a copy of the map of the Nile in duplicate, from Khartoum to

* Mr. Linant soon regained his health, and started for the Victoria Nyanza.—ED.

this place; one copy being for the Geographical Society, the other for the Institute of Egypt. With the maps are also in duplicate other observations of heights, etc. People talk of being dull—why, here I have been alone for nearly three weeks, and never exchange a word beyond a few broken Arabic sayings from morning to night. It is a great comfort being self-supporting, and it is a great gift.

CHAPTER II.—1875.

LARDO, *January 11, 1875.*—Received a letter from Chippendall and Watson, to say both are ill. I have sent a steamer for them, and will make a hospital here for all the maimed and sick. Of course I have to give up for the moment the Lake Expedition. The fact is, that no man under thirty years of age, unless he has been more or less acclimatised, ought to come out here. Age is a benefit, for it has brought more or less experience with it, and you do not get so dismally down as young men do. You know many and many a man has died in these lands, looking for the source of this mysterious Nile. . . . . Long is on his way up with some troops. . . . . My presence is urgently needed down at Saubat, and here I am tied by his non-arrival. I have got a couple of capital servants, and am very comfortable and well, thank God very much for the same! I am getting up workshops, and doing a good deal of work at this place (Lardo). . . . . I declare it seems as if I were doomed for the Lake Albert, after all. It will be the ruin of the province while I am away! What a queer history it has been, from the beginning up to this time. It is a standing joke—"Imshi Khartoum"—"Go to

Khartoum;" for Arabs without number have gone down, and every boat brings one European or two. They come up here for a month or two, and down they go like a dissolving view. The Khartoumese will be edified, for your brother is of course always wrong and hard. However, "I will hide you from the scourge of a tongue." . . . . One of the soldiers wounded an elephant yesterday. In the evening, some of my men, bringing a letter from Rageef, met the elephant, who rushed at them, and the consequence was they ran away and lost the road, and had to sleep out in the forest. Nothing more heard of them as yet. . . . . Such a chorus of birds near here in the morning, sharpening scythes, laughing, blacksmith's work, and every description of noise. The cocks up here have a perfectly out-of-order note; they crow with several superfluous notes, and seem bothered with the others' noise.

News has come that the Darfour war is over. Darfour with Kordofan and Dar Fertit will be made a Honkumdircat,* and separated from the Soudan, which I am glad of. There was little fighting: the young Sultan Ibrahim was killed. This conquest will have a great effect on these countries. One of the greatest advantages of the very small ones that I have obtained is, that I have shown that these parts can be easily and quickly reached from Cairo and Europe. It has quite destroyed the mystery up to this point; but I must say that further on it is difficult to go at present. I am about to make 200 wheel-barrows for transport, to try camels up here, and also to get some horses. God knows how many of these plans will ever

* A Governor-General's district, that reports only to Cairo.

fructify! To-day might bring me my civil dismissal, or the news of the death of the Khedive, or some such event. . . . . Want of money is the great sore, and yet it only needs us to lower our flag a little to have enough. . . . . A steamer has arrived with Long. Very glad to see him, but unfortunately he has brought up Arab soldiers instead of black.

LARDO, *January 21.*—I have reports from Foweira, which is nine miles south of Karuma Falls, that Kaba Rega, in conjunction with the old slave-hunters in my employ (taken on by Baker) was meditating treachery, and meant to try and take the station. The officer said he had dismissed these slave-hunters. Fifty of these men came down with Walad el Mek, whom I disarmed, and would not allow to go back, but sent them to Khartoum. I have also ordered the ninety other slave-hunters in the Fatiko province to be sent down, and then I shall have cleared the province. Fifty of these slave-hunters out of the ninety are with Kaba Rega. I have sent to order them back. Perhaps they will not come; however, they are great cowards, and have but little ammunition. The wailing of the slave-hunters sent down to Khartoum was terrible, for they had fifty-two slaves, which I got. Oh, my dear ——, for two days I dared not ask Long (who told me that he had applied for 400 soldiers for me at Khartoum and that they were on their way up) whether these troops were Arab or black troops. At last I asked. They were Arabs!!! Now, out of 250 Arabs I brought here, I should say, half were dead and 100 were invalided; so you may imagine my horror. He did his best,

but it was killing for me. The consequence is, that I ordered rice, coffee, sugar, etc., to be given these men, and am trying to keep them well till they can be moved to a healthier spot. This reinforcement was worse than useless—much worse. Out of 150, eighty-four were sick the day after arrival; and now is the comparatively healthy season. If I can only get them up country before they break down! Why, twenty miles from here the reinforcement passed two boats with thirty-five sick Arabs whom I was sending down! I sent down by steamer fifteen sick—two arrived at Khartoum. It is terrible for them. I am supporting Rionga, the great foe of Kaba Rega, and will endeavour to make him the supreme head, and to drive Kaba Rega out of his kingdom. He is too treacherous to be allowed to stay. . . . . ——, I am sorry to say, has tumbled back into procrastination and forgetfulness, which annoys me. I took the opportunity, when we were in good tempers, to point out to him that we should never be able to get on with one another when near. He neglects everything, and, I may say, it is the hunting season, with me for hunter and with nearly every one else for the hunted.

I have proposed to the Khedive to send 150 men in a steamer to Mombaz Bay, 250 miles north of Zanzibar, and there to establish a station, and thence to push towards Mtesa. If I can do that, I shall make my base at Mombaz and give up Khartoum and the bother of the steamers, etc. . . . . The Centre of Africa would be much more effectually opened out, as the only valuable parts of the country are the high lands near Mtesa,

while all south of this and Khartoum is wretched marsh. I hope the Khedive will do it.*

January 26.—Off for the pestiferous Saubat again. Last night, after going to sleep, I awoke and felt a sharp burn on the calf of my leg; I felt something coming upwards, and got another burn above my knee. Jumped up and shook myself, and then got a light. You know I have sewn a waterproof sheet on the bottom of my mosquito-net, leaving a hole to go in, so anything that gets in certainly cannot get out. Looking about, I pulled at the sheet and got another burn on the finger. At last I had him, got a tumbler with some water, and put him in. He floated; so I tapped his back and sunk him—a scorpion about two inches long. The sting is an odd one; it burns for some time, and seems to palpitate as if the scorpion was at it again. . . . . Kaba Rega coolly sent me down a large musical box, which he had taken from Baker, for repair. I have repaired it, and mean to keep it for the Government. I can manage musical boxes very well now, having repaired several, and broken two in learning. . . . . My programme is this (D.V.), to go to Saubat and to settle these stations entirely for some eight months to come; then to return and go up country to Fatiko, taking up the iron boats and all the steamer stores to Dufflì. You will, therefore, for a time not hear so much news of me; but I am quite well, and feel as if I could stand the climate.

January 27.—En route for Saubat. Nothing but running aground and sticking there for hours. Now, here is a story I heard by a mere accident

* See p. 151.—ED.

after I had left Lardo:—Wat el Mek had some difficulty in getting porters from a sheikh to carry some ivory. He was drunk, and at once ordered the man to be hanged, which he was. I need not say that it is more than probable that Wal el Mek will be hanged also. One of my Mudirs of another place was present, and he never wrote a word about it to me; so he also is in hot water. These fellows are guilty of any atrocity.

EN ROUTE FOR SAUBAT FROM LARDO, *January 29*.—We have just stopped for firewood, and I gave the sheikh one of your necklaces and two rings. He was delighted, and all the people jumped with delight; they are all Adams, not a stitch on them. . . . . I am now on board the screw twin-steamer. She is fast, but owing to her stack being too low, you cannot stay on deck; down stairs it is very hot, for they put miserable round windows in her, not eight inches in diameter. I heightened her chimney; but it is not high enough yet, and to-day I had two holes burnt in my trowsers! Watson is a bag of bones and I much fear for him. Chippendall is pretty well now. "No man under forty ought to be out here," says ——, and so I say. Young fellows never will stand the wear and tear and malaria of these countries. . . . . Young fellows know so little of their livers, etc. Look at Baker's experience; he lost but few, but then he took oldish men; while look at my men. All gone! by death, or invalided. . . . . I mean to put posts along the roads to my stations at intervals of a day's journey. Now, we do not hear from a station for six months, and then 100 men must go. By

means of these posts, ten men can go. I propose giving up Rabatchambé, and concentrating myself in the south, near Kaba Rega, and trying to do the only thing which will open Africa, viz.; coming down on the coast at Mombaz Bay, north of Zanzibar. The navigation between this and Khartoum is a terrible affair. Firewood begins to get scarce, and every year will make it scarcer; there are innumerable shoals, etc., and you cannot make the Arab captains work well. Now from Suez to Mombaz is 2,900 miles; from Mombaz Bay to Mtesa is 400 miles—total, 3,300 miles; 300 of which are land journey. From Cairo to Khartoum is (with the desert, cataracts, etc.) a distance of 1,500 miles, from Khartoum to Gondokoro 1,080 miles, and from Gondokoro to Mtesa is 500 miles—total, 3,080 miles. Now, if Victoria Lake is large, I may diminish my Mombaz Bay journey by land a good bit. Any way it is better to open a route to the sea. Zanzibar, a large place, is near Mombaz, and I hope the Khedive will let me do it. It is the only mode of helping these countries. All the northern part of my province is marsh and desert, and useless for any one. The rich parts are the lake districts.

SAUBAT, *February 9*.—Lieutenant Watson goes home quite broken down. His clothes hang on him as a pole.—A nice, agreeable good fellow, and a great loss to me. . . . . He is a capital surveyor.*

* Colonel Gordon sent home the following report on Lieut. Watson :—

"SAUBAT, *February 8, 1875*.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, for the information of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, that Lieut. Watson's health having broken down in this climate, I have decided on sending him back to England. It is to my

In the summer of the same year Lieutenant Chippendall also broke down in health, and had to return to England. Colonel Gordon's report on him cannot be found, but the substance of what he stated was as follows:—"That Lieut. H. Chippendall, who had been with me from September, 1874, till July, 1875, had broken down in health, and that in consequence I had found it necessary to send him home; that during his service he had shown himself most active and useful, and had been further south than any Europeans, excepting Long, Baker, and Speke and Grant; that I sent him home as the only hope of saving his life."

In the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1876 was given an admirable Traverse Survey of the White Nile from Khartoum to Rageef by these two officers.

Colonel Gordon returned to Lardo on March 5, and went on to Rageef on March 13.

RAGEEF, *March 22*.—You will have read of the Sheikh Bedden in Baker's book.* In September last, when I had a large body of men near him, I sent him presents and tried to conciliate him. No use. Again I sent to him, and he answered back that he would kill the next messenger. As he occupied a tract of land too near me to be comfortable, and as he lately attacked a sheikh who had always been very friendly, I had great doubts what to do. Every

great regret he leaves this country, but I feel convinced that it would be fatal to him to stay. Out of fourteen Europeans, I have lost four by death and six by invaliding in about eight months, so that it is not astonishing Lieut. Watson's health should break down, he never having been before in a hot climate.

"I have every reason to be satisfied with Lieut. Watson; he has been zealous and most painstaking in his surveys, and, as I have said, it is much to my regret he leaves me; but, however much he may have wished to stay, I considered that it was not my duty to let him sacrifice his life in continuing here.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) "C. G. GORDON.

"Colonel J. Browne, C.B., Dep.-Adj.-General, R.E."

* *Ismailia*, Vol. I., p. 401.—ED.

one said, "Unless you surprise him and take his cattle, he will always be a danger." As I can only leave a feeble garrison in my station at Rageef, it was necessary to do something. Bedden had presumed on my not attacking him when I had large forces here on two occasions. Well, I will confine myself to my own operations. I sent a force of sixty men to the east of the river, and a force of a hundred men to the west of the river, while I went up the bank with a boat and ten men, and one officer, so as to land on the islands on which the cattle seribas* were. I started at ten o'clock—a beautiful moonlight night—and walked along the bank. It is fifteen miles to Bedden's isles, and there begin the rapids. As I walked along, I came within fifteen yards of a huge hippopotamus, who stood and looked at me—his hide glistening in the full moon. He was in no hurry at all, and stopped several times on his way to the river, where he plumped in with a great splash. After a while, I came on another, and waved him in with my handkerchief. Soon after, the boat could not get along the western bank on which I was, in consequence of a shoal, and, fearing for the men in her, I sent her back. While doing this the officer and eight men went on, and separated from me. We were now not far from a cattle seriba on an island, and here I was with two men and my interpreter! We walked on and sat down within earshot of the seriba; we could hear the boys talking in it. I sent a soldier on to see where

* "In the Soudan every thorn-hedge, or palisade, is called a 'Seriba'; in Syria, also, the cane-hedges for the enclosing of cattle are termed Sirb, or Sereebe."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 47.—ED.

the other part of my men were; after some time we collected together under some rocks, very tired. We were, you will remember, very few; we were exposed to bullets from *vis-à-vis*, and also from the party I sent on the western side—in fact, we were in a very bad military position, and I thought I was an idiot. The two parties to the west and east had orders to close on me, but I had not much faith in them, and my own party of Soudanese were in a great state. The projecting rocks on the rising land to the west, were said by them to be villages. But there we were, and I could not then help it. It was now 4 a.m., and in an hour and a-half day would break. I slept a bit, and awoke just as the red glow of dawn, which breaks into day very quickly, showed itself. We heard a drum on the seriba beat, and were told it was to awake the boys to milk the cows. It was a peculiar sound.

You must know that the cattle at night are enclosed in seribas or kraals, with one entrance. The warriors sleep inside. The mode of attack is to put a few men near the entrance with orders to fire three shots at dawn, before the cattle are let out; for if once out, you can scarcely catch one. On hearing the shots the warriors escape, beating the war-drum if they have time. They never defend the seribas; and it is always the best policy to let them go harmless, as the cows are the great object. Well, as the red glow of a hot day increased, we heard, on the far-away hill opposite to us to the east, the three signal shots; and then our island seriba sounded its nozan or drum. It was a mild one, and was not taken up

by other drums, as I expected; then silence ensued. As day advanced, we saw the supposed villages of the soldiers were rocks, and not a native was to be seen. Soon afterwards some appeared, but they seemed puzzled by the three attacks, and went off. Before long our allies—the friendly sheikh's people—came up; and some of their little warriors swam across to the island, but reported that the Bedden warriors were in the midst of the cows, and shot arrows at them when they approached. However, these soon went off, and we got the cows. We rewarded, with what was not our own, the "friendlys," and came back. The other party on the east coolly passed down the other side with herds of cattle, and never paid any attention to us. The party on the west were never seen by us. It appears that they reached the scene of their operations at midnight, and sent a guide on to explore. This guide met a woman going for water; he tried to catch her, she cried out and gave the alarm, so the natives let out the cows. However, what with our herd of 600 head of cattle, we got altogether 2,600 head; so that without any effusion of blood on either side, or burning of villages, we punished Bedden severely. The day after this expedition, I made another against another sheikh, who always shot arrows at my people. His territory was behind Larco's (the sheikh I sent to Khartoum, and am now about to allow to return to his family—I hope a wiser man). The new inimical sheikh—Lococo—however got warning from Larco's tribe, and drove his flocks into his territory. This showed some confidence in us, for I might have come

down on Larco for allowing them to escape. However, Larco knew I would not do so. We got 500 cows, however, and neither side had any loss. I hope Bedden and Lococo will both submit before many days are over. I do most cordially hate this work; but the question is, what are you to do? You must protect your own people, and also the friendly sheikhs; and you cannot make them give in, except by the capture of their cattle.

I have killed two more hippopotamuses. One came up from the river about one hundred yards from my hut. I went down with a heavy rifle to about twenty paces from him. When I fired, the flare of the discharge and the moonlight so dazzled me, that when I heard the struggle, I thought he was rushing on me. I felt paralyzed, as it were, and did not move; when I could see, he was on the ground. The amount of food one of these animals affords is equal to twenty cows, and really is a boon to the people, for they eat enormous quantities of grass and dhoora. I was obliged to fire again at him before he fell in the water; both balls from No. 8 rifle were in the brain, but yet he walked twenty yards to the water. It seems cruel to kill these animals, but we want food; and you kill fleas without any hesitation, and do not eat them as we do the hippopotamuses. I think I do not err when I say that you kill the flea with a sort of vicious joy—a fiendish vengeance.

March 30.—I start to-day for a distance of twenty-five miles from this spot, where I make a station. I hope to make two more between this and Duffli, so as to have free communication with Fatiko.

RAGEEF, *April 7*.—I have just come back from a short tour. You must know that the great difficulty I have to contend with is how to get the heavy portions of the steamers to the point where the Nile is navigable above the generally accepted cataracts,—a distance of a hundred miles from Gondokoro. Transport by carts was doubtful, the natives along the road were hostile, and you would have to take all the provisions with you for your people. 1. Could carts go or not? 2. Would the native porters draw the carts? 3. If we went in the dry season, could we find water on the road? 4. If we went in the wet season would not the soldiers and porters run away on account of the necessary miseries? 5. Would one's own health stand the wear and tear of exposure? 6. Would not the natives pitch the carts on purpose into ravines? 7. In the wet season would not the small torrents delay us for days and days? These were troublesome thoughts; for I was, and am, bound in honour to get the steamer on to the Lake, and I saw months and months of work before me. Well, when I had settled all the north of the province up to Rageef, I felt that before me was at least a year of sore troubles. A year had now elapsed since I left Cairo, and though I had had men enough, nothing really had been done; except changing Gondokoro to a better site, forming the stations of Saubat, Bohr, and Rabatchambé, and getting things into order according to my ideas—not at all after the Arab ideas. I then arrived at Rageef, and a few days after two convoys, one from Latooka from the east, and one from Makraka on the west, came in; the rainy season had, one may say, commenced, and here I had 100 miles of road

(unknown) before me, and a large number of iron carts and heavy portions of the steamer to move up. Continual thinking made me first give up all idea of taking up the heavy portions of the steamer with me this trip; I would put off that difficulty till November. Next I gave up all thoughts of taking up the two life-boats in sections; next I gave up all idea of taking up the timber I had prepared, with which to construct nuggars* above the cataracts, and next I gave up all idea of taking up a cart to try the road. All this was pain and wormwood to me, for eventually these things must come up, and I was only, I thought, putting off the evil day. I therefore determined to go up and place a station on the Nile, a day's march from here; then to bring up the *impedimenta* there, and then to make another station a day's march further, and take the things up there, and so on to the Head of the Falls; but then the question stared me in the face, how am I to feed the people in the station? I therefore thought of trying to get to Laboré, where provisions could be bought for *melotes* (spades), so they said. I had the formidable Asua river to cross eventually, which I certainly could not do till October; so I saw myself penned in Laboré, or near Laboré, without communications for months, with a fear that perhaps I should not be able to get provisions from the natives. I also

* "The boats which are used upon the upper waters of the Nile are called 'negger'; their construction, I believe, is unlike what can be seen in any other country of the world. They are as strong as they are massive, being built so as to withstand the violent pushings of the hippopotamuses, as well as the collisions with the mussel-banks, which are scattered in various directions."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 50.

had no soldiers to go with us. I raised a body of fifty Niam-Niam from the Makraka.

I may, therefore, say I started with the idea of making a station a day's march from here, and in the hopes that being near Laboré, I might find the natives, like the people of Laboré, willing to feed my people for *melotes*. Unfortunately, too, I had to think that as it was the commencement of the sowing season, and as the natives only live from hand to mouth, I might not even get food from them. However time pressed, and do something I must; so I started towards Laboré, with fifteen days' provisions. I had with me forty Soudan soldiers, and my fifty Makraka recruits, and the porters of the two convoys of Latooka and Makraka to carry things. We marched for a day and a-half some twenty miles south and turned off S.W. a little short of Marengo. After eight miles we reached the Nile; from this place, Kerri, we found it navigable to Rageef. . . . . From Kerri we came down the Nile to Rageef through a fine country. With the exception of a discovery I made—that I had unwittingly carried off the cows of a friendly chief when I made my raid on Bedden—which cows I returned to the friendly chief—nothing of interest happened. It was, I assure you, a matter of perfect indifference with my interpreter whether I had attacked a friendly or unfriendly sheikh. A regular Levantine, he thoroughly disgusted me. However, I showed him what I thought. He has about as much heart as a stone, and I expect is perfectly unscrupulous. However, as I have come down like a hammer on every one who, I know, deceives me, he has had the good sense to change his

tactics, and as I have clipped his wings, he will do as a machine to talk by; the only disadvantage being that I feel myself in a sort of box, unable to obtain information except by driblets, and only able to give orders when I know by personal observation that the same orders are wise. This causes delay, of course, but it is better than taking information and acting on it when you doubt the sincerity of the source of information. I have done with raids after my misfortune with my friendly sheikh, and only if attacked will I sanction reprisals. I will also see well whether I have not given cause for attack.

Here is an episode. We were encamped at Kerri, without shelter however, though there were houses close by which I would not allow to be pillaged. Well, a thunder-storm came on when we were in communication with the people on the other side of the river. We got under some trees; when, in the midst of the storm, several shots were fired, and we were said to be attacked. We sallied out, but I saw no enemy; and then, on the strength of our being attacked, the unruly mob pillaged the huts. My after impression was that it was all a "ruse"; that there was no attack by the people, and that my Levantine friend knew the truth. Add to this, some people of my suite fired on the natives on the other side of the river, and thus broke off our friendly discourse. Cowardly, lying, effeminate brutes these Arabs and Soudanese! without any good point about them that I have seen. It is degrading to call these leaders and these men officers and soldiers—I wish they had one neck, and some one would squeeze it! When not obliged, I keep as far as I can from them, out

of ear-shot of their voices. These being my feelings, you can imagine how glad I am to see some hope of being rid of the whole affair. It is not the climate; it is not the natives; but it is the soldiery which is my horror. In giving over to —— the northern part of the province, I have done all that I can in it; and given all the advice I can to render it a good paying country to the Government, while not too hard on the natives. To stay and watch these Mudirs is to try to make a reform of Egyptian officials, and that I am not here to do. To do these people justice, I believe it is not their fault that they are what I think they are. You have different sorts of trees, and you have different sorts of men,—only, I think, you may prefer one sort of tree to another, and certainly I do not think that any inducement could make me accept service here, or in Egypt. I hope to get the Nile communication open to the Lake, to start Chippendall on the Lake, to put boats on the Victoria Nyanza, to settle Kaba Rega, and to say good-bye. If all goes well, I may hope that eighteen months will finish it or me. As to being able to do more than give advice as to how to get the most out of the country without destroying it, that would be impossible without the faculty of ubiquity.

RAGEEF, *April 8.*—To-day I rode to Bedden isles to look at the channel, and observing some natives on a rock under a tree, I walked up to them. They did not move, and I sat down near them. I asked, "Are you Bedden's people?" They pointed to an old man, and said, "Bedden;" and there was our friend himself. Poor old man! —he was partially blind. I tried to be civil to

him, and said if his tribe behaved well nothing would be taken from them. He said he would come to-morrow to the camp. I gave him my whistle and some tobacco, and would not let the soldiers touch his cattle that were near. It was a sudden meeting to come across him like that. I believe it was caused by the friendly sheikh from whom I unwittingly took the cows. He had told Bedden that I had given the cows back, together with a hundred melotes (spades). But even here is a discovery. To-night I learn that the real power is in the hand of Bedden's son, who was not there to-day.

Lococo the sheikh, who heard of our intended visit, and had got an asylum with Larco, has been to the camp, and made his submission.

April 10.—Bedden did not come yesterday.—Just as I wrote the word "yesterday" the old man came in. I gave him twenty of the stolen cows, a coil of copper, and a pair of scissors. The more I see of my Levantine the more I feel evil towards him, for he has not my thoughts, and is, to my mind, short-sighted. He does not see that my (to the blacks) extraordinary conduct towards Bedden will spread through all the tribes, and make them see that I act justly and generously towards them; and thus, as I go on, I shall have less and less difficulties to contend with. These twenty cows are nothing to give for me, for we took 2,000, and I have everything to gain by such conduct. I could see my friend's disgust at the affair. In his wretched mind, he would scrape off the skin of the poor devils, and yet when he was meagrely treated by —— he cried out loud enough.

You see, if I can obtain the submission of the sheikhs before I leave, then my successor will have no cause to attack and plunder them, which otherwise he would have legitimately the right (?) to do. The whole thing is sad enough, but a Higher than the highest can rule all things for the best.

These are their maxims: if the natives do not act after the most civilised manner, then punish them for not so acting; but, if it comes to be a question of our action, then follow the customs of the natives, viz., recognise plunder as no offence whatever. Such is the reasoning of these creatures. They weigh the actions of the ignorant natives after one and *their* code; they act towards the natives after the native code, which recognises the right of the stronger to pillage his neighbour. Oh! I am sick of these people. It is they, and not the blacks, who need civilisation. There is little difference between white and black men, I feel more and more assured.

RAGEEF, *April 17.*—I went up to the Bedden Isles the day before yesterday, with a boat, to try them thoroughly. At first the reis (the captain of the boat) and the sailors said it was impossible to go, as they had tried every place before I came up. I, however, made them try again, and found one easy channel. The rapids are about four miles in length, and we got up all right to within 150 yards of the upper navigable part of the river, which is clear, at any rate, up to Kerri. In this 150 yards there is a nasty rush or fall of water down a slope of some fifteen feet in height: this will quite bother us for some time. I must make one flotilla for the upper part, and another flotilla for the lower part, and shift the things at that

150 yards. I remarked there a tree whose trunk was quite clear, but between the branches the white ants had made a heap of mud—at least a ton weight of solid earth. It looked very dangerous.

I came back yesterday, and just as I got to Rageef met Chippendall with a host of porters coming down from Fatiko. He had been up the river close to the Lake, and then had come back. The bad conduct of my Mudir there had brought him back. Kaba Rega is giving trouble as far as he can do so. . . . . Mtesa has sent two watches to be repaired.

BEDDEN, *May 14.*—How refreshing it is to hear of the missionary efforts made in these countries! —— wrote me word, "Three mission parties leave shortly for the East Coast. One under Mr. —— takes a steam launch for Lake Nyassa, and 'down,' —— says, 'he will run the first slave nuggar he meets on the lake.'" Of course it not signifying a jot who is on board. This reminds one so forcibly of the mission labours of St. Paul, and of the spirit of St. John.

—— wrote and asked me if a missionary could get along with Mtesa. You see that a missionary likes to deal with Cæsars, and not with the herd of common mortals.*

Now there is little doubt in my mind that if a man would sacrifice himself to a particular tribe, he would find that tribe would not molest him, and would treat him kindly. There is also no

* "What a mission it would be if there were no difficulties—nothing but walking about in slippers made by admiring young ladies! Hey! that would not suit me. It would give me the doldrums;—but there are many tastes in the world."—"LIVINGSTONE on the Universities' Mission." —See *Personal Life of Livingstone*, p. 323.—ED.

doubt but that he would find the life dull to a degree that death would be preferable to it, but I believe he would have his reward. The people are quite quiet and inoffensive, and a man of some intellect would soon gain an immense influence over them. Who will do this inglorious work, and live and die unknown?* The glory of Mtesa's conversion would lead to other things, and therefore I believe men could be got to go there; but these tribes, and this slow, dull life would need a self-denial and abnegation of self which would be difficult to find. When He cometh, will He find faith on the earth? With all our profession, I think not much. The true history of these people has yet to be written. Livingstone, I think, more than any other writer, draws their character best. Poor people!—however, they are happy in their way, perhaps more happy than those who have much more of the things of this world; and I suppose they are as valuable as we are in His sight who judges right. In these countries one sees more and more of the insufficiency of our religion to give peace. I speak of our religion as that professed and not acted up to. "I will go with religion as far as I can without inconvenience, but no farther. I cannot go second class. I must have change of air every year, etc.: *there* my line is drawn. I am born in a certain sphere, and I must live in that sphere." There is no

* "Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

—WORDSWORTH'S "Character of the Happy Warrior."—ED.

doubt but that whosoever *acts* after the true precepts of our Lord will be considered a madman. His precepts are out of the question and cannot be followed.

LARDO, *May 20.*—I came down for a day to this place. Beautiful moonlight night. Hippopotamuses most excited. We hit several on the back, which they resented by heaving up the boat, really sometimes making one quite afraid of them. I never heard such a noise, nor could I have believed there were so many in the river.

KERRI, *June 8.*—Since I last wrote, we have managed to take up, through the east channel of Bedden, three nuggars; and we left on June 5 for this place, with 100 soldiers, to form the station. We passed two troublesome rivers; the one, the Lima, twelve miles from Bedden, the other the Kya, twenty miles from Bedden. The latter must be stupendous when full. The river was all we could wish up to a mile of this, when, owing to the gorge, the current was terrible, and we had the greatest difficulty in pulling the nuggars through. It was terrible work, and I was fearful of a shipwreck. However, thank God! we got through safely, and now are making a seriba on the hill.

LARDO, *June 13.*—I came down yesterday to this place. The Nile was very high. After 7 p.m. we had a serious time, for we were in an open boat, and the hippopotamuses were in force. We were afraid every minute of being swamped by them. Sometimes they are very fierce, and bite the boats in two. Their jaws are immense, and go back to their ears. A son of Mehemet Ali was killed by the bite of one in 1843. It is something terrible—their strength.

. . . . To find the river navigable so high up is indeed a blessing. I hear three elephants—two large and one small—came into my garden right in the middle of the station, slept the night there, and left in the morning, breaking down the fence, which was too small to let them out. They came in from the river which runs close by, and has a cutting down to the edge to enable people to go down for water. . . . . I found things quite dead here, owing to the governor, whom I have bundled off (or am going to when a steamer comes) to Khartoum. I do not think any one can form an idea what multitudinous work one has, or the petty details that come to me: there is not a single branch of the administration which one has not to attend to personally. I have worked them up well here the last two days, and hope the severe examples will brighten them up. Fancy my own groom refused rations by the governor, because I had not written the order. The order was given, but he had not got it. He does not write to me, but simply leaves the man without rations; and this I hear when I am right up country.

LARDO, *June 25*.—No steamer as yet: very trying for the flesh, as the river is so very high. Poor —— and ——, how I remember those terrible examinations*—I sometimes dream of them. I hope they have both succeeded—it is such anxiety, waiting and waiting for the results. . . . . Will you tell —— that the beads I want are to be more magnificent than plentiful. I want them for samples. Some of them may be 2*s*. each. The beads out here are of the

* He had heard that two young friends were going in for their examinations at the Royal Military Academy.—ED.

coarsest kind, and with such bad colours that I do not wonder at the natives being sick of them. There must be no gilt mountings about them; for your black brethren are greasy, and grease is deadly on Birmingham gilt.

June 29.—It is now 129 days since the steamers arrived at Khartoum; and through some mishap or mistake there they appear to have stayed. . . . . I feel much the want of something to do. I have been working at a great many things, but I cannot fully occupy my time. It is very dull work. One cannot tell what a blessing employment is till we lose it. Like one's health, we do not notice these blessings. . . . . Inaction to me is terrible. . . . . I ask God for the following things:—1. Not to be disturbed if the Khedive sent me away to-morrow. 2. Not to be disturbed if he keeps me. 3. Not to have anything of the world come between Him and me; and not to fear death, or to feel regret if it came before I completed what I may think my programme. Thank God, He gives me the most comforting assurance that nothing shall disturb me, or come between Him and me.

June 30.—I have got through two days by making a machine for fabricating rockets. Fortunately, I found an old pump (Baker's garden-pump of copper), and made a case or jacket of the outside tube, and primer of the inside tube, and turned out two good rocket-cases. It amused me for two days, which is something. A wretched little creature is in charge of the arsenal!! He is so feeble, and was so dead against the making of rockets here till he had the regular official patterns to work with.

It is such a comfort having my roads open. One man came down from Bedden to-day alone. Before I came it would have needed thirty or at least twenty men to go along this route. The blacks would have concealed themselves in the grass, and stuck a spear into the hindermost man; now they are quite friendly. A Bari in my employment stole a sheep yesterday, and down came the natives to complain and have justice, which they got. Is it not comfortable? All this has effected a great change among my men. They no longer fear the blacks as they did, and altogether a much better feeling exists, Going up to Kerri, where in September last the convoy of Kemp was harassed all the route, I went on alone with four or five soldiers behind me, and never felt the least apprehension; for the natives talk much among themselves, and the virgin tribes had heard we were not to be feared, and that their cattle, etc., were safe from pillage. A year ago an escort of five or six soldiers used to accompany each nuggar either coming up or down. Even the steamers carried an escort of the same number. Now not one soldier either goes with one or the other. This has prevented all pillaging *en route*, for our people dare not do it now, not having the escorts of soldiers.

July 2.—No steamers! You will be sick of those two words. I fear this very high rise of the Nile is the cause of this delay of the steamers. The natives say it is higher than they ever saw it. It is curious to watch the ant-lions. They are small insects, with a flexible leg. They make a crater, and rest in the apex of it, throwing up, with the flexible leg, now and then, a shower

of sand. Ants walk on the edge, and slip down. As they are getting up the slippery bank, the flexible leg throws up a shower of sand, and then another and another; till at last, as if in the cinders of Vesuvius, the ant gets smothered, and falls to the bottom, where a pair of nippers takes him into an inner chamber, and dinner is ready. I have just dug a lion out with a spoon: it is the size of a bug, of a brown colour. It has no flexible leg, but two horns like a cow, with which he spirts up the sand. He always walks backwards. It is odd to see the spirts coming from three or four holes near one another. When first I saw it I thought it was an escape of some gas. They send the sand up fully an inch. They are difficult to catch, for the inner chamber is deep. Unless you push down a spoon quick after they have caught an ant, and their attention is occupied, they will get away.

July 3.—The Nile rising again. It runs, even here at Lardo, like a sluice. Lower Egypt will catch it this year. . . . . I shall have a great fight with the crew of the steamer; for they know if the steamer once goes up it will not come down again, and they will fear to be kept in her. They will do their best to thwart the boat going up; so your brother is going to turn them all out, and put volunteers on board. It was the same way with the crews of the nuggars — they lacked everything," and you had to put the things in their hands. Their sight seemed to fail them even. When at last they had no excuse for a delay, you should have seen the resigned funereal air they all bore. Poor things! it was quite heart-breaking. Now they are quite haughty;

nothing abashes them; their faces are like brass. . . . . I have sent for my nuggars, and shall go up again and make my midway station between Kerri and Makadé, and try to pass the nuggars up the Makadé Rapids (if they exist). It will be no use waiting for the steamers, which cannot make their way against this current.

July 5.—The river really is terribly high. Our high bank is being eaten away rapidly, and there is a huge lake to the south of us. Between Khartoum and Rageef it is odd that there are only a few places which allow of your landing direct on *terra firma*—1st, Saubat; 2nd, Bohr; 3rd, Shir; 4th, Lardo; 5th, Gondokoro; 6th, Rageef.

BEDDEN, *July 9.*—Rode up to this place from Rageef. On my arrival they fired the usual salute, and a sad accident occurred. One man lost his thumb, and the No. 2 lost both hands. They never dipped the sponge in water, as they generally do with these rifled guns. Poor fellows! I am so sorry for them, for I hate these salutes. I feel the more regret, as it was fired in my honour. If the man had been obeying his instructions in artillery, he would have only lost his thumb; as it is, he has lost both hands. It is a sore sight and sore trouble for the poor soul. I have ordered now only three rounds to be fired for salutes—the same as the Chinese. (Do not tell —— I said anything about the guns, for if you look at a gun in these days you are interfering with the R.A.! And you do the same with the R.E. if you look at a pontoon.) . . . . Another day of magazine work. It is very fatiguing work. Needles and thread and coffee in the powder magazine; axes

here; bill-hooks there. I am now independent of the steamers, for I have sixty-six men for the new stations. Certainly thirty-six are men who do not know yet how to load, but I only took them to-day; and after firing thirty or forty rounds they are good enough soldiers for these parts.

Old ——, the French master at R.M.A., used to say, "Von vife at Paris, von vife in London—dat is de vay to enjoy life!" These Soudan soldiers have each been in the habit, when ordered from a station, to leave a "vife" in possession of his hut in the station he quits. This, in consequence, made the stations enormous in perimeter, and difficult to defend; so I found it the best plan this time to quietly order all the "vives" to come up with me, and perforce join their husbands. I took quite a troop, and there is another convoy under way. The officers complained of the mass of huts occupied by these women, but did not dare to act. You see the soldiers had been so accustomed to doing nothing at Gondokoro, that they hated the break-up of that detestable station, which was an enormous one, owing to these women. They still have clung to the idea, that, however they may be moved, some day they may get back to their old quarters; so to keep those quarters they put in a retainer. What they will think when they see their wives brought up I do not know, but it destroys the lurking hopes and makes the men look on the stations as their permanent residence. The great power I have over them is the facility with which they can be sent to Fashoda or Khartoum. On their arrival at these stations they invariably lose their *vives* (who are only *willing* slaves), who are confiscated by the government.

The water is pretty high here, and many of the obstructions are covered. Two soldiers can now go from Lardo to Kerri without fear. Formerly, 100 men would have had to be sent, the difference being, that in those days the camp followers—boys and *vives* of the soldiers—would pilfer paltry things all the way, and the natives would, when they could, kill the marauders; whereupon the soldiers would enter the fray. Now the men know that at night they will get to a station, and also they know that if they trouble the natives the sheikhs will tell the head of the station. It is now delightful. One has no fear of every bit of high grass, as before: even the men see the great advantage. The whole value of the articles which they ever got would be, for a long journey, £1 10*s*.; and for this wretched gain we were cut off in our communication for months and months. . . . .

Your brother will be dreadfully badgered by the Royal Geographical Society, and I feel pretty sure he will suffer a bit; for he is loose in his remarks, and rather non-observant of some important things, and it will all come on him, for I do not think the Royal Geographical Society will trouble me much after my letter to ——. They have no more business to be giving medals to the people than the people have to give medals to them. Sovereigns and representative assemblies of nations, and old corporations that date from centuries, can confer honour; not any society which may spring up. . . . . Fancy having to go to a Horticultural Show or to the Crystal Palace. Henry and I went once to the Crystal Palace, and it was for the last time. We were worn out. No hard labour is equal to this sort

of society. Fancy a pic-nic!! what more utterly melancholy? A *fête-champêtre* or a masked costume ball! I suffer a little like royalty—that is to say, nothing the Soudan soldier likes better than watching every movement one makes. It is very irritating. One or two will stand for hours watching me. Some people do not like dogs, for they often stare so. Yet I am not like royalty a bit, for I cleaned a duck gun in public to-day. I will be natural, *coûte que coûte*, and I am quite sure I cleaned the gun better than any Arab would. . . . . Neither here nor at Kerri are there mosquitoes; at Lardo very few. You can have but little idea what an intense comfort this is. At Gondokoro they swarmed, and bit you under the table and wherever any skin was tight—trowsers, shirt, or coat was to them no obstacle. They liked a cane-bottomed chair best for you to sit on.

July 15.—The crisis is approaching. We have taken nuggars down the Western Passage [of the rapids near Bedden] and found it deep enough for the "Khedive" steamer. . . . . I believe that by rapidly shifting your quarters, you could avoid the rainy season altogether. We have had very little rain here, while at Kerri, only twenty-three miles off, they have had large quantities. Very heavy rain this afternoon. The vultures which hover about the station were absurdly wetted, and looked ridiculous after the rain—sitting on trees drenched through and through, with their wings held out to dry like old coats.

I have been anxious about ——, and have written to him to come down if he is not better.

I think his complaint is half "doles" and half illness. Do you ever have the "doles" now? I am glad to say I never have. What a fearful disease it is! I believe in "rowing" them out of the patient—as for indolence, it only makes them worse. . . . . I quite understand Livingstone's fear of companions. One really has nothing for a sick man; one's food is of the coarsest nature, and one cannot even speak one's wants to one's servant—at least I cannot do so. . . . . I am weeding out the old soldiers, and sending them to my Botany Bay—Khartoum. They were pampered and spoilt, and they will soon feel the difference there. Preparatory to doing so, I have separated them in all the different stations into batches of thirty or forty, so as to send them off quietly in little batches.

How the Khedive is towards me I do not know, and thank God He prevents me caring for any man's favour or disfavour. I honestly say I do not know any one who would endure the exile and worries of my position. Some might care if they were dismissed, as the world would talk. Thank God! I am screened from that fear. I know that I have done my very best, as far as my intellect has allowed me, for the Khedive, and have tried to be just to all. . . . . Now imagine what I lose by coming back, if God so wills it—a life in a tent, with a cold humid air at night, to which if, from the heat of the tent, you expose yourself you will suffer for it either in liver or elsewhere. The most ordinary fare—*most* ordinary I can assure you; no vegetables, dry biscuits, a few bits of broiled meat and some boiled macaroni, boiled in water and sugar. I forgot some soup.

Up at dawn and to bed at eight or nine p.m.; no books but *one*, and that not often read for long, for I cannot sit down for a study of those mysteries. All day long worrying about writing orders to be obeyed by others in the degree as they are near or distant from me; obliged to think of the veriest trifle, even to knocking off the white ants from the stores, etc., that is one's life; and, speaking materially, for what gain? At the end of two years, say £2,000; at the end of three, say £3,500 at the outside. The gain is to be called "His Excellency," and this money. Yet His (poor) Excellency has to slave more than any individual: to pull ropes, to mend this, make a cover to that (just finished a capital cover to the duck gun). I often say, "Drop the Excellency, and do this or that instead." So if I go do not expect to see your brother heart-broken. The fact is the people who annex the province need quite as much civilisation as those they attempt to civilise, and I did not put that into my agreement, viz., *their* education. . . . . Come what may it will fall like water on a duck's back. There is a verse, "What are ye that are afraid of a man who must die" or "who will die"—the opinion of another worm or worms. . . . . I acknowledge to feeling a sort of regret if I have to leave before opening the river to the *Lakes*, but it would soon pass off, as I should think it God's will that I should not do it. . . . . I have a good many plaisters in my moral medicine-chest if I leave. I think what right have I to coax the natives to be quiet, for them to fall into the hands of a rapacious pasha after my departure? What right have I to upset Kaba Rega, which will be inevitable if I go

to the Lake; or delude Mtesa into security, to be eventually swallowed up? All these will bind the slight wound up well. If I stay, I trust to the Higher than the Highest to look to the welfare of those heathen (His inheritance) after I go. . . . . The large new steamer at Khartoum, the "Ismailia," as I have called her, is nearly finished. Now that is a good work to have got put together. She would have lain there a heap of old iron otherwise.

July 20.—Last night just as I was going to bed the letters came—sixty or seventy private letters and a mass of official ones!! Oh dear! I read till two a.m., and am now answering them.

Two Miles South of Kerri, *July 31, 7 p.m.*—Started to-day, and got the nuggars through the Kerri passage; after some delay, we started for the south, and came on the rapids, which, as I have before said, I had seen about one-and-a-half or two miles from Kerri. A heavy storm came on, and you never saw such wretched creatures in all your life as those soldiers. First, we had at least as many as 100 women, children, and lads belonging to the soldiers; and they and the soldiers looked—and were—the picture of misery. I believe three natives would have put them all to flight. I never in my life had less confidence in troops than I have in these. They are the most wretched creatures I ever saw. Well, we halted, and the excitement of waking up their torpidity has made me feel quite well again! . . . . I shall be very glad when I have done with these wretched scarecrows. I declare it is very unsafe—much more dangerous than even I could have expected.

August 3.—A day of agony to me. We have got three nuggars through the Googi Rapids, as they are called; and such anxiety—it was really quite painful—ropes breaking, and nuggars going down a six-knot current. I am really quite exhausted—more mentally than physically. It has, indeed, been a fearful day. In one place the current came down from both sides of a mass of rocks; besides which, the channel curved, and the force was terrific. It tore the mast right out of one nuggar. . . . . You can imagine what a current there is: a small boat broke loose, and it was nearly four miles down the stream before it was secured. . . . . I have every reason to be thankful, for the Kookoo Hill looms nearer and nearer; and there, in all probability, my labour ends. Also, I have only some ten or twelve miles more of the Bari tribe, who, though they give me great help, are not so easy to manage as the Madi tribe, who are much more quiet. It is, indeed, a blessing to get along without fighting one's way. To-morrow will let me see a long strip of river to the south, for it is now turning to the east. One nuggar nearly sank. It is the violent eddies which are so terrible. The slightest faltering in the haulers would be fatal. We have about 60 or 80 black-satin-skinned natives hauling on each boat. Your brother prays the nuggars up as he used to do the troops when they wavered in the breaches in China; but often and often the ropes break, and it has all to be done over again. However, I feel sure that we shall have fully made known to us the mystery of these matters. Sometimes I think I am punished for some arbitrary act I have been guilty of, for the soldiers

have tried me sorely. I do not feel that I ever could do any more work after this command. It certainly takes the edge off one, and adds to one's age. . . . . We got on a good way to-day—some eight or ten miles, coming across two bad places only. The natives are civil enough, but very shy of us at first. Where we are exactly is a mystery, for it is impossible to get any information from the natives, who cannot count. You have to ask any question about distance thus: "If you start when the sun is there (pointing to the east), when would you get to this or that place?" The native will point out a place in the heavens, from which you may guess the number of hours it would take. . . . . I foresee that I shall not manage to get the steamer up this year. There are four things to contend with: first, the natural difficulties of the river; second, the march through shy and unknown tribes, who have never seen a foreigner; third, a useless, untrustworthy set of soldiers and officers encumbered with women—there are 120 women and children to 108 soldiers; fourth, want of good ropes to haul the nuggars.

August 8.—The Coojoors or magicians are a queer set. One was standing in the water and striking it to enable the nuggars to pass, and giving it the most energetic address. The steamer "Khedive" came up the Bedden Rapids easily under steam and with some hauling on ropes attached to her; so she may now be considered up to Kerri, for there is nothing to stop her from getting up there in time. Somehow or another I am not so elated at our hitherto success, as I thought I should be. The anxiety has killed

any enthusiasm in me. I never have had a more anxious time.

August 10.—A real disaster after all our labour. We had got over the difficult parts and had an open river ahead, where we have come to grief. It appears yesterday that one of the nuggars, through the stupidity of the Reïs,* broke loose, and floating down got into the middle of the Rapids, and in such a position that no one could get at her. In my absence they sent down the felucca, and she got staved in on the rocks and sank. Next they sent down another nuggar, and she is now in the middle of the river, hard and fast on the rock. I do not, though we have been trying all day, see a chance of getting either of the nuggars off. As for the felucca, it has disappeared entirely. This is a sad catastrophe. It obliges me to make a station here, and, as the two vagrant nuggars have all the tow-ropes, I cannot move south till I get other ropes. It is trying after having got over so many difficulties to have this occurring.

August 11.—To-day the nuggar which went to the assistance of her consort got off. The natives are not behaving well, and will have to be "taxed" unless they behave better.

August 14.—The natives evidently, on August 12, meant mischief, but our long-range rifles made them think differently. They came down close to my camp, creeping along the grass. Now they appear to have quite given up the idea. They had no excuse, for I had given them beads and meat, and treated them very well indeed. For years they have had things all their own way.

* Captain.—ED.

They knew the caravans could not stop to chastise them, and so they took advantage of it. Now they see we are here for good, and are rather horrified at our arrival. They are far too jealous of one another to combine their forces against us. In all probability we shall have no more trouble up to the Asua River. Very little does to convince them of the futility of their resistance. The burning of one hut is enough. No explanation appears of any avail. I told them beforehand "help us on our way, and we will leave you untouched, and even reward you." But no, not a bit would they stir. They are a queer set and have little fear; one day they will be hostile, and the next will come fearlessly down to your camp.

LABORÉ, *August 14.*—Since I closed my letter the three recalcitrant sheikhs* have come in, and said how very sorry they are that they have been naughty; so we are all now friends again, and they will not have the cow-tax levied on them. I am very glad of it, for it was merely ignorance that actuated them. I am sending off a party to Makadé to-morrow to bring me down some ropes, etc. I expect that it is thirty-five miles distant. . . . . I expect 250 soldiers from Lardo, and a number of natives from Makadé shortly; then, as Grant says, the two hemispheres will meet—*i.e.*, my road will be open, and your brother will be so glad. The natives on this side of the river cannot very well be hostile, for they are hemmed in between the mountains to the west, and by the river to the east, while to the north and south there are my stations. The distance between the river and the mountains is about eight miles, and

* The sheikhs of the tribes mentioned in the last letter.—ED.

on the other side of the mountains are unknown hostile tribes. If I had gone up the proper right bank [the eastern bank] of the river, I should have had much more trouble, for there the Bari tribes are much deeper and extend for forty to fifty miles from the river to the east. With the exception of a few hippopotamuses, you never see the sign of game here—not even guinea-fowl—and but very few geese and ducks. The country is too densely populated. . . . . The weather is very good: occasional heavy thunder-storms, but not oftener than one in two days. The rainy season had been represented as so terrible here, that I am much surprised at it. I have a number of arrowheads which are curiously barbed in all sorts of forms. Among them is a magic arrow which is waved in the direction of the enemy and preserves the *waver* from hostile arrows.

August 16.—The natives are in a great way because we are going to stay here. The range of mountains entirely cuts them off from any retirement into the interior. It is curious to think what tribes are on the other side. All this information must be found out hereafter. The common exigencies of one's life here prevent one's occupying oneself with such questions now. If we accept that these natives have had no communication with the world, there are many things to be studied among them which would be most interesting. They would seem to get on well without any regular laws, and to live out their span in comparative quiet. I asked a sheikh if he had ever seen strangers or white people. He said, "Why ask such a question? All men are the same." No country presents such a field to a

philosopher as this country does, with its dense population quite innocent of the least civilisation. I should say that they are singularly free from vice; their wars are generally very harmless affairs, and seldom cause bloodshed.*

August 17.—I crossed the river to the right bank to-day to see if the channel was better on that side. A hippopotamus put up his head, so I put a bullet in it, and called the natives, who were dogging me and my soldiers, to the feast. However, the strong current swept the animal down; so we went on and found that another party of natives had got the corpse. They were delighted with it, for it feeds at least 200 people comfortably. . . . . The natives came down to-day without fear, and I made one fire the rifle —holding it for him. Great dismay when it went off! It is good to show them, by the killing of the hippopotamus, the power of the weapons; and though I know you will feel for the deceased hippopotamus, you will not be consistent by feeling for the sheep, whose leg you may eat to-day or to-morrow. Oh, how I should like a good dinner! As —— says, he kept me alive in China by looking after my feeding. . . . . Those other side natives have been more or less hostile, and my soldiers on this side were in a great state of mind when they heard the shot, thinking that I was attacked. However, instead of that I made friends with them, but I fear I have not gained their confidence; for I see, on my return to camp, that

* "They came to Laish, and saw the people that were therein, how they dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate in the land, that might put them to shame in any thing; and they were far from the Zidonians, and had no business with any man."—*Judges* xviii. 7.—ED.

their women are carrying off their goods further inland. They are alarmed at seeing that we can cross the river. . . . . Judging from your letters, you do not take much interest in the course of events up in these parts; and I do not blame you, for though I am much mixed up with them, I am not entirely wrapped up in them. To sum up the whole—What is the work? The placing of a chain of posts along a river, and the hauling-up of some boats over rocky channels. No very great interest attaches to it, though it gives me trouble enough. As for rows, I have not the monopoly of them; and I dare say you and —— and —— have your share of them with your servants, and are *shamefully* treated by them—of course, the narrator always being right. I must say your black sisters stick up for their rights—slaves or no slaves. It frequently happens that one of them comes and stands before me. I know what is meant. They generally come in a furtive way in the dusk. I make the sign that some one has beaten them, and they assent; they are then sent to my filthy kitchen for the night, and given refuge. Then they disappear, having found another husband. When they repeat this very often—and some have done so three times—I am obliged to remonstrate with them for their inconstancy. . . . .

Is it not remarkable that you never find anything like ambition in a native sheikh? They will readily agree to plunder their neighbour, but never would think of annexing his tribe to theirs. Things would be much easier if they did have ambition, for then you might hope by a strong native hand to do something towards civilising them. But no,

there they are in tribes of 100 or 300 families, and I expect have been so for ages.

Great excitement on the other side of the river. A sheikh in a red shirt is walking about with some twenty armed men carrying ambatch rafts. Whether he comes in peace or in war I do not know; but the exodus of household chattels still goes on, and a good many *coojoor* or magic fires are also to be seen. It is absurd that all this excitement should have been caused by my going over in the small boat. They surely must have known we could come over, if we brought the large nuggars up to this. The poor officer in command was in a dreadful state when he heard me fire, and thought I was attacked, for he had no boat to come to my rescue; but I never risk anything in reason—never go near high grass or dhoora which might conceal natives—and so there is no fear, for they never come near you in the open. . . . . I have a cold in my head—the first for two years. It is a very rare thing, indeed, to have one in these lands. Inflammation of the lungs is quite common, but scarcely ever a cold in the head. . . . . Some little time after writing this, I saw a collection of natives sitting under a tree, and I watched them with my telescope. One at last got up and walked northwards, picking up some weeds, which he then threw towards our camp, and waved us off; then he walked southwards, and did the same, and waved to the south as if to wave on some auxiliaries. He kept waving us off for some time. It was a magician, evidently called in to curse Israel. They were distant about 900 yards; so, just to frighten them, I put a bullet into the ground fifty yards to their right. They

left off their magic at once, and were evidently rather astonished at being discovered at it. . . . . Man is a very fine-looking animal when in a natural state. The grace with which these natives walk and run is remarkable; and they look very grand when in their picturesque groups and satin skins. Their skin is very fine, and the least cut seems to raise a heightened scar. The ladies strut like turkeys with their long tails. . . . . I have told my men to keep a sharp look-out to-night; for the extremely earnest way in which the magician waved us off quite impressed me. However, I scarcely think they will like to cross the river with its present current. The dead hippopotamus went down the rapids quicker than I could walk—walking fast.

August 20.—The natives have just been down at 1 p.m., and attacked the other station about a mile from this. I wonder they do not attack this one. The men do not let them come near enough to give them the lesson they need. It would be kindness in the long run to do so. The doctor has come back. He tells me the cause of the captain's suicide.* It appears that he had been discovered trying to sell six of his soldiers as slaves. The authorities at Cairo gather all the runaway slaves, and make soldiers of them. There are of this sort sent up to me some about fifteen years of age. The captain quietly chose six of them to sell at Berber. But the Mudir found it out; and reporting it to Cairo caused a great fear in his mind, for the punishment of this is death. He thought that I knew all

* The Captain had shot himself the morning before when seated in his tent.—ED.

about it, which I did not. It evidently had much preyed on his mind, for he imagined every time I got letters that they were about him. It is odd that he reported to me (though he knew he had been found out) that several soldiers had escaped. I think that they must have been willing to be sold to avoid military service. Having been slaves originally, they had found out that military service was much harder work, and that Cairo as a residence, even as slaves, was preferable to these parts. That is the only way I can account for the matter. The captain was a black himself. . . . . The natives suffered in their attack to-day, and I do not think they will trouble us again. It is odd they do not attack my camp, which is a mile from the other. There are seventy soldiers there, and I have only twenty here. I should like to go down to the steamer, but dare not do so till the party returns from Makadé; for now with my telescope I keep a sharp look-out, and do not let the hostile natives come within 1000 yards of our station. To guard against an attack in the dark I have had a number of posts erected, and telegraph wires stretched between at a good height, so as to stop their rush. With the number of women there are here, it would be very awkward to have the natives among us.

August 21. — It appears that the attack was made by the natives of three tribes, who combined their forces. It is evident that I cannot go much further with the few forces that I have, if the natives continue to be hostile. They know that I am in the south camp, and think I have the mass of the troops with me. The torrent beds are an obstacle, for you have to go some way

inland to get across them, and cannot go along the river-bank. It is here the natives are dangerous, for they know the exact path you will come along. These disputes have not arisen from any action of ours. We gave the natives cows and dhoora for hauling our boats, and we touched nothing of theirs. We merely passed through their country, and they fully understood that we were different from the Dongolese. If they are to be put down, it is better I should do it than an exterminating pasha who would have no mercy. . . . . I wish the whole of this business was over. I do not want to hurt these people, but we must defend ourselves; and unless one gives up the whole affair, there is no medium between doing so and punishing them. I wish one could know the sort of government these tribes have. Yesterday, immediately after the attack on the other station, I saw the sheikh of the hostile tribe walk towards the station. Was the attack made against his wishes, or, as they say, at his and two other sheikhs' instigation?

Evening.—I was just going to write you a line, and to express a hope that the natives would let us be quiet, when I heard one of those black women squawking (there is no other name for it). A native had fired an arrow into her tent, so I fired the duck gun into the dhoora in which he was concealed. It is unfortunate, for it shows that they are not cowed by yesterday's defeat. Fortunately, in an hour we have the moon; and to-morrow certainly the Makadé party should be here, and I shall then tax the hostile natives. People laugh at bows and arrows, but at night they are very disagreeable; for you have no idea

whence they come. With a musket you can see the flash and fire in its direction; against arrows you have no such advantage. I do not like cutting down dhoora, but I fear I must do it, for there is a patch much too near to us to be *healthy.*

August 22, 10 a.m.—Passed a quiet night, and felt rather vexed, ten minutes ago, to see two natives come down and walk towards the station. Thinking they were coming in, I took little notice of them; but suddenly off they turned into the dhoora, and evidently had come down to reconnoitre. However, a few minutes afterwards, the head of the Makadé party came in sight, and now they are close at hand. Now for the taxing. . . . .

Evening.—Linant came down with the party; and as he wishes to stay, and his father says he has no objection, I have agreed. The following are the items of news. We are forty miles from Makadé; and the river, though there are rapids, still gives hopes that we shall be able to get up the vessels. Linant went to Mtesa, and met Stanley there, who had arrived eight days before. He came from the south of the Lake Victoria, coasting in his boat the eastern bank, and arrived at the northern end of the lake near Mtesa's. It was in April when the two met.

NEAR LABORÉ, AT STATION NOW TO BE CALLED MOOGIE, *August 28.*—On August 20, hearing the steamer was at a point on the east or right bank some way down the river, I crossed over to that bank, and walked down with one soldier and the small boat (as I have told you in a former letter). But not meeting the steamer, I sent her orders to come up the east passage. When once there she could not, on account of a long isle, communicate

with the west or left bank. On the 24th, thinking the steamer might have entered the east channel, I passed over thirty men *from my station* to the east bank. The natives, however, the moment the men crossed, beat their drums, and in great numbers came down on the soldiers, who lay in the grass opposite the station. I hastened to cross over in the little boat. The moment they saw me coming, down they rushed on the soldiers, but were soon repulsed. After this I spoke by an interpreter to them, but they refused to have anything to say to us. They knew I was the chief on account of my umbrella. We passed on thence to some little rocky hills, where they again attempted to surround us. I let them come quite close, and then drove them back, and returned home. In this last attack they showed (at least, some of them did) great courage. They came up to me, creeping on their stomachs, to within ninety yards, in spite of a shower of bullets. When they see the soldier loading, they run a bit; and when they see him ready to fire, they are on their stomachs quite flat, and very difficult to hit. Double-barrelled guns with slugs are better than bullets against them. Linant had been with me this day (August 24). On the 25th, not feeling sure about the steamer, I walked down to the point where she was said to be by the west or left bank. Linant was not with me, but was writing his letters. That evening he said that, if I had no objection, he would go over to the east bank and burn the houses of the hostile natives. As I feared they might attack the steamer, and that, if worried, they would let it alone, I assented, and sent thirty-six soldiers, two

officers, and three irregular soldiers, with two boxes of ammunition. Each man had thirty rounds in his pouch. About 8 a.m. they started, and I heard a few shots now and then. About noon they were on the hills; and I saw Linant, in a red shirt which I had given him, on the hill. The men and he seemed quite at home. It is not more than 1¾ mile from the station. They stayed there till 2 p.m., and then I did not see them on the hill. At 4.30 p.m. I went for a walk, and was called back by hearing them fire the gun at my station. When I got my glass I saw about thirty or forty natives running down to the eastern bank of the river just below the rocky hills. I thought it was nothing, but that they had rushed down to see the steamer. I sat down with my glass and watched them retire, which they did, while, having the range, I began to drop bullets near them. To my horror, ten minutes afterwards I saw a man, clothed, walking without his musket on the opposite bank, and I sent a boat for him. The man came. "Where is your rifle?" "The natives have got it." "Why did you separate from the rest?" "They are all killed." "How?" "They had finished their ammunition." At this time at my station I had only thirty men, and there were thirty men at the Station Moogie, while there was that steamer, I thought, with ninety men in the east channel, with no means for me to communicate with her. Now, ninety men are something, if well led and in good discipline; but officers and men are utterly bad, and I could see my thirty faithfuls were thoroughly frightened. It was now six in the evening. We were not fortified, so I determined to move down

to the other station during the night. Little by little the things were put in the boats. Then I sent the little boat to warn the other station, and then sent off that abominable crowd of women and children and servants. Of course, with them wanted to go their blessed husbands, who, I might be sure, would not return, once in the other station. At last I started the herd with the cows, and they got down all right, and some of the men came back to me. We had two ropes among these nuggars. If a nuggar slipped, down it would go with the current to the rapids. However, we found these ropes at last, and started. I went inland with ten soldiers to cover the flank. I could not follow the river on account of two streams. When I crossed the first stream I went down some way to meet the nuggars, which, having to traverse less space, ought to have gone quicker than we, who had to make à *détour*. I hit the river, and found one nuggar—the others were behind. I went to the others (remember, the mass of the nuggars' crews were with the steamer). One had sprung a leak 100 yards from the station I had quitted, and there they were discharging the cargo on the bank. Yet I had had these nuggars thoroughly repaired, according to the report of their captains, by two workmen expressly here for the purpose. Now, this was nice; for if dawn found us here stranded, and the natives came down, as one had every reason to suppose they might, not one would stay with me. I had in all only twenty. Well, the discharging of the nuggar went on, and during it a soldier occupied himself with discharging his full-cocked rifle close to my head (for which I gave him a

box on the ear he has not yet forgotten). When the nuggar was nearly empty, the water rushed in over the side and filled it. Now the other nuggar was south of it; and could not pass, the sailors said, till daylight enabled them to see. So there we must wait till daylight, with the heap of baggage on the bank, and a sunken nuggar, and a full nuggar which could not pass. Now, the bulk of this baggage was the soldiers' baggage; so I said to ten of the twenty, "You can take your baggage to the Station Moogie, and come back, and tell your comrades to come for theirs." Off they went, and back came a number of women, and the bulk of the baggage went down. I then sent on the nuggar which had started first, and ordered her to be emptied and to come back to me to take down the other things. After waiting till dawn I saw this nuggar stopped; for the passage of the river had been barred by the other, which I had managed at dawn to get past the wreck. Down I had to go, and at last managed to get up this nuggar to embark the *débris*, and to complete my retreat by 9 a.m. without an attack from the natives. They left us quiet. One came down and shouted out, and then said, "Ha ha ta ta a," as much as to say, "You got more than you bargained for." So I made him see that the top of a rock 500 yards distant was not a healthy place to stand on for an address, and so departed. Well, when I got to Moogie Station a *débris* of the force—a single soldier of Linant's party—was on the long isle, and had to be brought over. I had also been in fear for the steamer all night, and thought she was in the east channel, which I could only communicate with by going

to the long isle. Tired and worn as the poor soldier was, I was too tired to go over for an hour, after which I started with one soldier, got across all right, and took the man in.

I then mounted the isle and looked for the steamer. To my joy, though it was against my orders, I found she had gone over to the other (the western) side from the east bank where I had left her. I returned to the station, and found that four men of Linant's party had escaped. They had let themselves be surrounded, had used their ammunition (so they say), and then the natives rushed in. Linant, who was dressed in a red shirt, was killed by two lance wounds, one in the neck and one in the back. It appears they carried the ammunition some way from the nuggar, after they crossed, but sent it back afterwards. I hope this story of no ammunition is the true cause of the affair, for the natives have taken thirty-three Sniders and Remingtons. Without ammunition they will not be useful. The men are all cowed; for the same tribe killed twenty-eight men and one officer of Saib Agha's in 1872. From inquiries made since, it appears that I ran a very great risk the first day: my men were all ready to run. I wanted to go for the dead bodies, but I could see fear in all faces, unless we went in great numbers. The natives are brave fellows; they know that our soldiers cannot hit them in most cases when they fire, and so in they rush, and then it is over. I have written to Linant's father; it is terrible for him to lose two sons here. I am not to blame, for Linant was the first to propose accompanying my men, and he had, by his own account, defeated thousands while on his way

back from Mtesa. The wretched black soldier is not a match for a native with spear and bow; the soldier cannot shoot, and is at the native's mercy, if the native knew it. Now these natives do know it, and the consequences are natural sequences.

All this does not stop my finishing the chain of posts between Lardo and Makadé. I have only one more to construct, but it will delay my taking up the steamer, for the simple reason that I cannot be in two places at once. What am I to do about the Moogies? If I leave them quiet they will leave me; but the Khedive will expect me to avenge this defeat and the previous one. Now, I say that the weapon with which I have to do so is one in which I have no confidence, and that the natives are superior to me. Well, I think, wretched as the life will be, fatiguing to a degree, I must put a station on the other side of the river, and train my men to fight the natives. The worst of this is, the way it ties me to one place, the uncongeniality of the work, and the fact that I may *train the natives* by my training my soldiers. It is a difficult question which God will solve. . . . . I have written to the Khedive and feel sure he will be vicious with me about my letter; for I have said plainly my mind—that his officers and men are so wretched, they are not a match for the natives; there is no discipline at all. One of the men slept at his post on the night of August 25-26; he was caught, and then he beat both sergeant and corporal; yet he was not made a prisoner of, but sent with the party, and was killed by the lance, instead of being shot, as he would have been if he had been found

guilty. It is absolutely necessary to stop this sort of thing, and I object entirely to conduct operations with a mob of wretched, undisciplined soldiers, women, and children. I do not see why I should, and though it is not the Khedive's fault, he ought to take my advice, and send up a fit officer to put discipline into these men. . . . . I shall have a great many troops here soon, but I shall take great care. I expect the only way to conquer these natives is to attack them at dawn by night marches—in fact, the Razzia mode of action. They then cannot assemble their numbers so quickly, and it is a *sauve qui peut;* while open fighting, if they have got their wives and cows away, is no trouble to them. The natives fear long range shots very much. You will not now see one of them nearer than 1,500 yards all round you — thanks to some one's exertions. Before, we used to have them congregate close to us; both attacks on the station were made by these watchers, so it was quite necessary to keep them a good way off.

MOOGIE, *August 29.*—There is generally a mode of action against any particular enemy which gives you victory, if you can grasp the secret. Against us, no doubt, with our defective organisation, the best thing would be to force us into frequent changes of position, so as to confuse our administration and tire us out before coming to close quarters. Against the Chinese, I never succeeded as long as they had their retreat secure. Hope Grant, in China, did not cut off their retreat at Taku—he only surrounded the North Forts; in consequence, he lost 200 killed and wounded, and the French about the same

from gingals and arrows, not artillery, for the Chinese artillery faced the sea. Hope Grant says he did not surround them for humanity's sake; he had to fight them again, however, at Chang-tsia-wan. Now, the natives on the other side have found out our weak point, viz., our not being good shots, and they know by two former experiences, that in attacking us the chances are in favour of their not being hit through our weakness. I have 200 men *en route* armed with muzzle-loaders, and with slug cartridges. I hope they will answer better. Linant, I feel sure, fell a victim to the red shirt. It was a new one and very brilliant; the natives thought, "Here is a prize worth trying for," and my belief is that the affair was not the result of want of ammunition, but that our men were separated in pursuit, some natives rushed on Linant, whom they killed, and then there was a *sauve qui peut*. They never fired 1,200 or 1,300 cartridges away—one man owns that he had four or five cartridges left. It appears also that the trumpeter was killed—one of the first—so that there was no means of getting the men together. The fall of the Red Shirt must have given great courage to the natives. . . . . We derided the poor blacks who fought for their independence, and now God gave them the victory. I declare, in spite of the expressions you may note in my letters, I truly sympathize with them. They say, "We do not want your cloth and beads; you go your way, and we will go ours; we do not want to see your chief." This they have said over and over again, but we cannot leave them on our flank, and it is indispensable that they shall be subjected. They

have said, "This land is ours, and you shall not have it, neither its bread nor its flocks." Poor fellows! You will say I am most inconsistent, and so I am, and so are you. We are dead against our words when it comes to action; we will, at morning prayers, pray "forgive as we forgive," and then hurry over breakfast to carry on a squabble of the day before. . . . . Just this moment I see four sheep upon our long island where I was to-day. I expect the poor inhabitants want peace, and (D.V.) I will go and re assure them to-morrow. It is such a fine island, about three miles long, and with such fine trees. A station there would command all the country. My new soldiers look very well, and are in good spirits. . . . .

Linant told me that Mtesa sits on a chair placed on a leopard's skin; on each hind claw he places a foot, and the tail is in front. His principal idea is to keep in exactly the same position, for it is "coojoor"—magic. In front of him is a large tusk and a heap of charms; on his left sits the Grand Vizier, and next to him Ramadan, the writer Baker sent with the musical box* after the Masindi affair, and who escaped to Mtesa. Mtesa is always arranging the creases in his clothes; the Grand Vizier will stroke down one crease on one leg of his trowsers, and Ramadan will do the same to the other. Linant said he is consumptive and broken in constitution. Ten or twelve executions daily take place; it is as well I did not send the Mussulman priests there, for he might have killed them. The Khedive, who was quite charmed with Long's account of Mtesa, is sending

* *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 312.

up a gorgeous carriage for him, which I do not think he will ever get from me. Long only saw him once. . . . . The Mudir of Fatiko came in yesterday, and I have now close on 500 men here. He was so glad to have the road open; for four years he had been cut off from the world. It is quite a new life for him. I am now sparing myself a little—the objection my liver has to wet feet is a warning to me, and though it retards my affairs, I am not strong enough to combat him just yet. . . . . Now do not be angry with your brother, but he will not go on the Lake, even if he gets the steamer up. He will send an Arab to see if any large river enters at the south end of it. Neither will he, if he lives, go on the Victoria Lake to explore. I do not care for the wretched pinchbeck honours of this sort, and the Khedive may send a party up to explore when I have left.

The natives attacked the party coming from Makadé near this place, and those on the other side of the river shouted out, "Kill them all, they are only a few!" They little know the storm brewing, in all probability to break on them. I have a number of Niam Niam soldiers, and, as they are well up to their arms, they will carry spears as well. I shall also make the other soldiers do the same. The bayonet in these people's hands is of no use against a cutting spear with a blade two feet long. The Niam Niam warriors are fearful objects: they do look very fierce. They are thick-set sturdy fellows, and they look brave and fearless. I declare it is rather a trial to me to set them on the satin-skinned Baris, but these latter will not leave me alone.

I see two round things with my glass on a pole

eight hundred yards off, across the river, near where the stampede took place. I do not know what they are. I think they are heads of my men. I do not say so, but I understand that the natives cut off the heads and bury the bodies for fear of the spirits, and put the heads on poles. Did I not mention the incantations made against us by the magicians on the other side, and how somehow, from the earnestness that they made them with, I had some thought of misgiving on account of them? It was odd this repulse was so soon to follow. These prayers were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the Prayer knew he would need help from some unknown Power to avert a danger. That the native knows not the true God is true, but God knows him, and moved him to pray and answered his prayer. "The horse is prepared for the day of battle, but victory is of the Lord." . . . . I received on September 2 papers of London of the date of July 2. This is quick, for Moogie is some way from Gondokoro. It will be quite possible, *I hope*, to have letters between Albert Lake and England in two months. It is odd why I write any future hopes. I feel compelled to say either "I hope" or "I trust"—is it the presage of evil or what, or is it my liver? It is, however, all written, and is only unrolling. I am quite independent of the Khedive for money, and have heaps of stores of all sorts, ammunition, etc. In fact, I am semi-independent. In a year he has had £48,000 from the province, and I have spent say £20,000 at the outside, and have £60,000 worth of ivory here.

MOOGIE, *September 7*.—The Niam Niam came

on me to-day, and rushed about with fury. They are the fiercest of the *Negroine* tribes I have seen. You never see the natives of these parts in England; they have only one marked peculiarity to show their affinity to the "Nigger" we see in Europe, viz., the crisp, detached hair. Their features are as well cut as our own: perhaps the lips of some are more protruding, but nothing like those of the West Coast African.

September 8.—To-night the taxing is to begin on this side, in two columns. I am not going with them, as they have plenty of troops. . . . . I have now entirely separated my province from that of the Soudan. When I came up I had instructions to ask for all I wanted from the Governor-General of Khartoum, who was ordered to supply me. Now this was from the first a fruitful source of quarrel, and must have been so, for I could not be continually writing to the Khedive about the non-supply of things and money; it would have worn me and every one out. Now I am quite independent, raise my own revenue and administer it, and send the residue to Cairo, which residue is all they care for there. . . . .

It is odd and worthy of study—the limits of perfect nudeness and of full clothing. The tribes on the Nile to the Albert Lake are perfectly nude; then comes a region of apologies for dress, and then come full-dressed tribes. This is another curious feature about the Nile: the natives have not the least idea of indelicacy in being naked, but they are very clean in person, and in their habits and demeanour. To be naked, after the Scriptures, is to be in a state of sin.

September 9.—The tax-gatherers are out, and there is an immense amount of excitement among the natives on the other side. Six or seven hundred are collected on the hill-tops. . . . . The natives are black on the opposite hill, all standing looking on; we cannot see what the tax-gatherers are doing. . . . . 10 a.m.—The taxes are in sight. There is great excitement in the camp about it. The natives on the hill on the other side have all disappeared *en masse*. . . . . The results of the expedition are not great—200 cows and 1,500 sheep. The natives did not know of the expedition and were taken by surprise. The country was very difficult—Bamboos, with very narrow paths, where you could see nothing before you. This makes it dangerous work, unless with native allies, and we had none with our parties. The daughter of the sheikh was taken; I have now sent to him to say if he will submit I will leave him alone, and that he is to come for his daughter. I hope sincerely to make friends with him, and end this miserable work, for it is just that. . . . . I am so glad to say that in Nuehr Agha, who has come from Fatiko, I have found a truly good officer: he is really such, and a great help to me. It is a perfect gift to have him here, and I believe now I may *live*, for he does take such a deal of work off my hands. I was literally the slave of the province before, and I could not have long stood it. Linant said, when I asked him, that I looked ten years older than I did when he left me in January.

September 10.—No news of the embassy sent yesterday night to the natives. The natives on the other side seem to have completely vacated

their land near the river; for miles you do not see one. When the rain ceases they will not get water for their cattle in the upper lands, and will be forced to submit. I wish they would do so now, and save me any more of these wars, or rather miserable cattle-raids: but it is no use wishing—you must take their cows, otherwise they will never give in. A native shouted to one of my officers "Now if you take these cows I am a woman; if you do not, you are a woman!" Not complimentary to the sex! The officer took them, but the history goes no further. It is now night, but the woman I sent beautifully dressed-up, belonging to the tribe on the other side who attacked us, and whom we taxed, has not come back. . . . . To-day on a bare rock a mile off stood a man with two attendants. He held his hands clasped together at the back of his head, and turned to all quarters, putting them down sometimes straight to his sides. I watched him with my glass. "Come, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me!"* I can quite enter into these poor people's misery at their impotency. "We do not want beads; we do not want to see the Pasha;" (I am sure I do not want to see them!) "we want our own lands, and you to go away." Their poor minds never conceived such a trial as this before. Rain was their only care before, now *civilisation* (?) is to begin with them; they are to be brought into the family of nations. No joint operation can take place among them against us, for they are at feud one with another; and when Tom is in trouble, Harry falls on him.

September 11.—There are a great number of

* Numbers xxii. 6.—ED.

natives on Balak's hill to-day. I expect Balaam has gone on to another one.——No! Balaam is there, with his hands up in the same position; the Kings and Princes of Midian are sitting like apes behind him. . . . .

Fancy my horror at hearing to-day that the officer left in charge at Kerri had, while the taxes were being collected, allowed some hundreds of armed natives to enter the station. I fined him three months' pay (£12) and reduced him to the ranks. The natives had sent in a great supply of merissa* and the men were half-drunk. These are the sort of officers I have.

MOOGIE, *September 13.*—I had hoped to have moved off the day after to-morrow, but God willed it otherwise. At the station there are some bad rapids; the pilot said "Let the steamer fall a bit." The soldiers did so, and lost hold of her, and the current struck her bow and sent her broadside on two rocks, whence to pull her straight will take me some days.

September 14.—Balak has succeeded in his desire that all shall go against us. We are going to leave the steamer here, and move on the day after to-morrow. . . . . The query is, What is to be done with this fixed steamer? If I stay here and work at her, I shall lose the high water for my nuggars, and perhaps not get her off. The main things are the subjection of the natives, and the completion of the posts, and so everything will give way to them. Imagine, last night I told the pilots and the captain of the steamer to think over what was to be done to get her off;

* "A kind of beer made from maize or millet."—PETHERICK'S *Egypt*, p. 119.—ED.

when the soldiers came down to work, they shouted out to the officer, "There are the ropes and the river: work away!" Dear fellows! how I love them! Difficulties make my spirits rise, and I feel quite lively over my innumerable troubles. There is no comparison between the difficulties I have had here, and those I had in China. These are infinitely greater and more wearisome. The steamer is a melancholy sight, but she is safe from harm. Balak and Balaam, who see it from afar, must be delighted. . . . . I sent down to Lardo to order up a party of 300 men who had come in from Makraka. The officer let them go away to their homes, the vakeel or lieutenant not wishing to come up. I have fined the officer £10 and the vakeel £30, so I make some economies. . . . . The steamer has been moved a bit this evening, but it is still athwart the stream.

This country would cure a man of ambition, I think, and make him content with his lot; the intense heat, and utter stagnation, except you have some disagreeable incident like this steamer accident, would tame the most enthusiastic. I knew when I took it I should have a dose of it. A thin miserable tent under which you sit, with the perspiration pouring off you, and through which the rain pours. My dear —— you would never feel dissatisfied again, if you had a month of this life. I go to bed at 7.30 p.m., and wish it was to sleep.

September 15.—The two or three hostile chiefs of this side have come in this morning, and now I have, I believe, only one hostile tribe on this the left bank of the Nile between us and Makadé.

Evening.—We got the big blocks up this afternoon; and (D.V.) will get the steamer off tomorrow morning. When we were hauling on the ropes at a critical moment, the Mudir of the station sends an interpreter to me to complain of Balaam on the other side, who, he said, lit a fire every time we were in a crisis, and he wanted to fire on him. I said, "Fire away; but a Mussulman ought not to notice such things,—and Balaam, after he lights the fire, does not sit by it like an owl, we may be quite sure." Last night he wanted to fire the cannon at another incendiary. I never saw such people. Not but what I do believe that God may listen to the cries for help from the heathen, who know him not.

September 16.—Another fear has arisen. I fear that my new troops will escape or desert, if too hardly worked, so I am going to make my station at Laboré before taking on the heavier craft. The whole affair is like walking on rotten ice; you know not when a break may occur. Two of these soldiers ran off the other night with their arms and clothing. . . . . Another tribe close here to the south shows hostility—they are to be taxed to-night. Do you know that the natives let a cow loose on the isle opposite to us, as a coojoor, or magic charm, against us? This was the night before the Linant catastrophe. . . . . Failed again this evening with the steamer, by the strap of a block giving way. The great difficulty is to explain what you want done in a technical matter, and where your interpreter is a doctor, and the men are quite unaccustomed to anything like this work, it is tenfold more difficult. Imagine having to have "Ease off gently"

translated into Arabic, and then into Makraka before you can get it done in a crisis—before it is in Arabic the mischief is done.

September 17.—Last night I sat up till midnight. It was a fine night, with a full moon. I went out, and there were the sentries sitting down, more or less asleep. After ten minutes I got the officer of the guard. I supposed the 300 men had gone off on the taxing excursion, and that I had only forty men here; and that, therefore, it was necessary to be on the alert. After I had made a fuss, I went to bed; and, after dressing at 6 a.m., looked out, and saw the taxing-party just starting. They had overslept themselves, so I called them back, and it is to come off to-night. . . . . On Balak's hill there is a small hut, with a pole in the centre. On the pole there is a round thing, and a streamer from it. What is it? Is it a head? It has been there some days—no one ever goes near it; they stay on the top of the hill.

September 18.—The men started at 2 a.m. Some hundreds of natives are on the land in front of us, going through the most violent exertion in war dances. Three rush out of the mass with spears ready for thrusting—they are followed by two; the first fall back and join the two; then follows a general advance—retreat, and advance. Then more join them. It is very magnificent, but will scarcely satisfy the chief who is being attacked just now, and to whom these tribes have sworn faithful alliance and help in need. . . . . The party have come back with no cows, but with a heap of things used by the natives. The natives got news of their visit, and took the cows

off. Practically, the expedition is a failure. They lay the fault on a sheikh who undertook to guide them; but I shall let that sheikh go, for if he did mislead them, he is a brave, patriotic man. . . . . I let the sheikh go. Poor fellow!—they had tied his hands so tight that they were quite swollen. How I hate this country, and all the work! I start to-morrow for Laboré—seven and a-half hours from here.

EN ROUTE FROM MOOGIE TO LABORÉ, *September 21.*—We only came four miles to-day, and have camped. I will now give you an infliction. I want to explain the wear and tear one has to undergo personally with the boats. We come to a rapid, and the boatmen are nonplussed. Now comes my work. I have to get explained to them what I wish to be done, and to force them to acquiesce, and then to watch the execution of the work. I put a man on isle K,* and pass a rope to boat G, pull her over to still water C, near isle N, and then through and across the current to still water or back-water at B, then haul on rope O, and bring her across. It is not anything difficult, but such is the perverseness of these people that they pulled the first boat across from her position G to B, and caught the meeting of the waters; she nearly filled, and nearly sank. You may think this is a trifle; but it is no trifle to sit watching and supervising these operations for hours, in a broiling sun, with a number of lazy, shirking soldiers, who move as if it were a funeral, and who hide in the grass whenever they can. Oh, my goodness! I do heartily wish it was over. You may say, "After showing one boat the way, why

* As shown in a sketch in the letter.—ED.

not leave them to finish it?" Because if I went, all would go away; or else, out of sheer perverseness, they would sink the boats. Then, again, everything is rotten. Away goes the rudder at the moment of a crisis, or they have tied an important cord with a rotten old rope. Then the men, unless you fly on them, will sit down, and watch with calmness the eyes starting out of the heads of some others who are hauling with all their force on a rope, without ever thinking of helping them. Without any reserve, I could at this minute pack up and go back, if shame did not prevent me. I have now quite made up my mind —God willing—to make these stations, and *well* equip them; to quell the hostile tribes in the vicinity of them; to place, next March, when the river rises, the steamer and six or eight nuggars above the cataracts; to quell, I hope, in December, Kaba Rega, and then to place posts along the Victoria Nile at Magungo, Anfina (Foweira already exists), Mrooli, and on Lake Victoria; to construct or acquire a flotilla for the Victoria Nile, where navigable; and to put the small steamer together on the Victoria Lake. Not to go on the Lakes at all; but, as soon as that programme is completed, to leave them altogether. . . . . I am thoroughly disgusted. These people are unfit to acquire the country. However, I have one consolation; they are a great deal too timid and apathetic ever to do the numerous nations much harm, and so I do not feel any compunction in opening the route. Some pasha will come: he will be a grand man, will neglect the stations, lose them, perhaps—and the whole affair will die out, unless they send another foreigner, which they

may do. I hope he will have more patience than your brother. As for the Arabs, with one exception, they are lazy, effeminate, shirking, and only seeking a hole to hide in. As for the Soudanese they are idle, only thinking of their own comfort, and shirking. It kills one only to see how they move at the orders of their officers. The boatmen are good enough in water; but if there is a repair to their boat needed, or a rudder out of order, they will leave it, and only tell you when they start. Everything rots in this country quick enough, but they make it rot quicker, and will leave a good rope all of a tangle, and sodding in the bilge water of their boats. Oh, dear! what a people to slave for! They never have a knife, nor a hammer, nor a bit of yarn, nor anything of the sort; they have not the least idea of preventing a rope running out too rapidly—in fact, you have, as it were, in *war* to teach your men the rudiments of *drill.*

September 22.—Halted the caravan, and reconnoitred for a place for the station. Went about eight miles, and fixed on a hill. The natives friendly. I will make the station here, and after things are more quiet abolish the station of Moogie. I find I am some fifteen or sixteen miles from the Asua; and so I have put a temporary station at that river. No one knows a bit about the country, though they have been over it many times. They do not know one hill from another, and it is useless asking them.

Laboré—the true one at last!—*September 24.*—We started to-day, and got here all right. . . . . Now, how far are we from the Asua? I think fifteen miles. No one knows: the most knowing

say forty-five miles to Duffli the first day, and thirty-three from Duffli the next. What is twelve miles more or less? They look as if to say, "How very absurd to ask such questions!" . . . . The Khedive's people are incapable of civilising these natives, and may generally be described as "conies"—a feeble race.* One Arab lieutenant came up to Moogie, and you never saw such a pitiable sight. He was muffled up like his veiled wife, who accompanied him to me, begging and praying, in the loudest and most pitiable terms, to be allowed to go back. I threatened him with the courbatch (whip), and then he left me and went to the interpreter, kissed his feet, and bothered him till he came to me for refuge. As the Arab is the dominant race, and it was not conducive to the Khedive's benefit to let a public exhibition (of which all the camp was witness) go on, I gave him his way, and sent him down to Khartoum, saying what I thought of him. . . . . It is wonderful how effeminate these Arabs are. . . . . The fact is, these officers have committed some crime at Cairo, and are sent up here for punishment. They are the most useless set of beings I ever came across. . . . . The horde we are is something fearful. For every 100 soldiers there are 120 women and children, boys, etc.: so 500 soldiers are equal to 1100 souls. . . . . I sent a party down to Moogie from here yesterday. To-day they were delayed three hours between this place and Moogie, by a tribe that has not hitherto been "taxed," so I am going to do so to-morrow.

September 27.—I started to-day at 6 a.m., and

* "The conies are but a feeble folk."—*Proverbs* xxx. 26.—ED.

reached the tribe at 10 a.m. We only took twenty-five cows, but burnt their houses, and I hope they will now be quiet. I got back at 3 p.m. very tired, walking twenty-two miles in this tropical heat. We saw no natives. To show you how very much blessed in health I have been, and am, there is not one of those who have been up with me who could have made this march (with the exception of —— and Linant) without being knocked up for a day or two, and becoming quite unable to do anything . . . . . Pour the Nile down your throat, and it will not appease your thirst. The immense amount of perspiration exhausts the body, so that it is hours, even after drinking ever so much water, before it re-acquires its balance by absorption.

September 30.—I walked out to-day south about seven miles, and found the river good. The country is very picturesque, and the natives quiet and well-inclined to us—this is a great comfort. . . . . If any one could have promised me this arrival here when I was at Lardo in July, I should have been much elated, but somehow I am not now. The great worry and trouble I have gone through has taken the syrup out of the affair. I feel very grateful, but it is gratitude for being rid of my troubles, not so much for the execution of the work. It certainly is a very comfortable thing that we now have a line of secure posts, connecting the south with the north of the province. These posts are all well placed, and I would not change their positions. Another great boon is that the river, up to this at any rate, has been proved to be very fairly navigable at certain times for large vessels, and all the year round for small boats. . . . . Every day shows

me the wisdom of the course pursued. The natives see that the line of posts is a *fait accompli* —that we mean staying, and that they are more or less at our mercy. At any rate, in the dry season, they can never remain in hostility with us; for any night they might be surprised in their houses from either the north or the south, and they cannot escape us, for if they move, their neighbours will attack them. The comfort, too, of having water at all moments along the road good to drink is immense, instead of the stagnant water on the land route, which the caravans used to drink,—water which had been months in holes in the beds of the torrents, exposed to this terrible heat. Again, now there is no missing the way, no ignorance of where the parties are; they will know exactly the day of arrival at each station. Wood and water abound along the line; and I think that the subsistence of the troops is assured without too great pressure on the natives. But all this has "taken the shine" out of your brother; and, if he comes home safe, in his present state of mind, it is to be hoped that the Nile, and the natives, etc., will never be alluded to. I have sent for my horses, and hope to ride up to Makadé shortly to look at the route; and, in a week, to go up there.

LABORÉ, *October 4.*—There are two rainy seasons, one from April to August, and another from the end of September to I do not yet know when. We are now in the second rainy season. They seem to correspond with the Equinoxes, and also with the change of wind. The winds change from north to south at the first epoch of rain, and from south to north in the second epoch of

rain. It rains principally during the second season at 3 p.m. The second rainy season has floated the steamer "Khedive"; she slipped off the rocks quite quietly, and yet I had hauled on her with double purchase with 200 men to no effect. . . . . Certainly it does not seem very long from August 1 to September 23 to be engaged in taking the steamer from Rageef to Moogie, in establishing my posts, and in bringing up all the necessary stores; but it was years in time to me, and has worn me very much. I shall never be fit for anything again, and shall try to retire if I live to the end of the work. *Bananas* in the upper country may make me feel better, but I doubt it. I am not fastidious, but cockroach nests in your sugar, rice, etc., do not tempt one to eat. . . . . I can talk to no one, so I write a great deal. There are none here to talk to except about their pay, or how they can be made more comfortable. . . . . Remember these letters are my journal. They are never wanted to be seen again.

DUFFLI, *October 9.*—Yesterday I started at 11 a.m. for Duffli. Twelve miles south of Laboré we camped between two high ranges of mountains —the gorge Baker speaks of.* . . . . The Nile is very narrow, sometimes scarcely forty yards across.† The inhabitants of the eastern side terrace the slopes of the mountains for their crops. The natives are very quiet all along the road.

October 17th.—IT IS ALL OVER! I started from Duffli this morning, and, keeping on a higher level to avoid the wet edges of the river, came on

* *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 73.—ED.
† See p. 202 for a description of the Nile from Rageef to Duffli.—ED.

it about five miles from here. I fancied for some time I had heard a noise like thunder, which increased as we approached the river. At last we stood above it on a rocky bank covered with vegetation, which descended abruptly to the stream, and there it was appalling to look at, far less to think of getting anything up or down except in splinters. It was more a rush down a slope of one-in-six than a fall. Above it the water was smooth, and 80 to 150 yards wide; and here it was suddenly contracted to two passages of 15 and 20 yards wide—for a rocky isle stood in the centre. It boiled down, twisting into all sorts of eddies, while the banks, steep and precipitous, prevented a great length of view. These shoots last for two miles. They are close to the junction of the Asua with the Nile. It was a difficult path enough to get there, and few eyes have seen these falls. They are generally known as Fola, but by us by the name of Makadé. Below all is clear, so that we have two miles of bad country, over which to carry all the things. Of course the idea is all over of taking up the screw-steamer or the nuggars, or indeed anything. I bore it well, and for all you could see it might have been a picnic party to the Fola Falls; but it is rather sad, and will give me a mint of trouble and delay. . . . .

It is a queer country up here. Unlike the Baris, who live in detached villas, the natives here live in concentrated seribas. So in these parts you never see a hut at all till you come on a mass of them. A solemn silence fills the air, and the atmosphere is still and humid: it would give any one the "doles" who was inclined that way. The vast extent of rank jungle-grass, the

look-out where you see no living thing, all tends to make a man sombre. Then, again, all the thoughts of what one has to do before one can get things straight makes your brother, though not faint-hearted, ask himself—"Why did you undertake this work?" Certainly no one but those who have been in these countries has an idea of the enormous difficulties which beset the establishment of posts. To undertake what I am doing, were I under our Government, I should surely have some good men, instead of these poor helpless ignorant black officers. I am here without my interpreter, for I feared to bring him, he is such a delicate, fragile creature. However, as yet I have got on all right, though I am quite like a blind man, and grope my way by instinct. . . . . I fear hearing from Moogie and from Kerri, "We have nothing to eat." You never get any warning; when all is finished then you hear. As for any suggestions as to what to do, which you might expect from men on the spot, you never get any. One feels inclined to be vexed with the Khedive for the state of affairs, but it would be unjust to be so, for he has given, and gives, all I ask for. If I asked for twenty European officers, he would give me them, but if I had these twenty how should I feed them; how carry their tremendous amount of baggage; and how many would sicken and die, or else force me to devote my transport to their removal to Khartoum?

October 18.—The post is just in from Laboré. The Doctor, my interpreter, died on the 14th. He was frightened from the outset, and though he appeared pretty well and getting better when I left, I was not surprised at his death. I am

now without an interpreter, and hope to be able to get on. As yet I have done so pretty well.

What a climate it is! The only thing (except God's keeping, which is all) to keep well is to keep employed at anything; never be idle, or you will mope and succumb.* What a disastrous campaign it has been to my followers! One thing is sure—the Khedive can never govern these countries with Arabs: they never can stand the climate.

DUFFLI, *October 20.*—The natives here are a quiet race, and quite a comfort after the Baris, whom I am glad to be quit of. We have plenty of mosquitoes to make up for it, and the grass-seeds are a terrible annoyance—they are so sharp and hooked. This place, with its solitude, its stillness, and its depressing air, seems like the end of the world. You scarcely ever see a soul or moving thing except your own people. . . . . Poor little Doctor! he was so looking forward to ending this work. I fear my departure depressed him, and hastened the event, and yet he was much better. If I had stayed I feel sure from what I had seen that he would not have implicitly followed my medical advice. They will not do so, and will eat and drink what they like.

One of my petty trials is the way the black soldier will stand for hours, partly concealed, watching me, and the assiduous way in which he will prevent any one coming near me. Now I

* "So satisfactory was the condition of my health that it appeared to me entirely to confute the opinion entertained by Europeans that a prolonged residence in the tropics is destructive alike of physical and moral energy. For those probably who live in indolent repose, and who are surrounded by all the appliances of domestic comfort, who, so far from undertaking the trouble of a journey, have scarcely the activity to take a walk, there may be some ground for the presumption," &c.—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 315.—ED.

like to see some people besides the, to me, hateful soldiers, and I like the natives to come to me; but no, they have passed a rule that, except themselves, I am to be kept in Coventry. How glad I shall be to see the last of them! Now, there has been a boy watching me for hours. I hope I have interested him. The fact is that they have nothing to do, or else won't do it, and anything more amusing than themselves interests them. The least thing you do is watched from various points with the deepest interest, and supposing you are packing or unpacking a box it will be known far and wide. I have often found the Doctor quite *au fait* with the slightest thing I may have done, such as mixing medicine, mending my trowsers, etc. . . . . I do not think it is love or care for me that causes my people to keep others off. I put it down to these feelings, "We must let these natives know that we great people are alone allowed to approach when we like, not the common natives: we alone are privileged." I sit under a fig-tree, and the wild figs fall on being pecked at by birds. Now I like to see a goat come and eat the figs with such gusto; but no, my friends dash out and drive off the goat, which makes me indignant. *They* can talk to one another, but I am to be boxed up, and no one and no thing is to come near me!

October 22.—Post came in yesterday. One of the chiefs of the stations let a single man go from his station to another against all my orders: the man was murdered *en route*. Another letter written by an Arab officer (I always if I can put an Arab in a station, for he is so timid he is sure to let me know of any irregu-

larities) tells me that the whole of his sentries and officers are asleep at nights. Another gives me a report that the natives near Lardo meditate an attack on that station. Now there are eighty men there, and four or five hare-hearted officers (Arab) who are, I expect, the originators of the report. I answer "You will not now let your sentries go to sleep. I will give you no more troops." They like to have a number of troops, and then all to go to bed. They will be in a great fright, and torture themselves with their fears. The stockade is a strong one, and there is no fear if they look out. . . . . I see very little probability of the grass being dry enough to burn in a month; it looks as green and healthy as can be, and the heavy dews and occasional rain keep it so. When it burns great precautions are taken. There is a space cleared round each village; otherwise they would be all burnt up. It is then that the natives kill the elephants to get the ivory. This indiscriminate slaughter of these animals will never last, though they seem plentiful enough from their marks in the wilderness near here. Ivory, except for certain instruments, is a mere luxury, and the cost of animal life to obtain it is not commensurate with its value. I am sending off a great deal of ivory to-day—it was confiscated by Baker at the time he fell out with Abou Saoud. . . . . The ivory caravan has just started. What a number of poor beasts have died for this ivory! It is of slow growth, and there are numbers of very little tusks of little elephants.*

* "Since not only the males with their large and valuable tusks, but the females also with the young, are included in this wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter, it may easily be imagined how year by year the noble animal is fast being exterminated."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p. 24.

FASHELIE, NINE MILES FROM DUFFLI, *October 27.*—Having had an attack of ague—the first I have had since I was thirteen and a-half years old—I came across the river to this place, which is on higher ground, and have found the benefit already, although I only arrived last night. It was a very fatiguing march for me, for I had not eaten for two days. I was wet often to the knees, and in a terrible sun. I crossed the Nile (about forty yards wide) three miles above the Fola Falls or Rapids. . . . . I expect a certain water-skin was more in fault than Duffli with my illness. The river is full of decaying matter from the northern extremity of the lake. They used to keep filling this skin daily, and never washed the residue out; so day after day the stuff increased till the water smelt, when I imagined the cause and had it remedied. In these matters, and as regards the bilge water in the nuggars and steamers, you cannot be too careful. These dear people never think, and never will do a routine duty, and things are laid to the fault of the climate which ought not to be.

October 29.—I think I shall be able to live here till the grass is dry enough to burn, for the water is good, and the ground higher than at Duffli. It is certainly like an isle in a perfect sea of jungle grass, and as yet I have seen nothing to shoot, which is a great loss to me and my kitchen. I generally accumulate energy for three or four days, make an extraordinary effort, finish the work undertaken, and then collapse for days. I am now accumulating energy for a voyage in the grass to look for a place where I can put together the steamer. The edges

of the river about Duffli are too marshy and malarious for the purpose. It is always 100° in the sun here; one spirit thermometer says 130°. The Unyama is a nice little stream with a rocky bed, and my hut is close to it. It is odd that it should seem much hotter here than at Duffli. Looking at the mass of decaying matter in the Nile water from the Lake to Khartoum, one does not wonder at its fertilising power.

. . . . Why are people hearses, and look like the pictures of misery? It must be from discontent at the government of God, for all things are directed by him. "They cannot be happy when so many are suffering" is all nonsense; for they do not love their fellow-creatures to such an extent—if so, they would show their love by doing more for them. Discontent—(see *Watson on Contentment*) that is what it is. But "I am so weary;" weary of what? Of idleness, perhaps. No one has anything to make him really weary, if his heart is in tune with God and he has health. I am weary enough of this, but then I am discontented with the trials I have, which are no trials if I took them properly. The cruet-stand expression of countenance ought to be taxed among us. . . . . If by being doleful in appearance it did good, I would say, be very doleful; but it does not do any; it only repels people who are disposed to accept things as they come. Taking two people, one what is called a worldly person and one who is called a religious person, the one taking evil with good with calmness, doing what he or she can to alleviate the evil, and yet enjoying the good; the other bearing, or, in vain imagination, bearing the burthen of the world,

always sad and discontented; of the two I should say the first (though seldom reading his Bible, and knowing little beyond the fact that he has done and can do nothing to pay or purchase God's mercy) is more pleasing to God than he who lives a gloomy life, however much he may read or pray. "So and so is dead"—who caused or permitted his death? "God." Then if you are content with His government, and if you believe that the future world is better than this, there is no cause for any melancholy about it, and the same with every event. If we believe, we ought to show it, and to acknowledge openly that we agree to God's Government. I think that, taking the two parties as a mass, the worldly-minded — *so-called, remember, by their religious brethren* — live more pleasing in the sight of God than the religious — *so-called, remember, by their worldly brethren.* There are the true religious and the true worldly-minded, and my remark does not apply to them; but *we* cannot sift the two.

October 31.—Yesterday the post came in from the north. The soldiers will pillage *en route.* The natives collect and then run away, enticing the soldiers to follow them into ambushes. One has been killed. It is no use telling these dolts that the natives' object is to entice them to separate. How cordially glad I shall be when the whole relations between us cease! I cannot help it, but I have taken such a dislike to these blacks that I cannot bear their sight. I do not mean the natives, but these soldiers. They are nothing but a set of pillagers, and are about as likely to civilise these parts as they are to civilise the

moon.* Though it tells against me in my operations, I am glad in my heart that they are afraid of the natives. It will be long before they get the whip-hand of them. The native will be up to all sorts of dodges by the time the soldiery get consolidated in the country. . . . . What enrages me is the trouble thrown away by me in explaining to C how A's refusal to help B has not only hurt B, but A also, and that C, D, F, and G are all sufferers from it; and then two days afterwards I find C refusing to help F! Not only does it enrage me, but it gives me an immense amount of extra work and thought, and causes delay. No one but those who have been in these countries can appreciate the immense benefit *discipline* is. We in England have no idea of it, for we are all more or less imbued with sense to obey more or less. Even in your own household, imagine the state of affairs if Mary refused to aid the cook or the maid, if you are foolish enough to have kept the three. My establishment here consists of two (a couple of lads), and that is one too many.

. . . . I can get on quite well without an interpreter, for I have found by experience that all reasoning powers are deficient in these officers. They understand a direct order, and that is the only one they will obey. A general order, such as, "Empty the cargo of each boat wherever the

* In a letter written on November 1, Colonel Gordon says: "God permits me to open the road to the interior, but, humanly speaking, I see nothing to encourage the hope that this occupation of these lands will be of any advantage towards civilising them. In excuse for taking this employ I can only say that I think I have accomplished a work, with the nearly minimum amount of suffering to natives and soldiery, which would have been done by an Arab Pasha with a great amount of suffering to soldiery and natives."—ED.

river is difficult," is no use. You must say, "Empty the cargoes at A rapid, and at B rapid, and at C rapid."

. . . . To my mind, a semi-soldier, more civilian than soldier, is required for the command here. He must be one-third soldier and two-thirds civilian for the work. Somehow I think the French are better than our nation for these things. They are more plastic. Germans, viz., official Germans, would, I think, never answer. They are too methodical. . . . . Poor little black-eyed Doctor! lazy as he was, he was energy itself to all the others I have seen.

. . . . I find that in places near the river where there is a heavy night dew the air is not healthy; but where there is not a heavy night dew, the air is healthy. In some places, close to the river, there will be little or no dew if there are hills near. Here there is very little, though it is not very far from the river and not very high, while at Duffli it is very heavy indeed.

FASHELIE, *November 3.*—. . . . I have made this place my head-quarters. It is healthy and quiet, and the natives are peaceable. The grass visibly gets drier. It will truly be a release to be free from its, in every way, oppressive effects. The natives burnt some grass yesterday. Its crackling was delightful music. . . . . How glad I am this road is finished! for, small as it appears, it is a great thing. It was the opening of a land "Sudd."* If it was not opened I could not write to you, without serious inconvenience, oftener than two or three times a year; and as

* See p. 7.—ED.

for governing, or giving any orders in the north of the province when I was in the south, or in the south when I was in the north, that was out of the question. It is at least two-thirds of my work, and comforts me very much. . . . . I have sent for fifty camels, so as to place them on the Asua, to move things up from thence here, *past those rapids*. The grass is burning merrily to-day, and everything looks brighter to me.

November 10.—The post came in last night. The principal contents are:—Letter from Latooka, which says it is half-blockaded by the hostile natives. It is evident that the Mudir has been doing something to irritate them, or they would not have attacked him. I have sent orders to Bohr Station to help him. Next, letters from two captains, one lieutenant, and a corporal, stating that the different stations they are quartered in do not suit them, and they wish to change. Answered, that their likes and dislikes are a matter of supreme indifference to me. Next, a cry out for more troops; 120 with Remingtons, three hours from another station with ninety, are not enough; sixty at another station are not enough. It happens that the Mudir of this last unfortunately states in another letter that he issued out and separated two tribes who were fighting with one another; so he got for reply, "If you can meddle with the intestine wars of the natives, you have enough troops for your station;" and generally, as an answer to the major, "If you and your officers and soldiers are afraid, tell me, and I will send you all down to Khartoum." . . . .

The country looks yellow like one huge cornfield, and it soon will be black when the grass is burnt. You can imagine what it is—this grass. Here, on level ground, it is as if you were in a pit six feet deep, and, with a radius of fifty yards, you can see nothing but the tops of distant hills. . . . . Imagine to yourself a sea for fifties of miles of grass six feet high, through which the very narrow paths are with difficulty discernible. The seeds of the grass are very sharp, and penetrate your clothes. We have here some £45,000 worth of ivory, which, little by little, I am sending down the new road. It is with the niggardliness, and obstinacy, and wilfulness of the officers of the stations écheloned along the road that my wars take place. They are so essentially selfish, that they will not feed the porters, so that the porters do not care to make a second journey. One station will abound and will never help another. . . . . What can you do with such people? the civilisers of others!!! . . . . Some philanthropic people write to me about "noble work," "poor blacks," etc. I have, I think, stopped their writing by acknowledging ourselves to be a pillaging horde of brigands, and proposing to them to leave their comfortable homes, and come out to their favourite "poor blacks!" or to give up their wine, and devote the proceeds to sending out *real* missions. . . . . "We do not want your beads; we do not want your cloth;" of the poor Moogies rings in my ears. "We want you to go away." They know well enough the little benefits that would ever accrue from our occupation, and, therefore, *summing up*, I care not if H.H.*

* His Highness the Khedive.—Ed.

is offended or not offended. I will carry things with a high hand to the last with him; and whatever the world may say, I will content myself with what God may say.

I send you two reports which were sent me when I left Rageef for Bedden. Rageef had ninety-eight soldiers with Remingtons, and field-piece, and the duck gun, and was a strong station on the river. You will remember the history of the affair: how a canoe upset, and the natives cried out, how the troops fired and wounded one of their own men, and how another cut his foot on a piece of glass, etc. The Khedive, in a mild way, says, "You know these troops with you are not my best." I should hope not for his sake! I do not expect he will dream of retaining me, for by telling him the truth, I have destroyed his illusions, and vexed his *amour propre*. . . . . It certainly is the most difficult work, the administration of these countries. No one can have an idea of it except those who have been here. . . . . I feel that for (human) certain I can manage the affairs in time, if I am patient over them. A man here must be prepared to find a week's negotiation fall to the ground in a minute, and all his work to be gone over again. It is this continual failure of one's efforts which tempts one to despair, until one realises that one must never count on anything till it is performed. . . . . You know I turned away all the Dongolowi* up here; but a little nest of ten stayed behind, thinking they would be overlooked. I discovered them on my arrival, with a small band of their own followers, and sent them down to Khartoum.

* Slave-dealers from Dongola. See p. 34.—ED.

Here they were levying taxes on the natives, and quite independent of us—a little state with no laws.

November 11.—I intended going to Anfina's* at once, but I think it safer now to subdue the Moogie tribes; so I have given the necessary orders for so doing, and shall go down there myself. As long as the Moogie are unsubdued, the road to the north will not be safe. . . . . I hope to move on them with 600 or 700 men, one column from the south, one from the north, and one from the west.

DUFFLI, *November 14.*—Got to this place yesterday. Nearly dead with an attack of liver. The heat was terrible. I was obliged to go, for I had given notice that I should come. The sufferings human nature undergoes in these parts is terrible. Just this moment six miserable objects—Arabs—came here to me. They had been engaged in a murder two years ago, and were sent up here. I had never heard of them before; their sentence was that they were to be exiled for life, and were not to receive any rations. How they were to live is a mystery. I suppose they were not meant to live at all. I have arranged at any rate for their being fed.

MOOGIE, *November 20.*—. . . . Among my other letters was one from the Khedive, first complaining rather that I had drawn for money on the Governor-General of Khartoum (he had forgotten my instructions), and telling me always to apply to him; telling me also that he was astonished I had not taken measures to supply myself

* Anfina was the son of Fowooka, a powerful chief mentioned in SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S *Albert Nyanza*, Vol. II., p. 149.—ED.

with maize from the natives, forgetting that dhoora is up here an article that is used as money for exchange. . . . . Altogether a very cool letter. I was furious; and wrote three telegrams, telling him that I would be in Cairo in April, and that he had better take measures to send up my successor. I opened some of the other letters, and went to bed, and was very much out of sorts. On the 16th, however, as I was looking over the post-bag, another packet came to light—a very thick one from the Khedive, telling me he had put Mc'Killop* under my command, and had sent him with three men-of-war to Juba, with 600 men, to occupy it,† and for me to march upon it, and put Long under him. The letter, as far as civility went, was fulsome: he would not let me go—grand career, etc. Now, look here; the man had gone to all this expense, under the impression I would stick to him. I could not, therefore, leave him, so the telegrams, telling him I would be in Cairo, were destroyed, and I stay. You can fancy that I was near going, for the loads were all arranged for the final departure, and had to be put back; the inquisitive soldiery could not make it out. So now I am in for it. . . . . I had disastrous news from Saubat, or rather from Fashoda, which is the hot-bed of slavery, and which, since my failure in getting anything done to the Mudir, when I had that bother with the slaves at Saubat, I have left alone. It appears that the oppressive government of the Egyptians caused the Shillooks to rise and drive out the inhabitants and soldiers (?) of Hilleh Kaka. The soldiers lost a gun,

* Admiral Mc'Killop, the Director of Ports and Lights.—ED.
† See pp. 65 and 151.—ED.

and many of them, with the Mudir, were killed. Egypt has possessed the country for twelve years; and yet this occurs, and the land is a perfect desert. It was mere exasperation that made them act thus. Had not Gessi come up with a steamer, Fashoda would have been lost.

MOOGIE, *December 10.*—Yesterday we moved on the Moogie tribe, but it was a failure as regards the capture of cows. The south column kept to the river, and never went inland at all; and the Moogie had removed all their cows two days' march inland. I had to sit up all night with my servant, who had the fever, and who died at 1.30 a.m., while I started at 4 a.m. The Moogie had been brave enough before, but yesterday we scarcely saw one. They had shouted out, alluding to our carrying up and down stores, "Sons of dogs, why are you going up and down on that side? Come over here, and we will sit under trees, and send our children to destroy you."

December 12.—Made another attack on the Moogie, and took 1500 cows; so now I hope they will give in.

December 13.—I am very low. I feel my servant's death. I did not know he was ill till twelve hours before he left this world; not that it is not better for him, in all the misery of this wretched land. God will make it up to him. I am so angry with the Cairo people: they have no idea of the difficulties up here. However, it is all God's will, and I hope I shall be able to bear it.

LABORÉ, *December 22.*—I have told —— that I will not explore the Lake. I declare I do not care whether there are two Lakes or a million,

or whether the Nile has a source or not. I do not care whether there are blacks, or greens, or blues up there. . . . . To be boxed up for a phantasy in a 50-feet-long steamer for a fortnight would be my death. I am not paid for explorations. I hope Stanley has done the Lake; if he has not, and will go in the steamer, *when ready ? ? ?* I will let him go, if I meet him.

December 29.—The steamer is in sight—*i.e.*, the porters who carry it, which is a great blessing. It has really been terrible work for a year. Of course the Khedive, the Royal Geographical Society, and the world in general, will be very much angered with me for not going on the Lake; but I cannot do it, and do not see why I should suffer so much to satisfy the curiosity of men whom I do not know. I told the Khedive, in April, 1874, I would not go on the Lake. I have put everything in the way for any other person to do so, and let him have the honour of History. There is no doubt that Higginbotham,* who brought up the steamers, etc., from Cairo to Gondokoro, and I, have done the work. Others may have the fruit of it, and welcome to it. I am not, after nine months of worry, in a fit state to explore anything but my way out of the province.

* See *Ismailia*, Vol. I., p. 15.—ED.

CHAPTER III.—1876.

FATIKO, *January 3, 1876.*—On January 2 I arrived here; Fatiko is forty-eight miles from Fashelie. I have great pains in the back, and though I can walk my fourteen miles, it makes me feel much fatigued, and I feel sure I ought to get out of the country as soon as I can.

FOWEIRA, *January 13.*—I arrived here to-day—five days from Fatiko, which I left on January 9. A more dreary, weary set of marches you cannot conceive. The country is quite uninhabited—a vast undulating prairie of jungle grass and scrub trees: after the first day the water is from swamps, and resembles muddy beer; it is strongly impregnated with iron, and in fact the whole country's soil is as red as blood. Iron ore extends for yards sometimes, and you could imagine you were in the vicinity of a smelting furnace. The halting-places were terribly infested with earwigs and ants. The river here is 250 yards wide, with no current. South bank very marshy. This is the programme (D.V.): in three days to surprise Mrooli, which is thirty miles south on the river; to establish a post there; to march on Urundogani and place a post there, and then another at Ripon Falls; to come down again to Foweira, and thence

to go to Magungo, where I mean, if I can, to place a station; then to go down from there to Duffli by river. The steamer, a nuggar, and two large iron life-boats ought to be ready. They will take up stores to Magungo; and (D.V.), Gessi will go into Lake Albert and explore it. I have to go to Makraka, thence, I hope, to Khartoum, and thence to Cairo. I shall have hoisted the Khedive's flag on both Lakes.

January 14.—The moment the sun goes down a cold damp arises, which enters one's very bones. There is not an interval of five minutes from the setting of the sun and the rising of this dreadful damp; and you feel the danger, as it were, at once—and all this for the ambition of man. Large isles of papyrus come floating down. No news whatever of Mtesa, Kaba Rega, or Stanley. In fact the place looks quite dead.

January 18-20.—I started for Mrooli on the 18th, and am now *en route*. The road—or rather the no-road—was fearful. I am in rags from the thorn bushes. The elephants uproot the trees, and leave them in the path.* Around the fallen trees grows up a fearful jungle. Altogether it is very trying work; not a soul or a house to be seen—in fact, from Duffli to this the country seems a desert. Marsh water all along this road; for the river is unapproachable for the marshes which border it. I want to push on to the lake [Victoria Nyanza] to hoist the flag, and to enable the Khedive to claim its waters. . . . . I have quite given up any idea of going to the sea with

* Writing a few days later, Colonel Gordon says, "The elephants are trying enough: weighing five tons, their great feet make pit-falls quite a foot deep; and as they go along *our* paths it is most dangerous."—ED.

these troops. My proposal was made to the Khedive in January, 1875,* and was answered in November, 1875. My proposal was that he should take Formosa Bay, or rather to the north of it, where the Dana or Ozy river debouches. It is said by Kraft to be navigable to Mount Kenia. Also I. was under the impression Lake Baringo, or Ngo, joined Lake Victoria, which Stanley says it does not. The Khedive takes the exit of the Juba, whose course is from north to south, and therefore would be of no use, if navigable, to me. The Juba is much farther off, as the coast trends to the east. He sent off Mc'Killop and Long to Juba, and told them to wait for me. They will wait a long time I expect.† I am not going to try this with the undisciplined wretched troops I have here; and, though he knows it, he does nothing to help me. I asked his son, the Minister for War, to send me copies of a circular for sentries, etc., of which no notice is taken. I do not care a bit, for I make *my* sentries do their work. The officers and men are a cowardly set. They are good marchers, and bear privation well; but that is all I can say in their favour. . . . . To go back to the castles in the air. During the winter I shall ask —— to let me have the Galatz fur coat, and I mean to go first-class in the trains, and to lie in bed in the morning. With all these thoughts, I do not forget I may be cut off at any minute, and do not fear it; only I have the human weakness of thinking what a trouble —— will

* See pp. 65 and 146.—ED.

† Colonel Gordon, writing on March 9 of this year, says, "I see that 'the Khedive withdrew his troops from Juba by the command of the British Government.' *He is a Hindoo Prince*, as the French say he will be."—ED.

have with all my accounts out here. . . . . I shall refuse all invitations to dine out, and (D.V.) rest awhile, and muse on my miseries, all past. ("Now, soul, take thy rest"—that night "his soul" was taken; but where to?—to a much happier place than where he proposed to rest, and where he would want no barns.). . . . . I would that all had the full assurance of future life. It is precisely because we are despicable and worthless that we are accepted. Till we throw over that idea that we are better than others, we can never have that assurance. I certainly think women have much to do with the fostering of this idea; they are naturally jealous, and fight for appearances much more than men do. Appearances to them, perhaps, are a necessity, while they are not so much to men. We must give up keeping credit lists with God, which are not true ones; they are all debtor lists. Do you know that verse, Eph. ii. 10, which says that ye are ordained to bring forth good works? If certain good works are ordained to be brought forth by you, why should you glory in them? Do not flatter yourself that you are wanted—that God could not work without you; it is an honour if He employs you. No one is indispensable, either in this world's affairs or in spiritual work; you are a machine, though allowed to feel as if you had the power of action.* When things turn out in a way we do not wish, we quarrel with God if we feel put out. Most difficult is this lesson, and only to be learnt by a continual thought of this world being only a

* In a later letter, Colonel Gordon says, "When one knows the little one does of oneself, and any one praises you, I, at any rate, have a rising in the gorge, which is a suppressed 'You lie.'"—ED.

temporary one,—*i.e.*, by continually thinking of death as a release. What a calm life a man living thus would live!—what services he would render! —nothing would move him whether he were soldier, statesman, or what not.

January 22.—Yesterday made a forced march to the banks of the Kafoor, opposite Mrooli. Kaba Rega's chief set fire to his house, and with his people left for Masindi, two days off. I crossed the Kafoor this morning, and got to Mrooli. Mrooli, it appears, is a district; there is no town or cluster of huts. . . . . Rionga is delighted, for he is now restored to his pristine state.* A miserable country, full of mosquitoes, is the much-vaunted Mrooli.

January 23.—It is very cold this morning, and it forced one to put on a great coat.

January 28.—I left for Foweira by canoe on the 24th, and got to the station in a day-and-a-half. I have been very unwell, from the hot sun and cold east wind, and am only better to-day.

January 30.—I am starting (D.V.) to-morrow for Duffli, which needs my presence, for many reasons. I want to get all the supplies up before the rains, which will begin in a month or so.

FATIKO, *February 3.* — Arrived here this morning, in three days and three hours, from Foweira, distance seventy-seven miles. . . . . Kaba Rega left Masindi, on January 20, with the magic stool,† on hearing of my arrival at Foweira.

* Sir Samuel Baker, writing of the year 1872, says, "I proclaimed Rionga as the vakeel of the government, who would rule Unyoro [the district in which Mrooli is] in the place of Kaba Rega deposed."—*Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 377.—ED.

† This stool was the throne of the kings of Unyoro. It is thus described by Sir Samuel Baker: "The throne is composed partly of copper and of

When the Dutch took Ceylon they captured the Buddha tooth, to which the Cingalese attached great value, as its possessor was supposed to be king of the country. The Cingalese offered the Dutch commander £100,000 for it, but he publicly burnt it, so as to save future trouble. It was a horse's tooth. Every one says there is little doubt but that Kaba Rega's followers, when they see Masindi and Mrooli taken, will bring the stool to Anfina's, at Masindi. I shall leave it with Anfina for some time, for great importance is attached to it.

This is a thorny, unpromising country, with its mosquitoes, and grasses, and jungles, and its people. They will never change their habits: no mortal will ever civilise these myriads. They may become sharper by contact with the world, but they will be ever a lazy, unenterprising, happy lot. It is wonderful that, with their numbers, there is no law, and yet so little crime.

DUFFLI, *February 10.*—You will understand my grief at not having surveyed the gaps in the Victoria Nile.* Whether I shall do so or not I

wood. It is an exceedingly small and ancient piece of furniture, that has been handed down for many generations, and is considered to be a coojoor, or talisman. . . . . Should the throne be lost or stolen, the authority of the king would disappear, together with the talisman, and disorder would reign throughout the country until the precious object should be restored." —*Ismailia,* Vol. II., p. 206.—ED.

* Colonel Gordon, in a letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, dated February 9 of this year, thus describes the progress of the survey of the Nile by himself and his staff:—

"We have the river on the scale of half-an-inch to the mile, from Khartoum to Duffli, and from Foweira to Mrooli; and I hope to do, or get done, from Duffli to Murchison Falls. There remains to be done—

A. From Cossitza to Mrooli.

B. From Foweira to Murchison Falls.

C. The Lake Albert.

Now I will not undertake to do any of these three, and for these reasons. The troops up in these stations need everything; and I do not consider I

do not know. I very much fear that upper country, for it is such a nest of mosquitoes, marsh, forest, and misery; and I think—why sacrifice myself for the satisfying of geographists? If I were well I would do it, but I keep, day by day, feeling my liver more. To have out another man to do it makes me quail: he may be ill, he will be inexperienced, and will give a mint of trouble, for certain. Chippendall had all the qualifications, but never had the health. Linant would have been the man for it, had he not been killed. . . . . This is almost entirely a black province. There are not twenty Arabs in it, and they are home-sick to a degree. I am so short of troops that one man is of importance to me. It seems now, after so long a seed-time, that one would reap a good harvest, but my health prevents me from doing all I would. . . . . I have a first-rate engineer here—Ibrahim by name. He has done wonders in a very short time. He is an Arab by birth, but he will not serve his Government: such a man would be invaluable to them, if he would. They keep no faith with people; and the consequence is, no good Arab will enter the Government service. . . . .

On arriving here I found things going on very well—one life-boat* complete, another nearly so, and the steamer well on.

February 16.—I received here, on February 11,

am justified to devote means to explorations which should be used for supplying them. The wants of the troops are immediate; the exploration can wait. . . . . I am quite aware that it is sad to leave these gaps A. and B. I am so fond of surveying that I see at once how incomplete the work is without them. As to the Lake Albert, even when the steamer is completed, I cannot allow it to be undertaken till the troops are supplied; and her work will be between Duffli and Magungo for some time." The gaps happily were to a great extent filled up.—See pp. 177 and 182.—ED.

* Each boat would hold sixty or seventy men.—ED.

papers of the date of December 11, from England. I took 7½ days from Mrooli here; so that in 60 + 7½ days = 67½ days you can get from Mrooli to England; and even in less than that, for the current has to be considered, which need not be on the way down. You may say nine weeks from Mtesa's to England. . . . . I have just read your letters over. My dear ——, why (it is God's will) will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag, and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a deal of trouble it saves you. . . . . Roll your burthen on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. . . . . Here I am, a lump of clay; Thou art the Potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as Thou wilt, but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!

Out of sorts again, with bleeding from the nose (not plague); nearly suffocated, last night, with the blood. Poor sheath! it is much worn. Gessi will start in four or five days. I scarcely like to let him go, for the marshy edges of the Lake will be unhealthy; but he wants to go, and so I will let him. I do not think that I have well

explained why, if I was well, I would not go on the Lake. I will not go into the question of the detriment just now my absence would be to the supplying of the troops before the rains. I say I wish to give a practical proof of what I think respecting the inordinate praise which is given to an explorer. No praise seems equal, judging from the words, to an explorer's (in Central Africa) merits. Now, surely Higginbotham* did much in getting up the stores, and through the Desert. What work he must have had! Again, what work, *not* equal to his, have I not had with these stores! But all this would go for nothing, in comparison to the fact of going on the Lake, which you may say is a small affair, when you have the boats ready for you. Others sow, and one will reap all the results of their labours. —— sent me a letter written to him, which speaks of the honour and glory of going on the Lake—the chaplet of laurel to the great conqueror, etc.! It is thus, therefore, that I wish to show palpably that it is a great mistake to draw the false conclusions people do about these things.

DUFFLI, *February 23*.—Things are going on very well. I have been able to send up a quantity of stores to Mrooli, and Gessi will leave for Magungo with many more in the two iron boats, in a few days; thence he will go round the Lake. Thanks to God, all is nearly completed. The steamer is one-third completed, and my stations are all formed, or, I hope, will be ere the month is out. I have arranged all the men's accounts, and have a clear prospect before me—my own accounts only being in arrear, owing to ——. All

* See p. 148.—ED.

this, however, may be changed; for if Gessi falls sick (he often threatens it), I shall have the journey he is to perform to do myself; and against my will I shall have to go to the Lake: but I hope for the best.

LABORÉ, *March 9*.—I left Duffli on March 7, after seeing Gessi start with the two life-boats for Magungo and the Lakes. On the 8th I sent the caravan on towards Laboré, and wended my way down to the Fola Rapids, and walked along the river, in order to complete my survey. Such a walk! There were ravines and gullies in abundance, and the ground was covered with loose stones. I never was so tired; but I finished the map. . . . . The Nile flows through a regular gorge; precipices of some forty or fifty feet follow its course. There are only two to three miles of rapids which are not passable, and these rapids are at Fola. You see that the banks being forty or fifty feet above the river, and being cut into by deep ravines, do not allow of a foothold to men to pull up a boat; so any boat which comes up must have power of its own sufficient to contend with the current. If a boat had engine power enough, she could then approach the Fola Falls or Rapids. Could any boat have engine-power enough to force her way up these? This I cannot answer; but I feel quite sure that if Europeans owned the country, and if it was thought worth while (*i.e.* worth the outlay), they would overcome these two-and-a-half miles of rapids. To Egypt it would never pay, for there would never be traffic enough to cover the expense. Odd, is it not, that from Albert Lake to the sea there are only these two-and-a-half miles impassable!

With the post from Foweira came an envelope addressed, "Stanley, care of E. Marston." The envelope came from Mtesa's; in it was the scrawl I send you, and which I shall not notice. Mtesa is in a great state of mind, and swears fidelity to Egypt. . . . . Kaba Rega, with the "Stool,"* has gone south, and vacated the north of the country entirely. I know nothing of Stanley or his party. Some of them must have been there on February 6, otherwise how could the letter be written?

"To Sir Canell Gorlden. February 6th, 1876

"My dear freind Gorden hear this my word be not angry with Kaverega Sultan of unyoro I been head that you been brought two manwar ships but I pray you fight not with those Wanyoro for they know not what is good and what is bad. I am, Mtesa king of uganda for if you fight with governour if you fight with governour you fight with the king. I will ask you one thing but let it may please you all ye Europeion for I say if I want to go to Bommbey† if the governour and if the governour of Bommbey refuse me to past will I not find the orther road therefor I pray you my friends hear this my letter stop for a moment if you want to fight put ships in the river nile take west and north and I will take east and south and let us put wanyoro in to the middle and fight against them but first send me answer from this letter. Because I want to be a freind of the

* See p. 153.—Ed.

† Mtesa's interpreter came from Bombay.—Ed.

English. I am Mtesa son of Suna king of uganda let God be with your Majesty even you all Amen.

"Mtesa king of uganda

"February 6th 1876."*

KERRI, *March 12.*—Yesterday I came here from Moogie. The trouble of getting porters obliged me to send for camels—forty have just come up to this station. It is an experiment, and I hope it will succeed. The natives are in the greatest state of excitement about them. . . . . The Fashoda people and the Shillooks still are fighting. The Shillooks have kept increasing the length of their spear-heads till they are like scythes. Now the Russians found the Polish peasants were awkward people with scythes, and I think that the Egyptians will find the Shillooks

* Four years later, Colonel Gordon received a second letter from King Mtesa, as follows:—ED.

"RUBAGA UGANDA *January 22 1880.*

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY GORDON PACHA,
"Governor General of the Soudan &c.

"I am very glad that you have taken your soldiers out of Unyoro, and now I write this letter to you to send my compliments and friendship, with some presents, by my servant Kasingi—as follows—Two leopard skins; Two dressed skins; Two other dressed skins with hair on; Two earthenware jars; Two Waganda knives; Two dusekkes (Pipes); Two bead collars; Two Mhugnos (Pipes); Two pairs of Wagunda shoes. And I ask you to send me the following things: One large elephant gun—the same as the one I sent to Khartoum to repair. I send you the cartridge to show the bore 'No 8.' Also one ladle to melt lead with, and one bullet-mould for the same gun. Also a large looking-glass, some red woollen cloth, some madapolam [Indian native calico], and some gold and silver lace. You sent me some time since the saddle and bridle for a horse; I have no horse, and would thank you if you would send me one. Also please a silver seal with my name 'Mtesa' engraved upon it. I also wish very much to see some gold money; will you send me some English sovereigns, French Napoleons, and one five dollar gold piece and two gold dollars.

"With many salaams
"I remain your good friend
"MTESA."

[Written by C. W. Pearson, at Mtesa's dictation, Church Missionary Society.]

the same. The Shillooks have had some idea of government. Mehemet Ali destroyed it. Their kings had a dynasty of two hundred years' duration. They *did* number two million before Egypt civilised (?) them.

LARDO, *March 23.*—Is it not odd that since I left Foweira, where I was so unwell, I have been quite well—in fact, as well as ever I was. Whether one gets acclimatised all of a sudden or not I do not know, but in my case it has been so. . . . . The mosquitoes are terrible here just now—burning Keating's insect powder does for them for a time; carbolic acid powder is quite useless. I sit in the evening under a mosquito-curtain, but it is very hot in it. Of one's existence the time between sunset and sunrise is the most trying.

BEDDEN, *April 10.*—I am again on the move southwards, and arrived here the day before yesterday. The reason which induces me to put a small station at the River Tyoo is that the distance between Laboré and Duffli is a day-and-a-half's march, so that the men sleep on the road. They, in consequence of this sleeping on the road, pillage the natives, who were friendly, but now have become hostile. The Tyoo is not fordable in the rainy season, and the soldiers can only cross it at a great risk, surrounded as they are with hostile natives. Therefore I place there forty soldiers and a boat. This gets rid of the half-day, and leaves one day's march to Duffli. These are the little stupidities these fellows are guilty off, viz., plundering the tribes they go through. Nothing will stop them doing it, for the officers will not give the escorts food to take with them *en route*. They are perfect children. They cry out loudly

enough when they are molested, and yet will not observe the line of conduct which would prevent their being so. Sensible officers of course would see that the men were properly supplied for their march, but none of these Arabs would give an handful of dhoora even to their own men. They will complain, I feel sure, at the formation of this station, which is only for their own safety. Hopeless work! "Good!" "Good!" they say, when one shows the foolishness of their procedure, and then they go and do the same. I am glad when we get a deserted plot of land like that between Duffli and Foweira. Then they cannot pillage, and consequently two men can go with the post. I went with eight men to Duffli. Now it needs, till I form the station at Tyoo, at least twenty-five or thirty men, and it is always a source of anxiety to me. If you asked me what is to be done to regenerate these people [the Egyptians] I could not answer it. They are the most hopeless set. Continual oppression has made them of such a material that you could find no sound principle to work on. Nations have generally some regenerating qualities, either a commercial, military, religious, or patriotic spirit. These people lack each one of these motive influences.

April 11.—I spoke of the stupidly selfish nature of these people, and meant that they will never help one another with stores or men, or in getting out of a difficulty. They have one quality which is very praiseworthy, if its motive was good. They will tell on one another in a most wonderful way. It is sure that if one steals, one of his comrades will report him; but as soon

as that is done they set to work, from highest to lowest, to screen or soften the effects on the delinquent. When he is punished you may consider that he is looked upon as a martyr. I feel sure that it is the fault of a series of bad governments which has ruined the people. Three generations of good government would scarcely regenerate them. Their secretiveness is the result of the fear that, if they give, it may chance that they may want. They act on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Their indolence is the result of experience that if they do well or if they do badly, the result will be *nil* to them; therefore why should they exert themselves? Their cowardice is the result of the fear of responsibility. They are fallen on so heavily if anything goes wrong. Their deceit is the result of fear and want of moral strength, as they have no independence in their characters. For a foreign Power to take this country would be most easy. The mass are far from fanatical. They would rejoice in a good government, let its religion be what it might. A just administration of law and security of person against arbitrary conduct would do a great deal. It is the government that needs civilising far more than the people. Mehemet Ali and his descendants have always gone on the principle of enriching themselves by monopolies of all sorts. None, not even the present Khedive, have brought in civilising habits or customs with any desire to benefit the country; or, at any rate, they have subordinated this desire to that of obtaining an increased revenue. In this variance of ideas between the ruler of

Egypt and our Government, we can hope for no accord. . . . .

The way in which my suggestions for the improvement of these lands are left unanswered, shows me that they are not wished for. I want to open the country to merchants, and to let the troops merely afford protection to them; but that would diminish the gains of the Government (the immediate gains), and so I do not expect it will be done. I wrote some months ago to say that if a proper establishment for the repair of steamers was not formed at Khartoum (and I gave a programme), in less than two years three-quarters of my steamers would be *hors de combat.* For ten years they have not had their hulls scraped or painted. I get no answer to this. . . . . Never was a man more tossed in his mind than I am about these things. One day I say to myself, "Let the things go to the dogs, and leave them to their fate"; and on another day I feel I will work it through, in spite of them all. I think I could do so, for I do not fear any responsibility. "But then again," I think, "for what use should I expend myself and expose myself to disputes?"

Baker, on his way up, thought he could not take up the hulls of the three steamers he brought out with him. He wrote for the engines (thirty horse-power) for two steamers from Penn, meaning to build hulls of wood. He never heard anything further about them. A year ago an engineer, coming up the Nile, found a great deal of machinery in the desert sand near Korosko. He asked whose it was. They said, "Baker's." He kindly brought it up, and there were the two

thirty-horse-power engines. What am I to do with them? I hate to see them useless in Khartoum. I have asked, and no answer has come. Shall I order hulls, and risk it? Ask Mary what I had better do, or the old cook. In any other Government in the world I should have under me subordinates to look after the proper supplies being sent up and properly distributed, to look after the accounts, the soldiers, and their arms, etc. I have not one to do this work, and it appears not to be the custom—the whole of these matters are the affair of the Governor personally. He is controller in land and water matters in the fullest sense of the word: repairs of boats, steamers, etc., are all his work.

KERRI, *April 16.*—I arrived here on April 12 from Bedden. . . . . You may remember that last year I had here a great deal of trouble to pass a rope across the river. I got one over—or rather the boatmen did—easily this time. However, on the other side the rope caught on a rowlock of the boat, and the force of the current bore down with such force that it was difficult to release it. One of the men was hammering the rowlock while I lifted on the rope; the rowlock slewed, and off went the rope. Before I could let go, it dragged me into the river; but I soon rose and caught the rudder, and was all right. A Reis jumped in after me, and his chemise got swept over his head; so when he bobbed up near me he was like the veiled prophet of Khorassan. I caught him by his veil, and we got out all safely. Yesterday, as we were hauling taut the rope (I being seated under or near a tree to

which we had it attached), a whip snake was shaken down, and tried to obtain cover between me and the ground. However, I got clear of it. The rope across the river is 160 yards long—five telegraph wires twisted together. . . . . There is a little black fly here which bites at night with quite another sensation to the mosquito-bite. It has an elephant-trunk sort of snout. You know the sand-fly; but the latter are light-coloured, while these are black. There are three insect pests in these lands — the mosquito, the black sand-fly, and the harvest bug, which buries itself. The latter are only during the grass season. No fleas or bugs,* and very few *white* fleas, except in Mrooli. . . . . It is a beautiful country up here—nice hard ground, but very silent and mournful, nothing moving to be seen. To those who hope to realise happiness in this life, it must have a most depressing effect. Therefore it is that I say under forty no man ought to come here. At that age he should have given up his hopes, in a great measure. . . . . The improvidence of these officers is very great. They had plenty of opportunity to store dhoora during the season, and have neglected it in spite of continual warnings, and now they will suffer for it; for the natives are equally improvident, and, like civilised people I know, are always hard up before pay-day, *i.e.*, the new harvest. . . . .

The iron ore one finds like slag on the surface would give, I expect, 60 or 70 per cent. of metal; is it of any value? There are masses of it, and

* "It ought to be mentioned that the traveller in this part of Africa (*i.e.*, the country of the Dinka) is rarely troubled with vermin or fleas, which, everywhere else, like desolation and slavery, seem invariably to have followed the track of Islam."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 157.—ED.

sometimes you see large spaces, like the floor of a foundry, of nothing else than this slag. The blacks declare that it is the residue of their smelting operations; but if this is the case, they must have smelted much more than they do now, for I find the slag cropping up from between the roots of huge trees, which would seem to imply that the roots had adapted themselves to the crevices in it.* . . . .

What a country this is! The cows of these parts will not live at Fatiko or to the south. Horses all die. Mules and donkeys live. I went out for a walk yesterday afternoon and picked a sort of fig. I asked the black if it was good; he said "Yes," and I bit it, and just tasted it. It had an astringent, disagreeable taste, so I spat it out. Soon after came on a violent sore-throat, which nearly prevented my breathing, and this continued all last night. Everything in this land is bitter, or astringent, or thorny, or prickly. The nice green waving grass has silicious delicate hairs on it like spun glass and quite as sharp. Nice-looking turf has a seed like a crow's foot in it. You walk along and think to pluck a tuft of grass, and you get your finger cut to the bone. Everything is tough and strong, and as for plucking a switch, you never can. You must use a knife. It is odd to see how granite becomes disintegrated in these lands. One can easily understand its being so in lands where there is frost; here there is the same principle at work, viz., unequal expansion and contraction. As in

* In a later letter, Colonel Gordon writes, "Tell —— that Professor Percy is quite right; the slag comes from the natives' work." See SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa* (Vol. I., p. 206) for a description of the Dyoor smelting-furnaces.—ED.

the north the decrease of temperature causes some parts to be colder and flake away, so the increase of temperature does the same out here. What a difference there is in man! Here the garrison of this place are perfectly happy, content to do the very little work they are called on to do, and desiring nothing else; a sort of life which I can with difficulty endure two days. They certainly sleep three-quarters of their time, and thus a man of sixty years is really only fifteen years of age. . . . . I envy Schweinfurth's love of botany,* but I expect that when once a district had been well explored in its flora, the same *ennui* would seize him. A well-balanced mind would keep his newspapers and make them last him for months. I am never happy till I have finished them. Here is a splendid country for game, and yet there is not even a pigeon to shoot.

KERRI, *April 24.*—The country round Kerri is beautiful. Such glorious glades of forest, and away north of the tail of the Neri Hills there is such an expanse of fine land quite unexplored. No one knows what tribes are living here. . . . . The children of the natives are very extraordinary; at a year old they walk and carry gourds of water. They are fearfully top-heavy, *i.e.*, their heads are enormous, and at a distance they are like regular tadpoles. Their heads and stomachs

* See SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 179—"In unfailing good health I passed the first few weeks in a transport of joy—literally enraptured by the unrivalled loveliness of nature." And p. 224—"In sickness everything is sad, and the craving for home is not to be suppressed; but whoever, in the robustness of health, can imbibe the fresh animation of the wilderness, will find that it stamps something of its unchanging verdure upon his memory; his imagination will elevate it to a paradise, and the days spent there will enrol themselves among the very happiest of his life."—ED.

are "*they;*" their legs and arms are merely antennæ to them. When they grow up, however, they are not at all deformed.

May 2.—Gessi came in on April 29. He had gone round the Lake in nine days, and found it only 140 miles long and 50 wide. West coast inaccessible; natives rather hostile. No river comes into it, but the end (south) is very shallow and marshy. He was driven by a violent storm to an isle full of Kaba Rega's troops, and the soldiers had to fire on the natives to keep them off. Gessi is a seafaring man; yet he says he never was in such a storm. The Arabs met in the centre of the boat, and said their prayers in concert, and would do nothing. The Soudan soldiers were sick unto death with the tossing, and all the time they had the prospect of falling into Kaba Rega's hands, if they escaped the seas. He says that nothing but life-boats would have stood the gale. The rain was in drops the size of a dollar. The Arab sailors said that nothing would ever induce them to go on the Lake again—they would sooner desert to the natives. The natives, though they had never seen an Arab before, said, "We want no Turks here; go on—go on! Why do you come here?" Some would not speak while Gessi was near; they looked on him as a fiend because of his colour. They said, "That man must go away before we speak to you." All whom he saw were clothed. The boats were alive with swarms of those little white insects which bite, and which came from the boatmen. A pleasant trip for him! He has done very well. The Nile, soon after leaving Lake Albert, splits into two branches,

one going to Duffli and the one to the North-West. The natives say the latter goes an immense way.*

KERRI, *May 20.*—I have now —— ill—the result of staying in all day, smoking, and doing nothing. There is little enough to do; but still, if you sit in all day and smoke, you cannot be surprised at your liver getting congested. Difficult as it is to do, it is only by forcing yourself out, by cutting down a decayed tree, or some such exercise, that you can keep your health out here. . . . . If ever you go out to Africa on exploration business, go alone; for it is only possible to exist when you are alone. The worries of a companion only make your own greater, if you happen to have a little more energy in you than that companion.†

LARDO, *May 27.*—Tired out of waiting, I have come down to this place. I hear, however, that the steamer will be completed in three weeks. What I shall do then I am not sure. Last night, during a storm of wind and rain, I was awakened by loud cries and shots close to the house. I guessed what it was, and rushed out. Three elephants had chosen to try to land at the place cut in the bank to enable the servants to get water from the river. The sentry, however, saw them, fired at them, and made them give up their intention. You see, if they landed and got

* On p. 171, mention is made of another branch of the Nile. Colonel Gordon does not think that either of these branches exists; but he feels no certainty on the point.—ED.

† "His (Livingstone's) conclusion is a sad one, but it explains why, in his last journey, he went alone; he is convinced that if he had been by himself he would have accomplished more."—*Personal Life of Livingstone*, p. 290.

frightened, they would break down my house in a moment, and do a deal of damage; this is a favourite landing-place for them.

June 1.—The steamer arrived yesterday bringing thirty-eight Donglowi.

EN ROUTE TO KERRI, *June 11.*—During a heavy thunderstorm to-day, while putting the side of my wet tent straight, I received at the moment of a flash of lightning a couple of severe shocks, similar to what a strong electric machine would give. What an escape! . . . . Piaggia has found a lake between Mrooli and Urundogani, on the Victoria Nile, some fifty miles long. Long had spoken of this lake, but I thought it was only the flooding of the low-lands. Piaggia says that there is a branch flowing out of it, which must go to the Saubat or to the Asua.* . . . . With respect to the explorations, I consider it is quite unjustifiable that Englishmen should take men into dangers of which they are utterly ignorant, and should then leave them to their fate. Residence in these oriental lands tends, after a time, to blunt one's susceptibilities of right and justice, and, therefore, the necessity for men to return, at certain periods, to their own countries to re-imbibe the notions of the same. Some men become imbued with the notions of injustice much quicker than others, when abroad, but —— certainly has not taken much time to throw off all the trammels of civilised life, and to be ready to take up the unjust dealings of an Arab Pasha. The varnish of civilised life is very thin, and only superficial. . . . . Man does not know what he is capable of in circumstances of this sort; unless he

* See p. 170.

has the loadstar, he has no guide, no counsellor in his walk.

LABORÉ, *July 4.*—I do not feel as if I was coming back for many a year, and though I have certainly struggled to do so, it appears that He wills my stay here, and has given me a willing heart to do so. All my worries, with the return of my health, have disappeared. I am now preparing for the taking to pieces, at Moogie, of the 108-ton steamer "Khedive," and the putting her together on Victoria Lake. This might, if He wills it, be accomplished in April next, and would secure the Lake to the Khedive. . . . . I have sent to the Khedive three stone hatchets, just like the stone implements found in the drift. They are of meteoric stone; the Mudir of Rohl sent them to me. The odd part about them is that they are shaped like the ancient stone implements, which are supposed to have been made by pre-Adamite men. . . . . I have 150 new troops coming up to Unyoro, and 100 more will come afterwards; this will give me great power up in these parts. . . . .

We are all approaching, at different intervals, our great existence—God. He has explained Himself to us as the Truth, Love, Wisdom, and All-might. We, in the abstract, accept these attributes, but do not believe them heartily: on account of apparent contradictions we are, as it were, blind; and by degrees He opens our eyes, and enables us by dint of sore trouble to know Him little by little. It matters not in the long run whether we sincerely accept what He states. He is what He says to each of us, and we shall know it eventually. According to His pleasure

so He reveals Himself in different degrees to different people. *To know Him* is the ultimate point of his vast design in the creation of this world and of all worlds. Man at his birth beholds a veil before him which shrouds the Godhead. If his lot is to be born in Christian lands, he has the attributes of the Godhead explained to him by the Word, both written and incarnated; but though he may know by his intellect the truth of the Word, things are so contradictory in this life that the mystery still remains. By suffering and trials the veil is rent to his mind, and he accepts sincerely, to the degree the veil is rent, what he has before accepted by his intellect. The rents in the veil may often present inconsistencies to him which disappear on new rents being made, and he sees at length an harmonious whole. To the Black man the same shrouded Being presents Himself, and we do not know how He reveals Himself; and, perhaps, the Black man could not say himself; but it is the same Godhead, and has the same attributes, whether known or unknown. There is in us a principle, a seed of God; and that seed should, in union with God, watch the conflict of the flesh and the spirit in peace, for the result is certain. Every time the flesh is foiled by the spirit, so often is a rent made in the veil, and we know more of God. Every time the reverse takes place, so often does the veil fall again. When the inevitable event—death—occurs, then the veil is rent altogether, and no mystery remains. The flesh is finally vanquished by the spirit, who lives the conqueror of his life-long foe. I think the veil is thickened by the doctrines of men, and that to rend it is more

difficult when those doctrines have been accepted and found inefficient. Had you not been imbued with these doctrines of men—had God not willed it so in His wisdom—you would not have had such sufferings to know the truth, as you have had. I believe when we begin life we are far more capable of accepting those truths than afterwards; when we have imbibed man's doctrines, we must unlearn, and then learn again. With a child he has only to learn.* Therefore, it is easier for a Publican to accept the truths than for a Pharisee. The Pharisee builds his house, and uses men's doctrines; after a time, he sees difficulties, and tries to dovetail his new views into his house. They will not fit in; but he says, "Why, I cannot pull down all my work and begin again," so he forces them in; and still they will not fit. Then he takes down a little, and then a little more, but it is no good; he finds the foundation is at fault, and thence great trials and troubles, till at last he has to pull all down, and when he has done that—why the miracle of a new house on the true foundation appears before him, in which work he has not to make an effort. The Publican has built nothing; feels he can build nothing; but that all is done for him. Why one should be a Pharisee and have all this toil, and the other should be a Publican and have none, is God's mystery of His government. It is pain and grief to pull down a life's work, and to grub up even the foundations; but, while you pull down each stone, your true house is built up by God, so

* "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."
—WORDSWORTH'S *Ode to Immortality*.—ED

that while you are pulling down, you are, in reality, having a house built. . . . . I feel that I have a mission here (not taken in its usual sense). The men and officers like my justice, candour, my outbursts of temper, and see that I am not a tyrant. Over two years we have lived intimately together, and they watch me closely. I am glad that they do so. My wish and desire is that all should be as happy as it rests with me to make them, and though I feel sure that I am unjust sometimes, it is not the rule with me to be so. I care for their marches, for their wants and food, and protect their women and boys if they ill-treat hem; and *I do nothing of this—I am a chisel which cuts the wood; the Carpenter directs it.* If I lose my edge, He must sharpen me; if He puts me aside and takes another, it is His own good will. None are indispensable to Him; He will do His work with a straw equally as well. "I am what I am"—"All in All." The *I's* of the world are naught. How often do the Scriptures claim for Him all honour, power, and might; and yet all of us claim honour from our fellow-men! *I* found the Lake; *I* put the steamer on the Lake; *I* invented this; *I* invented that; it was *my* idea; etc. It cannot be helped that we do all this. Man would not suffer any change in this respect; but it is an infringement of His attributes. How should I feel if Gessi said, "I put the steamer on the Lake"? He would be justified to a certain degree in saying so, for he helped most materially. I do not think I should care a bit now; but in old times it would have annoyed me. I dare say some of my letters have been boastful; but I know that my looking-glass

(conscience) has remonstrated whenever I have so written. Some of my letters are written by one nature, others by the other nature; and so it will be to the end. It makes one terribly inconsistent this conflict in some affairs which require a decision both carnal and spiritual. Being in authority and responsible, action is necessary, while mercy should temper justice.

DUFFLI, *July 9.*—I arrived here yesterday from Laboré, and found the steamer. . . . . Yesterday for three hours we had a herd of thirty elephants, small and great, moving on the path some 500 yards ahead of us. Their appearance was very remarkable. They keep waving their huge ears, and these look like sails.

DUFFLI, *July 10.*—Thank God I am quite well, and so happy, now I have resigned the government of the province, and put all the faults on my "Friend." He is able to bear them, and will use me as long as He pleases as His mouthpiece; and when He has done with me He will put me aside. "Casting all your cares on him; for he careth for you" has just come to mind. . . . . Do not put any confidence in what I may say I will do; for long before you get my letters, circumstances may have altered; my ideas may be changed, and the very reverse of what I said may take place. My letters are my journal and impressions of the moment. I cannot be bound by them.

EN ROUTE FROM DUFFLI TO MAGUNGO, *July 23-25.*—I left Duffli on July 20, with the steamer and two life-boats. The river is horrible. It varies from one to two, even to five miles in width, and no current is perceptible. It is full

of endless papyrus isles, and there is a fringe of papyrus for ten or twelve yards along the banks, which renders landing very difficult. The country is densely peopled.

MAGUNGO, *July 28.*—Arrived at the debouch of the Victoria Nile into Lake Albert to-day, after a night spent in the lake owing to my stupidity. The entrance is masked by a mass of papyrus isles. There is no current at all, and it is a most miserable-looking place. The people are quiet, and well-disposed to us. I saw a herd of elephants to-day feeding quietly, and looking so happy. They pitch grass into their mouths with their trunks, as you would chuck water into your mouth from a basin. What a wilderness this is up here—not a sound to be heard, and so lifeless and apparently miserable. It is another Mrooli. You can see nothing of the lake for the mass of the isles of papyrus. . . . . I propose (and God disposes) to go up from here to Foweira, and then map that part;* to go then to Mrooli, and thence to Urundogani and to Cossitza (Ripon Falls); hoist the Egyptian flag there on Victoria Lake, and then map the river from Cossitza

*Colonel Gordon, as has been seen, had not intended to return to this part of the country. This summer, however, he had read a paper by Dr. Schweinfurth, in which that traveller said, "It may be that Lake Albert belongs to the Nile basin, but it is not a settled fact; for there are seventy miles between Foweira and Lake Albert never explored, and one is not authorised in making the Nile leave Lake Albert. The question is very doubtful." "It was contended," writes Colonel Gordon, "that the Nile did not flow out of Lake Victoria, and thence through Lake Albert, and, so northward, but that one river flowed out of Lake Victoria and another out of Lake Albert; that these two rivers united and formed the Nile. This statement could not be positively denied, inasmuch as no one had actually gone along the river from Foweira to Magungo. So I went along it with much suffering, and settled the question. I also found that from Foweira or Karuma Falls there was a series of rapids to Murchison Falls, thus *by degrees* getting rid of the 1,000 feet difference of level between Foweira and Magungo."—ED.

to Urundogani; and thence to Mrooli. From Cossitza to Urundogani is forty miles by land—the river not being navigable. From Urundogani to Mrooli it is navigable, and I have done the part between Mrooli and Foweira. Then the Nile will be completed. I then hope to go to Masindi from Foweira, and thence down to get up the other two steamers.

. . . . *August 2.*—The post came in to-day from Mrooli and Masindi. It appears that Mtesa has pressed Nuehr Agha, the officer I sent to form the stockade at Urundogani, to make his stockade at his (Mtesa's) capital. As it is Mtesa's own wish, I will let the 160 soldiers stay there. It is his own fault. I wished him to preserve his independence, and therefore chose the Nile route, viz., Urundogani and Cossitza (Ripon Falls). But now Mtesa has the garrison at his capital, a very few men will suffice for those places, as I can make him prisoner if he is troublesome. You see, also, I secure all the Zanzibar trade; and, in fact, he has virtually given up his independence. . . . . I know what he will be at, viz., trying to seduce the officers and men to go and attack his enemies. There is a large isle, Sassé, which he wanted Linant to attack. It seems that the men of Sassé are expert divers. Whenever Mtesa has been to attack them in canoes, they dive and cut the withes which bind the bark of the canoes together, and consequently his men get drowned.

THREE MILES WEST OF MURCHISON FALLS, *August 5.*—The river has dense forests on each side. It is very sluggish, and, like the Duffli river, its edges are fringed with papyrus. There

are few places where you can land. It is not more than 200 yards wide here. . . . . Anfina wanted yesterday to kill all Kaba Rega's *mitangoles* (officers) who came in to swear allegiance; but it was not allowed ("And Agag came softly, and said, Surely the bitterness of death hath passed.") A dead, mournful spot this is, with a heavy damp dew penetrating everywhere. It is as if the Angel Azrael had spread his wings over this land. You have little idea of the silence and solitude. I am sure no one whom God did not support could bear up. It is simply killing. Thank God, I am in good health, and am very rarely low, and then only for a short time. There are shoals of crocodiles in the river. You see them swimming about in the still water.

August 6.—I am nearly dead. To map the river for eight or ten miles I have had to walk, in pouring rain, through jungle some eighteen miles; but it is done, at any rate, and I am quite sure no one will ever do it again. About five or six miles from the Falls you see a high table-land covered with trees. Below it are hills separated one from the other by terrific ravines, which come down to the Nile. There is a complete jumble of these ravines—it is terrible walking. The table-land is black lava; the lower hills are clay and gravelly deposits. The river is quite navigable up to the foot of the falls. The steamer went up there.

August 7.—We went a weary, hot march of fifteen miles, the path being about three miles from the river which I have mapped in from the ravine in which it runs.

August 8 (Noon).—We got over fifteen miles

to-day—terrible work. Such a country of ravines and gullies! As we got in, down came a deluge of rain, and we have all our things wet. Poor men, it is terrible work for them. No one knows the country. . . . . I never had such fatigue. It has utterly prostrated me—a deadly coldness and emptiness at the stomach makes you feel inclined to drop. Fifteen drops of chlorodine, however, set me up. What misery! and what for?

August 9.—Got over eighteen miles to-day, and came on the river, where we camped. The path for eight miles through fearful grass.

August 10.—After fourteen-and-a-half miles, we reached the deserted seriba of the Anfina Station—such a gloomy, miserable place, in the midst of the forest. To-day and half yesterday we have had no path, but have had to force our way through the jungle. It has been terrible work; for, what with wild vines and convolvuli and other creepers, you sometimes got bound hand and foot. I have had several severe falls, shaking my poor liver terribly.

FOWEIRA, *August 13.*—When I left Mrooli on January 25, I gave detailed instructions to the officer A. to this effect:—"Ask Mtesa if he would like to have troops at Urundogani: if he says, 'Yes,' then pay him a visit. If he says, 'No,' then go to Nyamyongo, which, belonging to Kaba Rega, now, by the capture of Mrooli, belongs to us." Well, from that time, January 24, till July 28, when I arrived at Magungo, I have been told this and that by the officer A. I thought the station at Urundogani was formed. When I got to Magungo, A. writes to say that, as Mtesa wished the station to be at Dubaga—his

capital—A. had put it there. When I got here, I meet A., and hear that when he got to Mtesa, he (A.) sent off his porters, as Mtesa said he would give him porters. Well, day after day Mtesa kept making excuses, till A., driven to desperation, agreed to keep the troops at Dubaga. He makes a stockade, and the soldiers are virtually prisoners there, for they cannot get away. In fact, we are in the same state as Baker was at Masindi.* Mtesa is buying from Zanzibar powder in quantities, and is evidently meditating something. So now I am going down (D.V.) to get my men out of the mess, and to withdraw them, and to follow my original intention by putting them at Nyamyongo, which is nine miles north of Urundogani. From this place (Foweira) to Urundogani the river is navigable. There we must wait events. I am getting a steamer up, to work on this section of the river. Mtesa has with him an Arab of Zanzibar, who writes English, and who was brought up by the mission there. He writes to me in Mtesa's name—a jumble of bits of prayers, etc., and keeps repeating he is the King of Uganda, etc., and the greatest king in Africa. Mtesa has annexed my soldiers; he has not been annexed himself. . . . . My officer A. says, Mtesa does not execute many people now.

MROOLI, *August 18.*—Have determined not to go to Dubaga, for the following reasons:—1. They all assure me that there is no chance of Mtesa's attempting to stop the return of the troops. 2. If I went, complications might arise which would be as well avoided, for it appears Mtesa's court is as full of etiquette as the Pekin court. 3. It is a long

* See *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 278.—ED.

way to toil in the sun for nothing. I send, therefore, ninety men with Nuehr Agha; these, with the 140 now there, are force enough.

MROOLI, *August 23*.—After careful study I have decided on the following course—viz., when the troops return from Dubaga to move with 100 of them to Nyamyongo and Urundogani, and to survey the river and country between Mrooli and those places. . . . . This bit of the Nile [between Urundogani and the Lake] I am forced to give up. I avoid pushing it, for fear of complications before we are ready for them. You can imagine how I feel about this bit of the Nile, for it is the *only bit* I have not done from Berber upwards to Lake Victoria; but reason says, "Divide and weaken your forces;" "Concentrate and strengthen your forces;" and so my personal feelings must be thrown over. I dare say a desire to be out of this country is mixed up with my decision, which will (D.V.) bring me to Khartoum about the middle of October, to Cairo in January, and home about February 5, having been absent a few days over three years. My present idea is then to lie in bed till eleven every day; in the afternoon, to walk not farther than the docks; and not to undertake those terrible railway journeys, or to get exposed to the questionings of people and their inevitable dinners—in fact, get into a dormant state, and stay there till I am obliged to work. I want oysters for lunch.

MROOLI, *August 27*.—I think I may ask —— to send out the fur coat, to "Care of Manager, Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo," *to be called for;* so as to be there about December 25, for by that date it will be cold. It will be something like (D.V.)

January 28, 1877, when I hope to make my appearance. Just three years' absence. To me it seems a very long three years, without a Sunday —every day is just the same.

August 28.—Great excitement among the troops about the new Sultan, and deposition of Abdul Aziz.*

August 30.—I have proposed to Mtesa a treaty recognising the independence of the country of Uganda, and offering to take his ambassadors (!) down to Cairo. It is the best thing I could do.

MROOLI, *September 2.*—I have written to the Uganda Mission a note on the policy they should pursue, if they would benefit Mtesa in a permanent way. The Egyptians are beginning not to like the English at all; and we may depend on it they will not put up much longer with our dictation. Every little thing helps to deepen this dislike. Our interference at Zanzibar, in Abyssinia, and now this Mission, which, as composed, is more secular than spiritual. If they do not act judiciously, they will prove the ruin of Mtesa. . . . . If, as I have written, they would benefit him and not ruin him, they should cement as close an alliance with Egypt as possible: an antagonistic attitude would be disastrous. However well-disciplined or armed Mtesa's people may become, it would be short work for Egypt to overcome Uganda. . . . . You will understand that in all this I am alluding to the secular portion of the Mission, and not to the spiritual. Mtesa's attention—to which portion will it be directed? to the

* He was deposed in the night of May 29, so that it had taken thirteen weeks for the news to travel from Constantinople to Mrooli.—ED.

arming of his men, or to the Atonement? "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." I fully believe that God would see to the welfare of the spiritual portion, but when man descends to secular means he may meet with secular resistance.

MROOLI, *September 2*.—I can scarcely realise that (D.V.) in six or seven days my journeying begins, to end in England, if God wills. . . . . I am so tired of waiting and waiting here, day after day, with nothing in the world to do or to occupy oneself with. If all the work I have had to do up here was compressed into the space of time that one might reasonably expect it would take, there would not have been much more than fifteen months' work instead of two years; for I did not really begin work till September, 1874, and now it is September, 1876. The two trials of this country are the climate and the delays. You cannot realise the blessings you enjoy in having occupation, and in the celerity with which things are done in England. These blessings are quite overlooked. Each one of you has, when you rise, something to do in the day; here you have absolutely nothing; and this complete stagnation is liked by the black officers and soldiers. That is the true trial of Europeans. . . . .

The future world must be much more amusing, more enticing, more to be desired than this world —putting aside its absence of sorrow and sin. The future world has been somehow painted to our mind as a place of continuous praise; and, though we may not say it, yet one cannot help feeling, that, if thus, it would prove monotonous. It cannot be thus. It must be a life of activity,

for happiness is dependent on activity; death is cessation of movement; life is all movement.*

MROOLI, *September 9.*—The troops came in from Mtesa's to-day. . . . . There was a doctor up there with the troops, and Mtesa, sending out all his men but a few, took the Bible Stanley gave him, and asked him to translate a passage in Revelations about the dragon and the woman in childbirth. This had to go through three languages, and one wonders what Mtesa heard at the end of it. In spite of the change of his religion to Christianity, he wanted to keep my Mussulman priest, but I would not allow it.

SIXTEEN MILES SOUTH OF MROOLI, *September 11.*—I started to-day from Mrooli, and we marched sixteen miles, and are nearly opposite Gebel or Mount Marusi, in Baker's and Speke's maps. This hill is shown opposite to Mrooli. It is not so—at least twenty miles south of it. On our approach the natives, old subjects of Kaba Rega, fled and hid in the grass or papyrus on the bank of the river. Some of Rionga's men found a canoe, and went in it. One of Kaba Rega's

* "There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—
That when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,
Repeat in large what they have practised in small,
Through life after life, in unlimited series;
Only the scale 's to be changed, that's all.

"Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that Good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is Heaven's serene,
When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God,
And I have had troubles enough for one."

—*Old Pictures in Florence.* By ROBERT BROWNING.—ED.

subjects threw his lance at it, and killed a boy, whereon all Rionga's men bolted. These blacks are quite up to this. They are like snakes, and, as Baker called them, "irrepressible vermin." . . . . I sent you, through ——, a memorandum of a visit paid Mtesa by one of my officers. It is very amusing. Among other things, he was desperately alarmed at hearing of your poor brother's arrival at Magungo with the steamer. His faith in either the Mussulman or Christian religion broke down, and he sent for his magicians and had a conference of five hours with them. However, it was not satisfactory, for he then sent for my officer, and protested how he loved me, etc., besetting him with questions about why I came. My opinion of him, formed in 1873, on my arrival, is not changed. He is an abib* or native, like all the rest of them, not better and not worse. . . . . Half Mtesa's guns are flint-locks. He has no lead, and makes iron bullets. He has five little brass guns—no carriages for them and no shot. The guns are like the saluting guns of yachts. He will trust no one, and is constantly changing his *mitangoles* (officers). He has no man of note to command his men. He has some eight hundred muskets of one sort and another. I was afraid he would learn from my men's example how to make a stockade, but it appears not, for he has pulled down the one I made. The country is quite open, and there is never much grass, which was the difficulty with all the other refractory chiefs. He has moved more inland from the lake.

Imagine a huge hay-stack—that is what these towns are. In the palace-precincts are three or

* The Arab name for a slave.

four thousand men, women, and children—imagine their flight. However, I hope it will never happen: D.V. it will never do so while I am here. The moment Mtesa evacuates Dubaga he loses all his power, and would weigh no more than one of his *mitangoles*. . . . . The Arabs are angry and annoyed at Mtesa's proclivities to Christianity. The other day he called the Doctor (who, by the way, is a German, and who, now professing the Mussulman religion, pretends to me that he is an Arab by birth and religion. Emin Effendi is his name in Arabic). Well, Mtesa sent for him, and showed him a bell, and said the Arabs (those from Zanzibar) objected to his ringing it when he went to prayers. "What was he to do?" The Doctor said, "What religion are you?" He said, "Oh, I am Christian." "Well," the Doctor said, "Ring the bell." He said he would, and then, when the Doctor had gone, he sent for my Ulema, whom I had sent him by H.H.'s orders, and had public prayer after the Mussulman rites. He is also greatly distressed because the Zanzibar Arabs will not let him wear my Royal Engineers' forage-cap with gold band, which I gave him; he took advice with the Doctor about it. In fact, the Doctor had a time of it. He was asked whether the Bible was true or not. How he got out of it I do not know, but he was put through his facings on religious subjects. How could you explain in two or three different languages badly known, that the worship of God is in spirit and truth, not in meats and ceremonies. In the memorandum I sent you, I gave you a description of the Doctor's reception. He was ushered into a large long shed, on each side of

which the Viziers were ranged, ten in number, and all seated; at the end, in a sort of alcove, having an exit (for Mtesa to escape by, I expect), sat on a dais Mtesa, with a huge white turban, dressed in gold-embroidered clothes, holding in one hand a silver-mounted sword, and in the other a sort of carved sceptre. The Doctor was given a chair, and sat down. For ten minutes no one spoke a single word. The Doctor, getting tired, then said he had brought presents, and after a few minutes His Majesty congé-ed him. He then sent for him, and put him through his facings about Revelations, as I told you. He kept him till eight in the evening; then left him, but told him to wait. After a while he was sent for, and went into the yard. Mtesa then appeared, with all his court, viziers, etc., and some hundred and fifty followers with flambeaux, and defiled past him to the door of the harem, where he halted, and the viziers and the rest formed round him. He posed himself in an attitude, and all was silence. Then a secretary came to the Doctor, and asked him from Mtesa, "If he (Mtesa) was not a great Sultan? If that was not the way all Sultans acted?" etc. The Doctor said that Mtesa was a wonderful Sultan, of great power and magnificence; that all Sultans, without exception, followed his proceedings when they went to their harems. Mtesa was delighted, and so the visit ended. . . . .

I am curious to know what happens with the Mission, for Mtesa, *on principle*, keeps his visitors on short commons, expressly to make them humble themselves before him, and that, I expect, the Mission will find irksome. As Bismarck said of Arnim, you cannot believe a word he says. The

Doctor was fed, while he was new to Mtesa, and then was dropped, till Mtesa used to get into a panic about me; then he was *fêted* again. . . . I forgot to tell you that on the arrival of the Doctor (who, being a German, is white) Mtesa wrote to him and asked him whether he was a Christian or a Mussulman; that "he presumed he was a Christian as he was white, and that he had found all Mussulmans *bad*." The Doctor, in spite of his assumed humility that he puts on, fired up at the home-thrust, and wrote back—"He had come with presents, not to be questioned about his creed; that it was bad taste of Mtesa to say all Mussulmans were bad; that if he thought that, he would not come near him." Mtesa got in a panic, sent over his secretary, and said what had been written was wrong; that he did not mean it; that he was a Mussulman, and wanted the first letter back. The Doctor would not give it. However, after much pressing, he gave it to Mtesa, but has the copy. Mtesa is very sharp. The Doctor has no shirts. The viziers begged them all off him.

September 13.—Got over twenty miles to-day. The mosquitoes in the morning were terrible on one's neck; passing a tree a hornet flew out and stung me on the nape, and made me feel in both shoulders. He had let the whole caravan—two hundred people—pass him, and selected me—the only white of the party. . . . . The heat is terrible; however (D.V.) one-and-a-half day's march will complete my journey, and then I turn northwards. You have no idea how *Inshallah* (God willing) grows on one here. Things so generally go crooked, to *our* frail judgment, that

I would defy a man to express himself as in Europe—"I shall go to town to-morrow, and be back on Tuesday." He would never say that in these countries without the preface; and if he did the hearer would say it for him.

September 14.—Got over seventeen miles, the first six of which were through a dense jungle, with large creepers and fallen trees right across the path; a complete entanglement with constant marshes, and mosquitoes in myriads. I did not feel at all comfortable; when we had gone four miles, I heard a shout and a crash of loads thrown down, and then a volley about twenty yards in the rear of me. About ten or twelve of those irrepressible vermin had made an attack on the porters. They threw their assegais, but only wounded one man. This sort of work is much more dangerous for me, humanly speaking, than regular war would be. These blacks can throw their lances fifty yards with a sure aim; and, as the path is very narrow and the bush very dense, one is not comfortable. Besides which I have not overmuch confidence in the troops or officer with me. However (D.V.) it will be over to-morrow. I do not carry arms as I ought to do, for my whole attention is devoted to defending the nape of my neck from mosquitoes. However, I will carry my revolver to-morrow, though the native will have first shot if he does attack me. In the attack one of the lances destroyed my butter-tin.

September 15.—Having marched close on eighty miles by land, I ought to be near Nyamyongo, which Speke puts near south of 1° N. Lat. The country is disagreeably wooded, and I have little

confidence in my caravan; so that it is just as well to turn back, as nothing is to be gained but the survey of a few miles more of river which we know to be navigable to Isamba; so (D.V.) back I go to-morrow by boat. It is a remarkable thing that from here to Mrooli [seventy-five miles], the edge of the river is unapproachable, except through 100 yards to one mile of papyrus and marsh. From Mrooli to Foweira [seventy-three miles] there are only two places where you can land on *terra firma*, exclusive of Foweira. From Foweira to Murchison Falls there may be landing-places; from Murchison Falls to Magungo [eighteen miles] there are not more than three; from Magungo to Duffli [135 miles] there are five landing-places; from below Fola Rapids to Rageef [113 miles] you can land anywhere, while from Rageef to Lardo [twenty-six miles] you can only land at one (Gondokoro) besides Lardo. There is one place between Lardo and Bohr [ninety miles], at the Shir tribe; then you can land at the old Mission below Bohr; then there is no landing-place till the Saubat [360 miles]; then none till Fashoda [sixty miles], and for one hundred miles north of it people *do* land, but it is over your knees in the rainy season.

MROOLI, *September 18.*—I arrived here last night by river from Nyamyongo—it is one lake, all the way, of dead water. The Kaba Rega natives threatened us with an attack, but did not persist after we fired a few shots. The river is extraordinary. It was very dangerous work threading the narrow passages, for the natives could conceal themselves in the rushes, and hurl their spears into the boats without your being

able to perceive them. When I got here I found some letters from Mtesa, in answer to mine about the treaty. He, however, says nothing about that, and his letters, as usual, are mixed up with bits of prayers, and requests for guns, etc. I have given him a good letter, and have (D.V.) done with him.

EN ROUTE TO MASINDI, *September 20.*—An elephant made us halt to-day. The men were quite afraid to pass. He stood like a mountain in the path, and had broken down a thick tree, a foot in diameter.

September 22.—Marched eight miles and a-half, and arrived at higher land (with good water), called Kisuga. Pleasant hills all around.

Now for an affair. I have had for some time some misgivings whether the officers and troops I had sent from Foweira to occupy Masindi were really there; but they—my misgivings—had been lulled by the most positive assurances. Now, here we are about twelve miles from Masindi, and I find my suspicions are correct; that the station it has pleased them to call Masindi is two days from here, further to the north: so that if God wills, and I arrive safe at Masindi, it will be I that God permits to capture it. Is not this a proof of the worthlessness of the tools I have to work with? Here I am, marching from Mrooli to Masindi, thinking it in the possession of my troops; and when I arrive near Masindi I find I have a day's journey further on to those troops. I have one hundred men with me and a small caravan, and I trust God will bring us safely through.

The *employé* in charge of the troops (which ought to be at Masindi, and which are not) has

been warned to meet me; I hope all will go well, even if he does not (which I think very likely) obey my orders. In spite of all this, I am exceedingly glad it has pleased God so to rule things; for I now have made some arrangements for the disposition of troops which are much preferable to my previous arrangements. I certainly did not expect to have this business on my hands, after my Nyamyongo tour by land and water; but you never know what you may come on in this land, and never ought to think of the morrow—except that it shall pass as God wills it. People may object, as they like, to what I may say, but nevertheless the faith God has given me is a fountain of support for the present and future, and also for drowning the past. This is what He would have us be—viz., "His friends," not servants.

September 24.—Marched fifteen miles. The enemy kept on drumming and blowing horns all yesterday afternoon around us. Having the account of Baker's retreat* before me, I was far from comfortable; for here I was with, at the outside, one hundred soldiers, of whom thirty are scarcely over sixteen years old. However, thank God—not in words, but heartfully—we got through safely. We have been followed, and once the natives seemed inclined to close on us—one of them firing a musket. It is not comfortable work, for the grass is so dense. I hope to communicate with the *soi-disant* Masindi to-night. I expect it is at Koki. Fancy this *employé* daring to date his letters Masindi, and to report its capture, from this place Koki. Kaba Rega went off to the lake from Masindi as we approached. Thank God we

* *Ismailia*, Vol. II., p. 327.—ED.

have lost nothing, and have brought on our sick. I only saw one of the enemy running off in the grass. . . . . I killed a nasty viper in my tent this minute.

Look at the Psalms for the 24th day, and see how appropriate the first one is.

September 25.—Marched nine miles—dense jungle; thank God, unmolested. D.V. shall reach the *soi-disant* Masindi to-morrow.

September 26.—Marched twelve miles through dense jungle, and are lost in the forest! I propose to deal with Kaba Rega thus: To wait till the grass is dry enough to burn, and then to launch three columns on him. One from Mrooli to Kisoga—150 soldiers and 3,000 of the Lango tribe; one from Keroto to Masindi of the same force. These columns will make stockades at Kisoga and at Masindi, which will take four days. They will then search the country to the south for Kaba Rega. These two columns will be supported by a force with the steamer on the lake [Albert Nyanza], which will push on to Vacovia, and landing, cause a diversion. I am now debating—shall I wait for the movement? It is not necessary, I think, for the mass of men I dispose of are, humanly speaking, quite enough for success. Kaba Rega has a large court with him of useless followers, and he must break up, attacked as he will be on all sides.* When once the officers have the idea, and means given them to execute the same, they do better without, than with me; for I hamper them in many ways, and I do not

* The force that was sent against Kaba Rega drove him back and returned with herds of cattle as their booty. But when the troops retired he returned to his country.—ED.

think, when once in movement, I am of any use. Having their stockades at Kisoga and Masindi is a great support. When once the grass is burnt there is no danger, for you can see everywhere; and these people, unlike the Bari, never attack at night. I have sent out guides to search for Keroto, the *soi-disant* Masindi. While on the march we had a hail-storm — the first time I have seen hail.

KEROTO.—Arrived here yesterday (September 26), and found not a move had been made to come out and meet us. However, after a fearful row I quieted down, and as mercy had been showed me I did the same. Poor creatures! you cannot expect better.

MAGUNGO, *September 29*.—I left Keroto yesterday, and marched nineteen miles; started to-day, and got here, marching thirty-five miles, which shows your brother is in good health. It is my habit at each station to assemble all the troops, and ask them if they have any complaints. This I do as a safety-valve against tyranny; but I certainly did think it rather inconsiderate to-day, to have the whole of the troops come up ten minutes after my arrival from a thirty-five-miles' march.

October 1.—D.V. I leave to-morrow for Chibero, on the Lake, and hope to return in four days. I went up to Murchison Falls. It is more of a rapid than a fall, and is a poor thing after the idea one had formed of it.

October 2.—I left Magungo for Chibero to-day. We anchored some fifteen miles from Magungo. The Lake was pretty calm, but the swell was perceptible; in the evening, after a thunder-storm,

we got rolled about a good deal, which showed me that it is not a very safe thing to be on this Lake with inexperienced sailors, who do not know what rough weather is, and who may not moor the steamer well.

October 3.—I steamed up to opposite Chibero, and could see the hills of Masindi twenty-five miles off. A native was fishing in a canoe, and evidently did not see us coming till we were close on him. He then tried to paddle off, but it was no use; and we caught him, and made him come on board and see the vessel. He seemed dazed. I sent a letter by him to Kaba Rega, who is some days inland; and gave the native some presents when we let him go. He paddled off; and till he was hid in the reeds I did not see him turn his head to look at us. He was utterly confounded. Having been up as far as was necessary (for I hope to make a station at Chibero, so as to form a line of posts from the Victoria Nile to the Lake) I turned back.

A terrible thing has happened. You know I wrote and said we had made the station at Urundogani, and that we had occupied Dubaga (Mtesa's capital). I telegraphed this to H. H., and you know afterwards that it was all humbug, and that I had to withdraw my men from Mtesa's. Well, H. H., in answer to my telegram, telegraphs his congratulations, and confers *on me the Medjidieh of the first or second class !!!* This is dreadful, for it is obtained under false pretences.

On October 6 Colonel Gordon started on his journey northwards. He arrived at Lardo on the 11th, and left it on the 16th, in a steamer for Khartoum. He did not return again to the equatorial province, but during the next three

years administered it through his lieutenants. The stations at Mrooli, Foweira, and Masindi were given up during this period, and the frontier line was drawn in to the northern or right bank of the Victoria Nile.

EN ROUTE FOR KHARTOUM, *October 19.*—I went down a different passage of the Nile. The natives, not liking our coming down this new branch, fired a shower of arrows from the reedy banks on us. Two fell in the steamer: they had ebony points—not iron, as they generally have. I met the post yesterday, and received your letters of August 23. . . . . The "groans" [referring to a passage in one of these letters] on all sides are owing to idleness. If people took in washing, they would not have time to groan. I hate the grumbling idleness of the mass of people at home.

KHARTOUM, *October 29.*—I see there are English sparrows here; it is quite a pleasure to see them. . . . . (These letters are my journal, so do not nail me down to anything I may say I propose to do.) I have telegraphed to Cairo, to say that I hope to come down for a time; but I have not said anything about coming home yet. I want to see my way clear first. Comfort-of-Body—a very strong gentleman—says, "You are well; you have done enough; go home; go home, and be quiet, and risk no more." Mr. Reason says, "What is the use of opening more country to such a Government? There is more now under their power than they will ever manage. Retire now, and avoid troubles with Mtesa and the Mission." But Mr. Something (I do not know what) says, "Shut your eyes to what may happen in future; leave that to God, and do what you

think will open the country thoroughly to both Lakes. Do this, not for H.H., or for his Government, but do it blindly and in faith." An oracle also says, "Let your decision rest on the way H.H. is disposed; if he desires you to stay, then stay; but if he seems indifferent, then do not hesitate, but go away for good."

KHARTOUM, *October 30*.—I went to the convent to-day, and found a nice old nun and a younger one. They told me harrowing tales of the sufferings of the poor natives in Kordofan—it is dreadful. Really the only remedy I can see is the establishment of a good road to this place from Cairo. This would let light in, and things could not go on as they do now. Thank God, He will in His own time remedy these miseries. Now, to-day Reason says strongly, "Do not stay and aid such a Government." But I do not like to be beaten, which I am if I retire; and by retiring I do not remedy anything. By staying I keep my province safe from injustice and cruelty in some degree. . . . . When a house gives ominous cracks, prior to a fall, one's desire is, like the rats in ships, to leave it; but this proverb is generally used in the sense of "Having sucked the orange, throw away the rind," and I do not like the idea, even if the cracks are serious. Why should I fear? Is man more strong than God? Things have come to such a pass in these Mussulman countries, that a crisis must come about soon.

On leaving Khartoum, Colonel Gordon placed Colonel Prout of the American army in command of the Equatorial Province. This gentleman "went up in December of this year and governed

the province with great ability. In May, 1877, his health broke down, and he returned to England. He went out again, but his health would not stand the climate, and so he left."

ESNEH-ON-NILE, SOUTH OF THEBES, *November 29.*—When I was in Cairo in February, 1874, just before leaving for Khartoum, I was delayed in my departure by the *fêtes* given by H.H. in honour of his daughter's marriage with the son of the Finance Minister, Ismail Pasha Sadyk, who was one of his four great Pashas or Muchirs, the others being Cherif Pasha, Tewfik Pasha (his son), and Khiari Pasha, the keeper of his seal. Nubar Pacha told me Ismail Pasha Sadyk was much against my appointment. However, —— said, "Go and see him." So I did, and he was very civil. The evening before I left, I and —— saw the Khedive pass with him in a carriage. They were talking with much energy, and —— said, "There is the most powerful man in Egypt," meaning Ismail Pasha Sadyk. When, a few days ago, I got to Korosko I heard this:—A diabeyah, with the windows nailed up, had passed up with soldiers all around it and at the door of the cabin. Two Colonels were on board and twenty-five soldiers. It went on to Wadi Halfa, where camels were waiting for the inmates of the diabeyah. Who do you think was in it but my friend Ismail Pasha Sadyk! According to what I picked up, it appears that the Khedive himself drove down with him to the Cairo Arsenal about November 11; went over a steamer which had her steam up; went with him into the cabin, and, leaving the cabin, said to him, "Restez ici." Ismail tried to follow, but was prevented. The Khedive got into his carriage, and Ismail steamed

off, without a single thing or servant, up to Assuan, where he was put on board the diabeyah and the windows nailed up. At Siout a single box of clothes, sent from Cairo, was put on board; and there the poor man was, with no servant or food, going on a journey which, in all my health and strength, I find a terrible one. He tried, by setting fire to the cushions of the diabeyah, to smother himself; but the fire was smelt and put out, and since then eight soldiers watch him day and night. He is allowed no light or cigarette; he eats very little, has only bread and dates, and is ill. I do not vouch for the mode of his arrest, but that is what I heard.

Fancy a man of the position he had—palaces and every luxury which an eastern Pasha of his rank and wealth would have—being thus suddenly sent off into the wilds of the Soudan. The reason of his arrest is not known to me. It was known in Cairo that he had enriched himself in the matter of the loans, but he was supposed to be hand and glove with H.H. about them. Cave and Rivers Wilson's missions may have caused some disclosures that brought about this *dénoûment*. How God works! When I was going up to the Soudan he was all-powerful; when I am coming down, few would envy his lot. Poor man! poor man! He was a Turk, had charge of the stables of Abbas Pasha and Seid Pasha (the predecessors of the present Khedive), and he was made Finance Minister by the latter. He is believed to own millions made out of the loan. What an affair! Every one speaks in bated breath of it. I have (D.V.) made up my mind to serve H.H. no longer.

CAIRO, *December 2.*—I arrived here to-day at seven in the morning, twenty days from Khartoum. I called on Cherif Pasha, who is Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he was very civil; but I do not think he relished telling the Khedive I would not stay in his service. It appears H.H. was quite right in exiling Ismail Sadyk Pasha.

Colonel Gordon arrived in London on December 24, 1876.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NILE FROM RAGEEF TO DUFFLI.

WEST BANK.

The country on the west bank between Rageef and Kerri is open, well cultivated and peopled, and interspersed with fine trees. Between the torrent Kya and the station Kerri the slope of the ground is more rapid, is rocky, and covered with brushwood. The "Lima" is a considerable stream during the rains; it flows steadily and with considerable volume, and would seem to have a long course. The "Kya," with a much larger rocky bed, is a mere torrent, but from the water marks, it would seem at times to rise fifteen or sixteen feet.

From Kerri to about twelve miles north of Laboré station, the country is open, rather more thickly interspersed with trees, well peopled, and cultivated. From twelve miles north of Laboré to the junction with the Nile of the river Asua, the valley of the Nile gets narrower and narrower, the country is cut up by torrent beds, rocks, and is covered with brushwood and trees; it is, however, well peopled up to the river or torrent Iyoo, which resembles the Kya, and appears to flow through a gorge in the Neri hills.

About four miles from the torrent Iyoo, the route leaves the river, and mounting the uplands, follows the mountains to near Duffli station; this part is a complete wilderness, no inhabitants, it is cut up by torrent beds, and is sterile and rocky, and covered with brushwood.

The river Nile from the junction of the river Asua with it, for upwards of seven miles is very narrow in places. The west bank here descends like a scarp to deep water; numerous torrents join the Nile and render progress very difficult along the bank, which is some thirty to forty feet above the river. The escarpment of the bank renders any towing-up of boats impossible.

In this seven miles are the Fola Rapids. They are a shoot of water for some three miles, the angle of descent about twelve degrees. Numerous rocks split up the water and form an insurmountable obstacle, even if a vessel could stem the violent current; for she could not steer amidst such eddies.

In this seven miles there occurs the marked difference of level between the plains of Duffli and Gondokoro. Here also may be considered the line of demarcation between the Bari and Madi tribes.

After this seven miles the plain of Duffli is entered, and the banks of the Nile become marshy, the current not more than two knots per hour, and the river much wider.

Were it not for the rapids of Fola, a vessel could come up to the Lake from Cairo, for the water is deep throughout, and the other rapids on the river can be passed with care.

The Nile rises (during the rains) above the Fola Rapids some two to three feet; it rises fourteen to sixteen feet below the Fola Rapids to Kerri, and sometimes exceeds this in narrow places.

The best channel is that by the east bank—there are less rapids than on the west bank. Altogether, it would have been better to have placed the stations on the east bank, but the hostility of the natives prevented it. On the west bank the natives are hemmed in between the mountains of Neri and the river, and are more amenable to reason.—13-3-'76.

EAST BANK.

From Rageef to Kerri the country on the east bank resembles that on the west bank; but opposite the debouche of the Kya torrent a rocky slope covered with brushwood extends up to Kerri, forming a gorge, and making the river very narrow.

The same remarks apply to this bank as to the west bank up to *vis-à-vis* the torrent Iyoo. The mountains now come down close to the river, and the inhabitants are obliged to terrace the sides of the same to grow their crops.

The level space at the foot of the mountains, and between them and the river becomes narrower and narrower, and ceases near the junction of the Asua with the Nile.

"

The same remark applies also to the country on the east bank. The bank is a scarp down to the river.

A protruding rock in the higher land, perceptible from some distance, marks the middle of these rapids.

"

The same remark applies also to the country on the east bank. The Unyama and Jaifi rivers never dry up. The plain of Duffli is a great resort for all sorts of game in consequence of these two streams.

CHAPTER IV.—1877.

COLONEL GORDON had been so much thwarted in the best part of his work by Ismail Pasha Yacoub, the Governor-General of the Soudan, that he was most unwilling to return to his post. As one of his friends said, "He had successfully checked slave-driving in his own province, but he could do nothing to stop it in the extensive Soudan district, where Khartoum is the head-quarters of the system." A strong pressure was, however, put upon him by the Khedive; and at the same time, shortly after his arrival in England, he was informed by those in authority at home, that, for certain reasons into which it is needless to enter, they thought that he was bound to go back. He yielded so far as to consent to return to Cairo, there to talk over the whole question with the Khedive. As will be seen by the extracts from his letters that follow, the chief difficulty was quickly removed —nay, more, he was put in the place of the man who had so troubled him. This was not all; for the duties of the Governor-General of the Soudan were extended, and a vast country was put under his rule. "Setting a just value," wrote the Khedive* to Colonel Gordon, on February 17, 1877, "on your honourable character, on your zeal, and on the great services that you have already done me, I have resolved to bring the Soudan, Darfour, and the provinces of the Equator, into one great province, and to place it under you as Governor-General. As the country which you are thus to govern is so vast,† you must have beneath you three vakeels (or deputy-governors): the first for the Soudan properly so-called, the second for Darfour, and

* The letter was in French.

† The length of the province is 1640 miles; the breadth is very irregular, but it may be taken on an average as about 660 miles. The province is larger than the British Isles, Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Austria taken together.

the third for the shores of the Red Sea and the Eastern Soudan. . . . . There are two matters to which I would draw your attention: the first the suppression of slavery, the second the improvement of the means of communication.

"As Abyssinia for a great distance lies along the borders of the Soudan, I beg you, when you are on the spot, to look carefully into the state of affairs there; and I give you power, should you think well, to enter into negotiations with the authorities of that kingdom, to the end that a settlement may be arrived at of the matters in dispute between us and them."

It was to these eastern borders of his government, as will be presently seen, that Colonel Gordon's first duty led him. The following sketch may be of some service to my reader, as he follows the new Governor-General through the troubled course of the dealings between Egypt and Abyssinia.

Sketch of Affairs in Abyssinia since the English Expedition.*

When, in the beginning of the year 1868, the English under Sir Robert Napier† invaded Abyssinia, King Theodore fell back to Magdala. Thereupon throughout his dominions the great chieftains broke out into revolt. In the province of Tigré Prince Kassai took the lead. He overthrew Theodore's men in a fight, and proclaimed himself king of that province. From the English general he received a present of four cannons and a thousand stand of arms. From Cairo he managed to get an Abouna,‡ and by him he was crowned king of Abyssinia. In accordance with the custom of the country, and after the fashion of the popes, he took at his coronation a new name, and henceforth was known as Johannis. § Goobasie, who had been the heir to Theodore's throne, rose in rebellion against the new king, but he was taken prisoner, and punished by the loss of his eyesight. ‖ In time Johannis brought all the country under his sway, but the provinces of Bogos to the north, and Shoa

* This sketch is almost altogether founded on documents drawn up by Colonel Gordon.

† Lord Napier of Magdala. ‡ See p. 332.

§ In a *Dissertation on Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia* (p. 260) it is stated that "the Emperors of Æthiopia [the Kings of Abyssinia, that is to say] when they mount the throne take an adscititious name without laying aside their former." Theodore's name before his coronation was also Kassai. He and his successor were not, however, related.

‖ See p. 421.

to the south. In 1874 Bogos was seized by the Egyptian governor of Massawa—a Swiss of the name of Munzinger —and held for the Khedive. This adventurer had great influence with the Abyssinians, and it was said that he even aimed at making himself in the end their king. He urged his master not to rest content with Bogos, but to add to his dominions the neighbouring province of Hamaçem. The Khedive presently received £4,000,000 from the English Government in payment for the shares in the Suez Canal, so that he was ready for a war of aggression. Munzinger's advice was accordingly taken, but he himself was deprived of his governorship, and of the command of the expedition. He was sent with a small force to Tajurah, in the south-east, while his place in the north was taken by a nephew of Nubar Pasha, Arakol Bey, and by a Danish officer, Arendrup Bey.

Walad el Michael* was at this time hereditary prince, not only of Hamaçem but also of Bogos. A few years earlier he had sought the aid of the Emperor Napoleon III. against Johannis; but tidings of this had reached the king's ear, and he had been arrested and thrown into prison. In the alarm caused by the Egyptian invasion his freedom had been given him, and he had been sent back to his country to raise his people against the strangers. The Khedive's generals, in utter ignorance of the strength of the king's army, scattered their forces, which, even had they been massed, were none too strong. One detachment after another was cut to pieces by the Abyssinians. At Gondet, an American commanding a body of black troops made a gallant fight, but his small force was outnumbered, and they and their leader perished. A large supply of arms and ammunition fell into the hands of Walad el Michael. About the same time Munzinger also was killed near lake Aoussa by the Danakli tribe. To avenge their defeat, the Egyptians, in 1876, invaded Abyssinia, under the command of Ratib Pasha and Loring Pasha.† Walad el Michael, indignant with the King who had taken from him the spoils of war, like a second Hotspur broke out in revolt, and joined them

* Contracted into Wadenkal.

† "Ratib Pasha was a young man, a Circassian purchase of Said Pasha, the Viceroy before Ismail, ex-Khedive. He was a brave, good man. One day Said Pasha struck him. He went home and shot himself; the ball passed through the roof of his mouth, and came out of his nose. This showed that he had something in him more than the generality of these Pashas. He afterwards was Minister of War in the Nubar Ministry. Loring was an American by birth."—From a note by Colonel Gordon.

with a strong band. Prince Hassan accompanied the expedition, but did not hold a regular command. They marched up the country southwards from Massawa. On the table-land near Gura, they made two strong forts, and armed them with cannon. In the larger of the two, which was garrisoned by 15,000 men, were the three commanders; most of the soldiers were camped just outside in tents. On the morning of March 18, 1876, the Abyssinians, commanded by their king, were seen coming up from a small stream, and advancing between the two forts. There was a sharp contention between the two Pashas. "Stay in the forts," said Ratib. "No," replied Loring, "march out on them. You are afraid!" Stung by this reproach the Egyptian general gave in, and leaving his tents standing round the fort, advanced against the enemy. He took with him his artillery. The Abyssinians let them come down, and then dashed in on them. The Egyptians at once broke, and in less than an hour all was over. The king's main force never came into action, and it was by his van that the day was won. They rushed up the hill to the larger fort, and plundered all the tents. They were on the point of storming it when Johannis, thinking that for that day enough had been done, beat the great drum of recall. It was said that 9000 Egyptians fell in this disastrous battle, though many prisoners were made. All the tents, twenty-five cannons, 10,000 Remington rifles, and a great treasure, were among the spoils of the conquerors. So ignorant were they of the value of one part of their booty, that they mistook the English gold coins for brass counters. Thirty sovereigns were sold for four dollars. When the king returned to his camp he found it—so it is reported—pillaged by his own people, who had believed that he would be conquered and would never return. Prince Hassan and the two Pashas escaped to the woods, and under cover of the night made their way to the lesser fort. The commander there had all along kept within the walls, and had contented himself with playing his cannon on the enemy. On the morrow the Abyssinians attacked the larger fort, carrying up bags full of earth wherewith to fill the ditches. But, meanwhile, it had been strengthened by fresh troops, and they were driven off with great slaughter. Yet the king could have cut off the retreat of the Egyptian army, had he not listened to negotiations that were chiefly made to gain time. He consented to a truce; his army withdrew nearly a day's march, and the Egyptians returned to Massawa. Walad el Michael, with 7000 of his men, and with 700 Remington

rifles which he had received from Ratib Pasha, went back to Bogos. Had it not been for him, the negotiations that were still going on between the king and Ratib might have led to a lasting peace. But there was nothing that this man dreaded more than harmony between the two courts. He suddenly invaded Hamaçem, plundered the country, and killed Hailyou, the governor of the province. Thereupon Johannis would have nothing more to do with Ratib, but sent off an envoy to Cairo. So eager was he to punish Walad el Michael, and so much did he dread his power, that he was ready, if he were surrendered to him, to give up Hamaçem to Egypt. The Khedive could not decently abandon his ally, and yet was not willing to give a downright answer. For more than ten weeks he detained the unhappy envoy and his suite in a kind of honourable confinement. He would neither give him an audience, nor let him go home. The Abyssinian—who seems to have been not over-brave—became alarmed, and secretly sent a message to the French Consul-General, complaining of the treatment that he was receiving. This gentleman laid the matter before his English colleague. The result was, that after a further delay of nearly three weeks, an audience was granted. The next day the envoy was to set out on his return. But he had got into his head "that there were designs upon his life, that it was dangerous to trust himself to the Viceroy, and that he had better seek shelter with the English Consul-General." He arrived suddenly at the Consulate "with a ragged suite and a mob of people." The hootings that he received from this rabble added to his alarm. It was with some difficulty that he was convinced that his life was in no danger, and that it would be his wisest course to start at once. He took back from the Khedive rich presents to the king, but no letter. Johannis was greatly angered at the injurious treatment of his envoy, and at not receiving an answer to his proposals: still more angered was he by the inroads which Walad el Michael, starting from Egyptian territory, made into his country.

It was when matters were in this state that Colonel Gordon returned to Egypt, and was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan. He was at once sent to Massawa to make a treaty, if he could, with the King. His position was a most difficult one. On the one hand, the Khedive did not give him full powers. His instructions, which were in Arabic, were utterly useless for the chief purpose of his mission. At the request of the English Consul-General His Highness had added

to them—not in Arabic but in French—the following words: "Il y a sur la frontière d'Abyssinie des disputes; je vous charge de les arranger." On the other hand, his new and vast province demanded his whole attention. Darfour was in revolt, and the garrisons of Egyptian soldiers were besieged by the insurgents. Further south the slave-dealers, under the lead of Suleiman, the son of Sebehr Pasha, were also theatening to rise. While he was thus hard pressed a large part of his troops was withdrawn, and sent to Constantinople to support the Sultan in his war with Russia. With the handful of men that were in garrison in Bogos it was idle for him to think of bringing force to bear on Walad el Michael. Yet as long as this robber chief harried Abyssinia, so long there was no chance that Johannis would listen to terms of peace. Even Ratib Pasha with his army had not been able to put a stop to his inroads. Colonel Gordon's only hope was to gain time. He agreed to supply Walad el Michael with money and provisions on condition that he no longer troubled Abyssinia.

At the same time he proposed to the king a line of frontier by which Egypt would retain Bogos, but should be answerable for Walad el Michael's good behaviour. The King replied "You are a Christian. I write to you. You are my brother. I will never write to the Turks. The Khedive ill-treated my envoys. God will judge him. You speak of the frontier of Abyssinia. The whole world knows the ancient frontier." In the belief that for the present he was secure against any of Walad el Michael's inroads, the King thereupon went off to the south to fight his other enemy Menelek, King of Shoa. In August of this year (1877) he sent Colonel Gordon the following letter:—

"I have received your letter of March. I and my soldiers are well. I have destroyed him ['him' is used when a man is hated. It alluded to Menelek]. I have taken cattle. His wife deserted him [alluding to Menelek's wife having revolted against her husband because he had taken another concubine when he was in the field against Johannis]. I declared I would never write again to Mussulmans. You are a Christian. You are English. You are my brother. Ismail Pasha treated my envoys badly. I received his envoys with my crown on, and fired guns. Had not the English Consul-General sheltered them, Ismail would have killed them. With people without God one can never finish. God judge between me and Ismail.

You, you others, speak of the Abyssinian frontier is this and that. All the world knows the Abyssinian frontier."

Meanwhile the Governor-General had gone to Darfour and had put an end to the revolt. But in the autumn of the year (1877) he learnt by telegraph that Walad el Michael had returned to his old courses, and was once more plundering the Abyssinians. He went straightway to Bogos and visited the robber-chief in his fortress at Hallal. Walad urged him to join their forces and to fall upon Johannis, who was still fighting against the King of Shoa. Colonel Gordon refused, and in his turn begged him to make peace with the King. At the same time he warned him that, if he went on with his attacks on Abyssinia, Egypt would break with him once for all. He soon saw that no trust could be put in the man, and so he sent word to the King that he would no longer be answerable for his conduct. In the same letter he proposed that they should together seize him and send him to Cairo. His troops were to be offered a full pardon, so that they might not be made desperate by finding both Egypt and Abyssinia closed to them. Walad el Michael meanwhile had spread the report that Theodore's son, Alamayou, was coming back from England. In the alarm that these tidings caused, Johannis had at once made peace with the King of Shoa, but he returned no answer to Colonel Gordon's proposal.

Walad el Michael went on in much the same way as before till March, 1878, when, with all his men, he left the Egyptian territory and invaded Abyssinia. He had received a supply of ammunition from Colonel Gordon's vakeel or deputy. At the very time that the Governor-General was doing his utmost to keep the brigand at peace, his deputy in these parts had thus secretly equipped him, while the Khedive's Minister of War wrote to congratulate him on a victory that he soon won, and to urge him to press onwards in his conquest. This advice he did not, however, follow, for before long he came to terms with the King, and, without laying down his arms, received a pardon. Everything seemed quiet on the side of Abyssinia till the summer of 1879, when Aloula, the King's Commander-in-Chief, and Walad el Michael threatened an attack both on Massawa and the Soudan. Colonel Gordon was thereupon sent on a mission to Abyssinia, both to announce the accession of the new Khedive and to arrange terms of peace. Shortly after he landed at Massawa news came to him that Metfin, the son of Walad el Michael, had been waylaid and shot dead

by the son of Hailyou, that Governor of Hamaçem whom Walad had killed three years earlier. The murderer was thrown into prison by the King, but in three days he was let out; while Walad el Michael and all his officers were suddenly arrested. The rest of the story of the Mission is in its proper place given in Colonel Gordon's own words.*

LONDON, *January 31, 1877.*—I have promised —— that if His Highness will not give me the Province of Soudan I will not go back to the Lakes. I do not think he will give it, and I think you will see me back in six weeks. . . . . I hope to start to-night. I will make a stand at Cairo; and, if I see it is no use going up, I will give it up.

CAIRO, *February 9.*—I wrote to Cherif Pasha to ask him to send me his Secretary, to whom I would express my views, etc., as both he and H.H. would be too much engaged to hear me to the length I would wish. The Master of the Ceremonies called on me, on the part of H.H., to ask me to dinner to-night. I pleaded fatigue; I am tired of this work, and have set my face, as a flint, to stand firm. If I go to dinner H.H. will only humbug me into some admission or promise. "

CAIRO, *February 11.*—Yesterday Cherif Pasha sent his Secretary to hear what I had to say; so I told my story, and then gave in my ultimatum—either give me the Soudan, or I will not go. I said there was only one compromise I would accept, viz,, "Send the son of the Khedive to the Soudan, and I will go to my province." The son was educated in England, at Oxford. He will thank me for this—will he not? I do not yet

* See p. 401.

know if this was wise of me or not. I do not care, for He rules.

Afternoon.—Vivian* saw the Khedive to-day, who got from him where the trouble was with me; and, after a long conversation, said, "I will give Gordon the Soudan." Vivian told H.H. that Her Majesty's Government would gladly see H.H. make peace with Abyssinia, and asked him to do so; he (the Khedive) proposed I should do so on my way to Khartoum.

February 13.—I went to see H.H. . . . . He looked at me reproachfully, and my conscience smote me. He led me in, and Cherif Pasha came in. Then I began, and told him all; and then he gave me the Soudan, and I leave on Saturday morning. I have to see him to-morrow. I am so very glad to get away; for I am very weary. I go up alone with an infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and, indeed, to feel sure of success.

On February 18, 1877, Colonel Gordon left Cairo for Suez, on his way to Massawa, where he arrived on the 26th of that month.

MASSAWA, *March 7.*—The war has pressed very heavily on the Abyssinian frontier peasantry. Like all savage and undisciplined troops who have no regular commissariat, but live on the country people, the soldiery, when they come down to attack us, pillage every one, whether friends or foes. This having gone on for nearly eighteen months, the peasantry are nearly ruined, and are as anxious for peace as even Egypt is. Where

* The English Consul-General.—ED.

Johannis is, there he is king; but as soon as he leaves the locality, he is naught.

March 8.—We are much troubled with an Abyssinian chief, whose name is Walad el Michael. This man is a rebel to King Johannis; he is in our territory, and our ally; he has some 3,000 men, and we feed him, but he makes forays into King Johannis's territory whenever he likes, and of course this makes Johannis doubt our sincerity. Michael is too strong for us to attempt to put him down; we cannot even think of it. What can we do with him? Johannis will not make peace till Michael is made to be quiet, and Michael does not care for us one jot.

March 11.—The Khedive has made me a Muchir, or Marshal; so I and the Duke [of Cambridge] are equals! He has sent me the uniform; the coat is worth £150, covered with gold lace. He has given me all the coast of the Red Sea, even to Berberah, opposite Aden. It is an immense command.

Between Massawa and Keren, *March 15–20.*— . . . . Our route has been over an undulating desert country, skirting the Abyssinian Mountains; we have now turned more westerly, and are passing through a gorge in the spur of these mountains. To-night (the 18th) there was a herd of dog-faced baboons sitting on the edge of the gorge watching us; they have a regular mane, and look as if they were tippetted. They grunt and bark in an extraordinary way. The little ones have no tippets. As among us, constant quarrels go on among them, in which we hear the little ones yelp. . . . . Now that I am launched again into these soli-

tudes, and with those extraordinary animals (the camels), I think over my position. I have sent to offer Johannis fair conditions, and I hope to see Aloula, his great general, near Senheit. If I succeed there, I go on to Khartoum, and thence, after a short stay, to Darfour, which is, they say, in revolt; but I do not altogether believe it. . . . , Nothing could exceed the kindness of all the Khedive's despatches. He has put Zeila, Berberah, and Harrar under me. "Ask of me, and I will give thee to the half of my kingdom." And now for the reverse of the medal. It is the sacrifice of a *living* life. To give your life to be taken at once, is one thing; to live a life such as is before me is another and more trying ordeal. I have set my face to the work, and will give my life to it. I feel as if I had naught to do with the Government. God must undertake the work, and I am for the moment used as His instrument. I am not one jot, or, I suppose I must say, only very, very slightly elated by the honours and power given me; and this elation arises from a feeling of satisfaction that H.H. has confidence in me. I think how many would be weighed down by this immense charge; how they would shrink from accepting it without some other help, for fear of their reputation. But for me, I never gave the question a thought. I feel sure of success; for I do not lean on my own understanding, and He directs my path. The events of the future are all written, and are mapped out in all their detail for each one of us. The Negro, the Arab, and the Bedouin's course—their meeting with me, etc.,—is decreed. How man can claim praise for anything he does! . . . .

These interminable deserts and arid mountains fill the heart with far different thoughts than civilised lands would do. It was for this that the Israelites were led through them. You must not imagine the desert as a flat, sandy country; the features of the ground are what they are in other countries. There are scrubby trees and stubbly grasses, but no water, though there are water-courses. Water these lands, and they would blossom as the rose. I would infinitely sooner travel alone in these countries than with a companion. Of course I never can converse with the Arabs; so on one goes stalking along—the camel's cushioned-foot makes no noise, and you learn yourself!

The district was once a sort of neutral ground, neither Egyptian nor Abyssinian. It is called Bogos by the Abyssinians, and Senheit by the Arabs. The capital is Keren—Senheit it is also called. Munzinger placed a fort at Keren, and though Johannis agreed to it, this annexation led to the war. I cannot give it up, for it cuts off the road to Kasala. The telegraph passes along the road. . . . . I am writing in the open air by a candle-lamp, in a savage gorge; not a sound to be heard. The baboons are in bed in the rocks.

March 19.—We started at dawn, and made a good march; then halted on the other side of a very high pass. . . . . Here I met two hundred cavalry and infantry, who had come to meet us. I am most carefully guarded—at six yards radius round this tree where I am sitting are six or eight sentries, and the other men are in a circle round them. Now, just imagine this, and put yourself in my position. However, I know they will all

go to sleep, so I do not fret myself. I can say truly, no man has ever been so forced into a high position as I have. How many I know to whom the incense would be the breath of their nostrils. To me it is irksome beyond measure. Eight or ten men to help me off my camel! as if I were an invalid. If I walk, every one gets off and walks; so, furious, I get on again.

KEREN, *March 20.*—I arrived here at nine this morning; a grand procession. We were met half-way by a body of Abyssinians in our employment, with musicians and people who danced before me; three horsemen, with kettle-drums, rode before them, beating their little drums. When we got here the troops were all drawn up in line; there are four officers who were in Mexico; they are all black. Among the people who came to meet me was a man with a very white face, dressed as the Abyssinians are, viz., in a sheet wrapped round him. I could not make it out, so I called him, as I heard he spoke French. To my surprise he answered, "I am an Irishman. I have been in this country sixteen years. My name is Macilvrey. I came here with Consul Cameron." . . . . When he was a lad of fourteen he went up with Consul Cameron to Theodore. He was taken prisoner, and released by Napier. He then went back to Abyssinia, and has remained there till last July, when he was taken prisoner by Walad el Michael, in one of his raids into Johannis's territory. He has a wife and two children—he wants to go back, so I shall let him. . . . . My clerk amuses me; he comes in in a mysterious way, looks round, crawls up to me, whispers two or three words, looks swiftly

round to see if any one approaches, says another word, looks around again, etc. It is quite absurd, for at any time I am not a good Arabic scholar, and these interruptions and the low tone disconcert me. The substance of some of these communications is about as important as "So-and-so has a hole in his sock."

KEREN, *March 23*.—To-day, at 9 a.m., Walad el Michael, at the head of about two hundred infantry and sixty cavalry, approached this place. I had pitched tents outside the fort for them, and Walad el Michael came up into the fort, and I took him into my house. I had previously written a paper explaining that Egypt, deferring to the wishes of Europe, had determined not to carry on the war, and proposing to him that I should demand a government for him under Johannis, or else I could give him a government in my territory. The French missionaries translated this to him, and then I left the room for them to talk it over with him. After a time, he said he would like an hour to think it over, but I gave him till to-morrow. Having given him some good presents, I let him go. I should think he was glad to be out of the fort, and among his own people. He asked me not to make peace unless Johannis gave up Hamaçem; but I have not the face to ask that, for we never took that country from Johannis. It is, in fact, two treaties of peace that one has to make—one with Johannis, and the other with Walad el Michael. . . . . The latter is a man of sixty; he has not to my mind a very taking face. His priest was with him, and the missionaries say, in the quaintest way, "that it is the priests I have

to fear, for that *they* always are the mischief-makers." As for his dress, it was nothing remarkable—a sort of embroidered damask gown and a baldrick of skin round his neck. The priest, of whom he is afraid, was a mean sort of fellow. . . . . There is an immense amount of work to be done in this country: so many affairs which have never been brought to any conclusion. The widows and orphans of the troops killed under Arendrup are all here, and a number of men mutilated in all sorts of ways. The promotion of men, etc.—all these things come on me. I often think how small the office-work generally is with us in England in our great offices, in comparison with the questions one has to decide here. In one case a few pounds are in dispute; in the other case the whole tenure, and the destiny of human beings are in question. In reality both are equally important as far as the effects on ourselves are concerned. The procuring and boiling of potatoes is as much to a poor woman as the reorganising of the army is to Cardwell. We are all hens, and never were such eggs laid as our own! . . . . I take my chair to sit outside in the evening, and up come three or four applicants with petitions. These have to be acted on; often in discussing them other things come to light, which one has never heard of, and then these things have to be gone into, and one never finishes. I go on the principle that any decision is better than none.

KEREN, *March 25*.—These populations are most remarkable. Some of the Barea and Bazi tribe are pagans, some are Mussulmans, and some are Christians. The priest of Walad el Michael said

that Jesus was killed by accident; he did not seem to know that He died for the world. The Abyssinian priests would, if they could, and they do sometimes, cut off the hands of any who will not conform to their rites. They are a most ignorant set, and fanatical to a degree. The people fear them, for their excommunication is a *finalé* to any one on whom it falls. . . . . The priest of Walad el Michael carried an iron cross, very like a key, with him; which he used to hold up to his mouth if I looked at him—to avoid the evil eye, I suppose. From what I have seen of these Abyssinians, I do not like them at all; they are a set of deceitful brigands according to all accounts, and they look a furtive, pole-cat race. . . . . The more I see of these lands, the more I feel you ought to congratulate yourself on being born in England, instead of here, where such is the insecurity, that you might any night have to flee in your chemise. We get into the habit of thinking our civilised state of life is the normal state of man, but it is not so; the normal state is the chemise state, and the risk of being attacked at any moment. . . . . We have had a hard day's work, what with Walad el Michael's papers, and the treaty I have sent to Johannis. I called on Walad el Michael and gave him his paper. He was a great deal too humble, and would get down to kiss my feet. He goes to his home to-morrow.

KEREN, *March 26.*—The Egyptians feared this war with Abyssinia, because tradition said that Mahomet had pronounced a curse against any Mussulman making war on Abyssinia. The affair was thus: In the fifth year of the Prophet's mis-

sion, his adherents were so pushed by the Koreish, the reigning family at Mecca, that Mahomet sent over to Abyssinia some eighty of his people. The Koreish sent to demand them, but the King of Abyssinia would not give them up. Thence, in gratitude, Mahomet denounced any attack on Abyssinia. This was well known by the Egyptian soldiers, and they only entered into the war with half-heartedness. The Mussulmans have a tradition, also from Mahomet, that the Caaba* at Mecca shall, in the last times, be destroyed by the Abyssinians; after which it will never be rebuilt. You can, therefore, understand that there would be a great feeling against giving Abyssinia a port; for she might thus own vessels, and be able to carry out the destruction of the Caaba.

Menelek, King of Shoa, has attacked Gondar; and that poor Johannis has collected all his troops, and has gone to meet him. I am much afraid that Walad el Michael will make an advance on Hamaçem, and complicate matters between me and Johannis. If Johannis gets beaten I do not know what will happen. . . . . I wish Walad el Michael was out of our way; I am afraid of him and his hordes. If I armed the people here they would dispose of him, but they would dispose of us also.

KEREN, *March 28.*—Abyssinia is a cock-pit—every one is a brigand or soldier (terms which are synonymous), deeply fanatical against all rites except their own. The ignorant priests rule the country. Johannis can do us little harm; he cannot, owing to want of food, keep an army

* The Temple.—ED.

together; and his people, taken away from the tillage of their lands, are in a sad plight, so I hope he will be sensible. Against Egypt every one is united, but the moment the Egyptians retired they began to fight among themselves again. I expect they are Irishmen. The excommunication of the priests is the great weapon—it is terrible; far worse than, or quite as bad as, that of the Inquisition.* It amuses me to hear the Catholic priests here complain of it, and say that the priests want to keep the people ignorant, so as to rule them. Is it not what *they* would do elsewhere, if they could?

KEREN, *March 30.*—The envoy, Hassan, I sent to Aloula, has returned, and gives me a favourable idea of Aloula's mission. Aloula told him that the invasion of Menelek was true, and that he, Aloula, was going to assist Johannis against him. I have, therefore, sent to Johannis to say, "That as he is occupied, and will be so for some time, I will not wait for him; that I consider he has accepted my terms, and that at any rate he must accept them for the present; but that, if he wishes to discuss them further, he must let me know, and I will come back and see him in a couple of months." The son of Walad el Michael has been here, a conceited puppy, dressed in European clothes. He went over to the French Mission before he came to see me, and said, "My father has finished his affairs very

* "There is no nation where excommunication carries greater terrors than among the Abyssins, which puts it in the power of the priests to abuse this religious temper of the people, as well as the authority they receive from it, by excommunicating them, as they often do, for the least trifle in which their interest is concerned."—FATHER LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia* in 1625, p. 61.—ED.

well, but he forgot me. I want a government to myself; I am a prince, and I want this and that." Well, then he came to see me, but I looked vicious, so he dared not say anything to me. He went away, and again sought the missionaries; but when he came again to tell me, his heart again failed him, and he dared not say a word; so now he has left. He and his father are not on the best of terms, I expect. The son I at once took an antipathy to, and I could easily calculate with him; his father is the real power I have to fear.

DUGGAM, EN ROUTE TO KASALA, *April 8.*—The marches I make are seldom less than thirty miles a-day, in great heat; this is not all, for I have always very many orders to give, and letters to write, and applications to attend to at the different stations. Each person at each station has something to say, for they have been much neglected, and, poor people! to them my visit is a great chance of ventilating their wants. It is rare for them to find any one to attend to them, though their own governor only lately passed through here. Of course it spreads like wild-fire that every one who has anything to say is admitted, and I consequently suffer; but to them individually, to be listened to, and their wants attended to, is their everything, and I must not complain if they have no thought of what I have already gone through. There is only one issue to it, that is death, and I often feel I wish it would come and relieve me, more especially as I think I have to go through this life for at least a year. How many jolting journeys I have before me, to Darfour, to Wadi Halfa, and back here;

to Massawa, to Berberah, etc., and then back to Khartoum, and then up to those Lakes. I do not care, for as far as the pleasure of living goes, I have to a great measure lost it. The difficulty is in being always amiable to every new person one sees. I live a prisoner; I cannot move without an escort of some sort. This is the life of the ambitious, and for this men strive and are discontented.

April 9.—Yesterday I had an odd visit. The secretary came in, and told me a very great man had called to see me—a man of religion of the family of Mahomet. He (the secretary) was in trepidation, and evidently much awed. I said, "Show him in." In came a well-dressed Arab of about twenty-nine or thirty years of age. He was very stately, and just touched my hand, and sat down. He had great staring black eyes, and scarcely spoke at all. I tried to be as civil as possible, but he never thawed a bit, and my secretary was in an awe-stricken state all the time. I accompanied him to his horse; and this was a great compliment on my part. Later in the day I thought I would go to see him, for I heard he had great influence with the Arabs (Bedouins): so I went over to his house. There are generally three divans, or sofas, in all Arab houses—one at the end of the room, and one at each side thereof. As a rule, I go to the sofa at the upper end of the room, as supreme; and I did so on this occasion. The great man kept me waiting for a long time, during which my people all seemed awe-struck. At last he came in, and I got up to meet him. He just touched my hand, and waved to me to sit down on the sofa at the

side, while he mounted the central sofa, tucked up his legs on the same, and sat still, while all my people crawled up with the greatest veneration, and kissed his hand. I waited for some time, making a few remarks, which were scarcely replied to by the holy man; and when I took my leave he did not come to see me off. The history of it is this. The man's name is Shereef Seid Hacim. He is of Mecca; he comes over from thence, and visits the Bedouin tribes yearly; he is of direct descent from the prophet Mahomet, and is looked upon as a man of God. Every word he says is looked upon as a prophecy. The Bedouins obey his slightest wish; and I believe the Khedive has to make obeisance to him, so I did very wrong in sitting on the end sofa, and evidently it was the difficulty he was in how to turn me off that caused the delay, as it is quite unusual for a pasha to get up when a visitor arrives. At any rate, it was fortunate I acted politely at his coming in, otherwise he was, I expect, quite capable of telling me to get off his throne. He kept my clerk after I left; and, though he had not been very civil to me, he asked me to restore the stipend which the Khedive had promised him, and which Ismail Pasha, my predecessor, had cut off. . . . . I cannot tell you how wearisome it is, to be continually finding fault, and turning out officials, etc. That is my constant work; and as I go along I am like a fire, leaving wrecks behind me. I will (D.V.) do my duty, troublesome and even dangerous as it may be: there is no use being gentle over it—the disease is too grave for gentle remedies.

EN ROUTE FROM KASALA TO KATARIF ON THE ATBARA, *April 20.*—I left Kasala last night, slept

on the road, and arrived here at 9 a.m.—some fifty miles. . . . . There was a great *fête* as we came into this settlement, and I noticed a very odd thing. There were a number of men in regular chain-shirts of links, with a gorget; they reached to their feet. They had helmets of iron, with a nose-piece and fringe of chain-armour. They rode on horses which had a head and cheek defence, and were covered with a sort of quilt of different colours, that reached down to their feet. It reminded me of the *fêtes* at Charlton, where they used to represent the ancient tournaments. All their swords were like the old Crusaders'—straight, two-handed, and cross-hilted. Evidently, these people have not changed since the Crusades.

I have written to Vivian to say, that if anything happens to me the Khedive is to be defended from all blame, and the accident is not to be put down to the suppression of slavery. I have to contend with many vested interests: with fanaticism, with the abolition of hundreds of Arnauts,* Turks, etc., now acting as Bashi-Bazouks, with inefficient governors, with wild independent tribes of Bedouins, and with a large semi-independent province, lately under Sebehr Pasha, at Bahr Gazelle.

KATARIF, *April 22.*—I got here to-day after a hot journey. We did it in a very short time—sixty hours, 150 miles. . . . . With terrific exertion, in two or three years' time, I may, with God's administration, make a good province, with a good army and a fair revenue, and peace and an increased trade, and also have suppressed slave raids; and then I will come home and go to

* Greek Mohammedans from Albania.

bed, and never get up again till noon every day, and never walk more than a mile.

SENNAAR, ON THE BLUE NILE, *April 28.*—I arrived here last night from Katarif, which I left on the evening of the 24th. We went very fast, generally travelling forty-five miles a day, in the mornings and evenings—or rather, nights. The biting beetles are awful here—in myriads! No one can have an idea of these lands. If ever you repine you ought to be shot, for your lot might have been so different. There were at least eighty large beetles on my night-shirt last night, when I lit the candle.

KHARTOUM, *May 4.*—I have no easy task before me, but (D.V.) I have solved the difficulty. My scheme is not yet matured or approved. You have little idea of the great difficulty and the many questions involved in it, viz., in domestic slavery. First, I have to disband some 6,000 Turks and Bashi-Bazouks, who are the frontier guards, and who must be replaced, for they let the caravans pass. You might as well order the sea to stop the caravans as these men! Now, think of disbanding suddenly 6,000 men. You must do it neatly; you must see to replace them with trustworthy men. Let me ask who that had not the Almighty with him could do that? I have the Almighty with me, and I will do it. Second, Consider the effect of harsh measures among an essentially Mussulman population carried out brusquely by a Nazarene—measures which touch the pocket of every one. Who that had not the Almighty with him would dare to do that? I will do it; for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for

perfect peace. No man ever had a harder task than I, unaided, have before me; but it sits as a feather on me. As Solomon asked, I ask wisdom to govern this great people; and not only will He give me it, but all else besides. And why? Because I value not the "all besides." I am quite as averse to slavery, and even more so than most people. I show it by sacrificing myself in these lands, which are no Paradise. I have naught to gain in name or riches. I do not care what man may say. I do what I think is pleasing to my God; and, as far as man goes, I need nothing from any one. The Khedive never had directly gained any revenue from slaves. I now hold his place here; and I, who am on the spot with unlimited power, am able to judge how impotent he, at Cairo, is to stop the slave-trade. I can do it with God's help, and I have the conviction He has destined me to do it; for it was much against my will I came here again. What I have to do is so to settle matters that I do not cause a revolution on my own death—not that I value life. I have done with its comforts in coming here. My work is great, but does not weigh me down. I go on as straight as I can. I feel my own weakness, and look to Him who is almighty, and I leave the issue, without inordinate care, to Him. I expect to ride 5,000 miles this year, if I am spared. I am quite alone, and like it. I have become what people call a great fatalist, viz., I trust God will pull me through every difficulty. The solitary grandeur of the desert makes one feel how vain is the effort of man. This carries me through my troubles, and enables me to look on death as a coming relief,

when it is His will. The heat is sometimes terrible. I am now accustomed to the camel. It is a wonderful creature, and so comfortable, with its silent, cushion-like tread.

It is only my firm conviction that I am only an instrument put in use for a time that enables me to bear up; and in my present state, during my long, long, hot, weary rides, I think my thoughts better and clearer than I should with a companion. Any European would be a disadvantage at present. They are not always wise, are apt to be too energetic, and would thus get me into scrapes. I have upset so many vested interests, that the only people I can count on are the Ulemas, to whom I gave back all their ancient privileges, which had been taken away from them by Ismail Pasha Yacoob. If I take officers I make the army antagonistic, and only hold my place on sufferance. When I have laid a bit of the foundation, and mastered the alphabet of the province, then I may want men, and shall take them. I hope I have solved the slave question, by recommending to H.M. Consul General, Mr. Vivian, the following scheme:— 1st. By enforcing the law which compels runaway slaves to return to their masters except when cruelly treated. 2nd. By requiring masters to register their slaves prior to January 1, 1878. 3rd. By not enforcing law No. 1 if not so registered. 4th. By stopping all registration of slaves after January 1, 1878. By this I prevent, after January 1, 1878, any new slaves being considered as property, which they are rightly considered to be until either the masters are compensated or a term of years has elapsed—

we here being in the same state now as the West Indian colonies were at the passing of the Abolition of Slavery Act. I also meditate an attack upon the European holders of slaves in these parts. If they declare they are foreign subjects, I mean to liberate their slaves; if they say they are Egyptian subjects, I shall tax them heavily. Europeans come here, hold slaves, cultivate the ground, and pay no taxes. I won't have this. You will think I might do more. I cannot. Slaves are, to all intents and purposes, property until their owners are compensated, or till a certain number of years has elapsed. We cannot compensate, but we can decree their liberation after a term of years. Slave-hunting must be put down; but when men see that they have no hold over slaves acquired after January 1, 1878, they will not buy them. At any rate, slaves acquired after that date can run away, and the Government will not force them to go back. I consider this will succeed (D.V.) I feel that I have been most unjust to the Khedive, knowing, as I now do, the great difficulties in abolishing slavery. That the question of domestic slavery is no easy one, the debates on the Abolition of Slavery in our Colonies would show. There it was a question of colonies only: here it is a question of home interests. You are, no doubt, better versed than I am in the history of our Abolition of Slavery. Men possessed slaves; to liberate them without compensation was ruin to the owners,* and our people,

* "Let me congratulate the House that the slave does not add to our difficulties, by himself demanding compensation; for I confess I know not how we should resist his claim, if he said to us, 'I have been kept in

feeling that to do so would be robbery, did compensate them. Now, in our case, England dealt only with a colony. The question did not affect us directly, but still she gave compensation. How different is this case! Here slavery abolition touches every one. How can you deal with it so as to avoid a servile war or a rising of the people? You must either pay compensation, or you must allow a term of years in order that slavery may die out. Egypt is ahead of us if we consider the state of affairs as before the Abolition Act. . . . . I have an enormous province to look after; but it is a great blessing to me to know that God has undertaken the administration of it, and it is His work and not mine. If I fail, it is His will; if I succeed, it is His work. Certainly He has given me the joy of not regarding the honours of this world, and to value my union with Him above all things. May I be humbled to the dust and fail, so that He may glorify Himself. The greatness of my position only depresses me, and I cannot help wishing that the time had come when he will lay me aside and use some other worm to do His work. You have reached your happy eventide. I would that the heat of my life-day was over; but He will aid me, and not suffer me again to put down anchors to this world.

'KHARTOUM, *May 7*.—I have been four days here, and have got through a great deal of work.

bondage during the best years of my life. I have been compelled to labour —not for myself, or my children—but for a hard taskmaster, who, with the value of my toil in his pocket, comes before you to demand compensation. If then you have money to spare pay me first.'"—Speech of Mr. M. D. Hill in the House of Commons in 1833.—See *A Memoir of Matthew Davenport Hill* by HIS DAUGHTERS, p. 126.

I have a number of servants and cavasses* of the late Moufettish† Ismail Pasha, who now ride before me when I go out. I am guarded like an ingot of gold. I must not rise to give a chair to a guest; if I get up, every one else does the same. It is misery, and I now feel what work princes must go through. I take advantage of their ignorance of English to say to the sheikhs, "Now, old bird, it is time for you to go;" they are delighted. The sister of the late Governor, Ismail Pasha, hearing of my appointment instead of her brother, broke all the windows of the palace—some hundred-and-thirty—and cut the divans in pieces out of spite. My predecessors never allowed any one to come near them. I admit the people, and have a large petition-box with a slit in the lid, which is filled up daily.

KHARTOUM, *May 18.*—I think the people like me, and it is an immense comfort that, while in the old *régime* ten or fifteen people were flogged daily, now none get flogged. A huge crowd stand around the palatial gates all day, but only a few are privileged with an interview; for I keep a box with a slit in the lid for petitions at the door, and every one can put his petition in it. Hitherto the people could never approach the Governor, unless they bribed the clerks. £600, £300, ten ounces of gold, £100, and £80 have been given to my head-clerk merely in the hope of getting a place; these places are not worth generally more than £240 a year—even the highest—so it is evident that the holders get much more than their pay out of the people. This has been brought to me by him, and put by me into the

* "A species of protective orderlies." † A gatherer of taxes.

treasury; but I never punish the givers, for they are brought up to it. . . . . I leave for Darfour in a few days. My second in command, Halid Pasha, came four days ago. He wanted to bully me, but I will rule. He was very rude and assuming. Before he had been with me five minutes I saw I might as well go home at once if I gave way to him, so we had a tussle for two days, and now he has given in, and is my dear friend and obedient servant. The palace is on the banks of the river. It is as large as Marlborough House, and the servants—useless creatures!—swarm. It is all nonsense for the Turks to say that the people would oppose the nomination of a Christian Governor. The people want justice, and surely if in an entirely Mussulman population like this the people accept me, in Bulgaria—where two-thirds are Christians—they would also accept a Christian Governor. I am breaking up, to the great joy of the people, the Bashi-Bazouks, who, of course, do not love me. A great sorrow has been taken off the land. The reign of the *courbatch* (whip) has ceased, and I do believe the people rejoice at my being here. I was installed in due form on the 5th. It was a regular investiture: the Firman was read by the Cadi and an address; a royal salute was fired. I had to make a speech, which was, "With the help of God I will hold the balance level," which pleased the people much. I have decided on pumping the river water up into the town. This will cost little, and will be a great boon, for many of the houses are far inland, and the labour of carrying water is very great. . . . . I go to Darfour on the 19th, and shall not return here for four months.

Ninety-seven days of camel-riding before. I am back again at Khartoum! I need the physical exertion, and am not afraid of these vast deserts. I have thirty camels, and four elephants are on their way from Cairo. . . . . I am a sufferer from the courash of Baker, a sort of eczema. It is very trying, just as if you were being bitten by mosquitoes all night. Baker says it comes from the water.* It attacks the extremities—the itching is intolerable at night. Truly this country is no Paradise! Suffer as people may in England, it is one comfort that those who are well do not suffer. Here, whether you are well or ill, you have enough physical sufferings to make you realise your feebleness.

NEAR OBEID, CAPITAL OF KORDOFAN, *May 27.*—I have got over a bit of my long journey, and am very well. . . . . I have a first-rate secretary. He was the secretary of my predecessor, Ismail Pasha. The Khedive is exceedingly kind to me in every way, and I will use my very life to aid him. . . . . The Darfourians are Mussulmans. I think, perhaps, I may tell you in the strictest confidence what has happened, or what did happen, in February. The Darfourians rose in revolt, and hemmed in Fascher, Dara, and Kolkol.† They are still shut up, and from some motive or other the force sent from Fogia to relieve them has not done so yet. However, I hope to do this, and this is the reason of my voyage.‡ If I succeed I shall go down to Wadi Halfa, and see about the

* *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, by SIR SAMUEL BAKER, p. 156.—ED.

† See p. 208.—ED.

‡ "You know," wrote Colonel Gordon two years later, "all about the Darfour affair, when Hassan Pasha had some 16,000 men, and *I relieved him* with 300 men."—ED.

railway; if I do not I shall have no more worries; but I feel I shall succeed, and this feeling—not one of any elation—has accompanied me when in China and in the Lake District [of Africa]. Why? may be asked. I think that it is because I do not care for glories or rewards, or the world's praise or blame. I may really say that in the Government of the Soudan I *drift along*, and however imperfectly, do my best with all my might and power. My great desire is to be a shelter to the people, to ease their burdens, and to soften their hard lot in these inhospitable lands.

FOGIA—FRONTIER OF DARFOUR, *June 7*.—I arrived here to-day. If you will look at a good map (and you can get a good, cheap one at Stanford's, Charing Cross, entitled, "Map of Africa," by J. Arrowsmith), you will find the place I write from marked as Oba. You will see that I am not so very far from Lake Tchad,—in fact, fifteen days from Kakabieh would take me to that Lake. . . . . I am now in one of the four Mudirats, or Governments — Fogia, *alias* Oba. A force left Fogia some two months ago to relieve a place called Fascher, which, with Dara and Kakabieh, is hemmed in. Nothing has been heard of them for ten days, when they were half-way between Fogia and Fascher. Now I think God will enable me to make friends with the different tribes between Fascher and Fogia, and I trust He will enable me to go to Fascher with 200 men, and escorted by the chiefs who are at present rebels. He may not do this, and we may have to fight our way; but, as the hearts of men are in His hands, He turneth them as He will. He can do it if He thinks well; and who would

have it otherwise than as He, in His wisdom, should rule? The danger to me, if He does this, is that I may be puffed up. But He can, and will, prevent that. Search myself as I will, I find that, in all my career, I can lay no claim to cleverness, discretion, or wisdom. My success has been due to a series of (called by the world) flukes. . . . . My sense of independence is gone. I own nothing, and am nothing. I am a pauper, and seem to have ceased to exist. A sack of rice jolting along on a camel would do as much as *I think* I do. But how different in appearance it is to the world!! I do thank God for using me as His instrument, and look forward to my rest. I do participate in His happiness when the sorrows of men are alleviated by Him, not by me, though He may use me as the mouthpiece.

These countries are very curious: they seem to be peopled with huge tribes of Bedouin Arabs, with a small nucleus of more settled people, who congregate in the larger villages. . . . . I have been obliged to ask the Khedive to remove my second in command, Halid Pasha, who only reigned three weeks. He was a mere obstacle, and no extremes could be further apart than we two were in every way. The wrecks left on my passage are numerous. I have set my face as a flint; and, regardless of consequences, have been hard right and left. I do not wish to be so; I should like to praise, not blame; but seeing what I know of the suffering of the people, I cannot force myself to let things slide. . . . . I have a splendid camel—none like it; it flies along, and quite astonishes even the Arabs. I came flying

into this station in marshal's uniform; and before the men had had time to unpile their arms I had arrived with only one man with me. I could not help it; the escort did not come in for an hour-and-a-half afterwards. The Arab chief who came with me said it was the telegraph. The Gordons and the camels are of the same race,—let them take an idea into their heads, and nothing will take it out. If my camel feels inclined to go in any particular direction, there he will go, pull as much as you like. The grand cordon * was given to a man who guaranteed to give it to me as we approached the station; but alas!—it did not come for an hour afterwards. It is fearful to see the Governor-General arrayed in gold clothes flying along like a madman, with only a guide, as if he was pursued. The Mudir had not time to gather himself together before the enemy was on him. Some of the guards were down at a well, drinking; it was no use; before they had got half-way to their arms the goal was won. Specks had been seen in the vast plain around the station moving towards it (like Jehu's advance), but the specks were few—only two or three—and were supposed to be the advanced guard, and before the men of Fogia knew where they were the station was taken! The artillery-men were the only ones ready.

"OOMCHANGA, *June 15*.—I arrived here from Fogia to-day, and am now four or five days from Fascher. The country is most miserable—a sandy, bush-covered desert—quite useless for any good purpose, with no water for distances of forty

* The order of the Medjidie of the first-class had been conferred on Colonel Gordon by the Khedive.—ED.

or fifty miles. I have determined to call in all detached parties, and to concentrate them on the main trunk road to Fascher, and to vacate all the outer country; it is not worth keeping. . . . . All these troubles have been caused by these Bashi-Bazouks, Arnauts,* Turks, etc.—the scum of Cairo and Stamboul. I have my troubles with the Bashi-Bazouks, as the European nations have; and it has made me angry to find so many troops have been sent here, when I had to struggle on with such a handful at the Lakes. You would, I feel sure, feel sickened at this horrid, useless-looking country, and feel disposed to leave it; and yet I am bound to hold on to it. Such a waste of money, and all this revolt is caused by the shameful misgovernment of the country. A few months ago you could go from here to Fascher without arms, and now 2,000 men can scarce go.

9 p.m.—The rescuing force, which started to reach Fascher three months ago, I have just heard has reached it, for which I am very thankful. I have about 2,700 men of a nondescript sort coming up to me. What is so trying is the waiting. Two or three of the out-stations are still blockaded, and these must be relieved before I can get away. . . . . It appears that the only produce of these countries is ostrich feathers. This, like ivory, must have an end, for neither ostriches nor elephants will last for ever. One Syrian merchant is buying up all the black feathers, because, he says, they will be wanted for mourning by those who lose friends in the war.†

My old country is far more promising than these torrid wastes. If there were only water, the

* See p. 224.—ED. † The war between Russia and Turkey.—ED.

country is not ugly; it is undulating, and some parts are picturesque. When past Fascher, we cross over the watershed of the Nile Basin, and get into the Basin of Lake Tchad, or the Gulf of Guinea.

OOMCHANGA, *June. 21.*—The immense difficulty there is in causing this slave traffic to cease has now come home to me. I wish one of the Anti-Slavery Society, capable of understanding the question, would come here and give me the solution of it. I have complete power—civil and military. No one would say a word if I put one or ten men to death; and therefore I must be considered entirely responsible if the slave trade goes on; but here is my position. Darfour and Kordofan are peopled by huge Bedouin tribes under their own sheikhs, who are rather more than semi-independent. The country, for the most part, is a vast desert, with wells few and far between, some of which are only known to these tribes. Some of these tribes can put from 2,000 to 6,000 horse- or camel-men into the field; and a revolt, as I know to my cost, is no small thing in such a country.* Now these tribes raid on the Negro tribes to the south, or else exchange cloth for slaves with the Bedouin tribes beyond even the pretended boundary of Egypt. The slaves thus enter the Egyptian territory four or five at a time. Nothing would prevent their coming in a hundred at a time, for we have no range of sentinels on our borders like the Cossacks of Russia. The tribes sell these slaves to the little merchants

* In a later letter, Colonel Gordon says, "The Darfourians use a long lance with a huge blade like a potato-hoe, and also assegais which they throw with great skill."—ED.

of all kinds who flock into these lands. These merchants, who come from all parts of Egypt, then come down to more populous places with their three or four slaves, and there sell them to others. The slave caravans of a hundred at a time, depicted by the various writers on slavery, have ceased in Egyptian territory, I consider;* but the little caravans of four or five continue, and will do so, unless I can find some remedy, which I cannot as yet see. The fact is, that even with the British Government in possession of these countries, I do not see how this slave trade could be stopped, unless the British Government pushed its frontier to the frontier of the Negro tribes, and there established a line of frontier posts. I need scarcely remark that no British Government would be so foolish as to go to the expense of doing this, for it would be at a dead loss, and further, that the frontier would have to extend to Lake Tchad. I therefore say that the large slave caravans, with the "*sheybas*"† around the neck, will cease, and, I consider, have ceased; but that it is impossible to prevent slaves passing down in small numbers with the petty merchants; and I do not think it will ever be prevented until the frontier of Egypt extends up to the Negro frontier, which it cannot do for thirty years—if then.

OOMCHANGA, *June 22*.—Still here, waiting for the troops. When they will come I have no idea, and leave this I cannot till something is settled. . . . . If all [our soldiers stationed here] had been killed, I would not try to re-conquer Darfour

* See, however, pp. 319, 369.—ED.

† "In one of their convoys were some poor, miserable slaves, almost too emaciated to bear the heavy yoke (the sheyba) that was fastened to their necks."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p 414.—ED.

—it is quite worthless. Your letter of the 3rd May reached me to-day, when in a diabolical temper, at this place—so bad that if I had had the object of it (a captain) here, I declare I think I would have hanged him without any trial. The way these Bashi-Bazouks have treated their fellow-religionists here is far worse than in Bulgaria. I am glad to be analytical chemist enough to detect in my indignation three-eighths anger at the cruelties committed, and five-eighths anger at being kept in this hot dull place—owing to these cruelties—and so it is as well I did not do more than dismiss the captain from functions he never ought to have held. I am still waiting for tag-rag and bob-tail troops, to enable me to go to Fascher, for the troops there seem little inclined to help me to get there. However, I will pay them out when I do. My second in command, Halid Pasha, only stayed ten days in his post. He tried to thwart me, so I telegraphed to Cairo, and in twenty-four hours he was ordered off. I feel sure it is waste of time to argue with a Turk or a Circassian, the only way is to coerce him; you could never convince him. This is twelve years' experience of them. All this revolt is the fault of the Bashi-Bazouks. I said the other day "If the people of this country were Rayahs or Christians I might understand your bad treatment of them, but I do not when I see they are Mussulmans, as you." Upon which the Darfourians were delighted and clapped their hands. Now the Darfourians were so fanatical that they would never let a Christian into their country, and now they ask me to send Christian Governors.

June 25.—Very many of the Darfourians have come in for pardon. I speak my mind, and I cannot help saying to some, "You ought to pardon me." Really no people could have been treated worse than these people. *Domestic* ties, so sacred with the Mussulman, were totally disregarded. However, I hope that the remedy may be found by the removal of the soldiers—nothing short of that will do.

June 27.—I hold my house on a rock—viz., to do what I think fair and just, and not to heed what it may cost. That one can always be so is not human, but at any rate it is my pole-star; and in a way, I do not care if my mission is a success or not, so that I can have the conscience of not having sought my own ends, followed my own spites, or acted to get the world's praise. I know this is a perilous route. Napoleon III. said, in a letter to his nephew Jérôme, "You act as if you had nothing to reproach yourself with in the past, and as if you were secure of the future." Well, I act thus; if I am to fall or fail, so be it; I will go down with a crash, at any rate. So if an employé is found wanting, I have no second thoughts about dismissing him, let him be supported at Cairo as he may. I certainly have this advantage, that I fear nothing. To be removed would not be a punishment, for I give my life in being in these lands cut off from all society. H.H. has done all for me, and I cannot say how much I feel it. I hope to show it by not sparing myself.

OOMCHANGA, *June 29.*—We have made peace with the tribes around here and half-way to Fascher on the direct road there from this place. I propose going to Toashia, thence to Dara, and

thence to Fascher. Haroun, the only member of the Sultan of Darfour's family alive,* is at Tanné in revolt. Hassan Pasha Helmi† has, for some unaccountable reason, gone to Kobeyt, the other Pasha is at Fascher, neither of them caring a jot about opening the road for me to come to Fascher. Haroun has a number of men with him. I shall (D.V.) evacuate Toashia and Dara and Kadjmour, and, with their united garrisons, move on him. I shall have nearly 4,000 men. I thus reduce these useless exposed stations, and get rid of them, gaining the troops, saving expense, and saving the people from pillage—the cause of revolts. I keep then only the trunk-road to Fascher, which is all we need.

June 30.—We started to-day for Toashia. Along the road there are huge fig-trees, with very few leaves, but with huge trunks of fantastic shape. Some are hollow, and get filled with water in the storms. Others, that have no orifice or hollow in the crown, have a hollow cut in them by the natives, through which they fill the trunks with water, and then seal it up. Some of the trunks hold a ton of water, cool and fresh. They are all owned by individuals, and, were it not for them, the country would be a greater desert than it is. Some own eighty trees—they are very rich. The Bashi-Bazouks, to save trouble in getting up to draw the water out of the trunk, used to fire into the trunk and drink by the hole made by the bullet. Some of these trees are twelve and fourteen feet in diameter. Those which have the hole made in them, instead of being grateful for the

* See, however, p. 355.—ED. † The Governor of Darfour.—Ed.

cool water put into their stomachs, resent it, and try to close up the hole; so that it has to be recut every two years.

July 1.—We have got half-way to Toashia, and have seen no enemies. *Dar* For and *Dar* Fertit mean *the land of Fors* and *the land of Fertits*. The Fors and the Fertits were the original negro inhabitants; then came in the Bedouin tribes, partially conquered the country, and made the Fors Mussulmans, giving them a sultan. The Fors and the Bedouin tribes, the one stationary and the other nomadic, live in peace, for their habits are different. When the Egyptians invaded the country three years ago, the Bedouin tribes did not help the Sultan, so the conquest over the Fors was easy; now the Bedouins have revolted with the Fors. Haroun has a vast number of men with him, but I think that they will desert him; for it is seed-time, and they do not like to stay long away from their districts. If tribe A goes into the country of tribe B as their allies, they will steal from tribe B, just as if they were enemies to B: this soon breaks up coalitions. I sincerely hope not to have to fire a shot in this revolt. The poor people have been driven into it, and Haroun has only taken advantage of the discontent. . . . . I have with me 500 nondescript troops; there are 350 more at Toashia, which we vacate, and this will make 850; then at Dara, which I shall vacate, there are 1,200, so I shall have 2,000. Kadjmour has 1,000, but these must march to Kolkol, as it is nearer to that place. One might make out that one is making a fine strategic campaign: but, no, I am going that way because I want troops, and because I want to vacate the

robber dens. I have not such confidence in my troops as to run any risks at all, or to carry out any strategy. I want not to fire a shot—in fact, I am very "Peace-Society" inclined. At Shaka are the hordes of Sebehr Pasha, who, you know, has been sent to Stamboul.* His son is there. . . . . Shaka is the Cave of Adullam; all murderers, robbers, etc., assembled there, and thence made raids upon the negro tribes for slaves. They can put 10,000 men into the field. Altogether it was as well I came to the Soudan. Another year would have left little Soudan to come to, what with these gentlemen, Darfour, and Abyssinia. I am overwhelmed with debts. Some of the men have had no pay for three years!

NEAR TOASHIA, *July 2.*—My black secretary and I have many a laugh at the two pashas, and he tells me queer stories of them. One of them went into his harem at Fascher, and, making a great to-do, accused the women of stealing 2,000 dollars. They denied it, so he takes them with his *cavasses*† into the market, and made them accuse people, saying that they had given this man forty dollars, another fifty, and so on, till he got the 2,000 dollars. It is inconceivable, is it not? He, Hassan Pasha Helmi, is said to be mad: anyway I am going to send him to Cairo, for he has done his best to ruin the province. . . . . The country is a sandy waste, with scrub and the fig-trees—not a soul to be seen. We are now near Toashia. The ants are of all sorts, some jet black, some a bright vermilion, like ripe red

* He had been sent there, on the staff of Hassan Pasha, on the breaking out of the war with Russia.—ED.

† See p. 230.—ED.

currants; these sting viciously, and attack the black ones, hovering about their heaps. The ants form these heaps with a hollow to conduct the rain into them; I expect that they thus keep reservoirs of water during dry seasons. Some of them are mighty hunters; they carry their tails cocked up, out of the way. I have seen jumping ants; they hop about two or three feet. . . . . It is absurd in the morning to see some of the ants trying to prevent the black-beetles, which at dawn enter their nests, from leaving. The beetle is too strong for them, and being in armour cannot be hurt, so he forces his way out with the ants hanging on to his legs.

I have sent Johannis a splendid set of filigree work that cost me £60. I did this to induce him to keep quiet till I get there. . . . . Ask —— whether it would not be possible to make a very light mountain-gun of platinum. Its tenacity is so great that it would not need to be thick. I cannot understand why mountain-guns are made of such thickness—they bear such a little charge. What is wanted for these wars is a large shell smooth-bore howitzer, *very* light.*

TOASHIA, *July 3*.—Arrived last night. We have been two whole days without meat. To-day the wretched nondescript garrison has come out to me *en masse*. They have been *three years without pay*. It is indeed in a nice imbroglio, this Darfour! They say that there is no dhoora corn at Dara, and that the soldiers are in a state of semi-revolt, and will not move. They will have the option of being left to starve or of

* In another letter Colonel Gordon suggests that mountain-guns should be made in two pieces.—ED.

coming with me. . . . . Haroun, who claims to be Sultan of Darfour, has retreated to Toura, in the mountains, where the old sultans used to be proclaimed, and where they are buried. This looks as if he had given up. I hope it is so, for I have little heart for this *war!* The revolted tribes suffered a good deal here. They tried to surprise the station, and made sure they would take it; they failed, and a great number died of thirst before they could get to the other wells. When they attacked this place they came up to the stockades armed only with their lances, and tried to pull down the stakes. They threw dust into the faces of their adversaries. (Thence, I suppose, the expression). What a country, where wells are thirty and forty miles apart! The camels are all ailing; three days' quick marching knocks them up.

EN ROUTE FROM TOASHIA TO DARA, *July 11.*—I had hoped by the release of the brother of one of the most important sheikhs on the route to get the sheikh himself to make peace. He sent a letter saying he would do so, and would come to Toashia in two days. Well! poisoned by the putrid water at Toashia, I determined to push on and meet him. On the strength of his having made peace I decided not to take the garrison of Toashia on with me; they were a wretched set—some 500 armed with flint-lock muskets, and were a mere set of brigands. I sent them back to Kordofan to be disbanded, and I started with about 500 of all sorts—flint-locks and every description of arm—indeed, a very poor set, with the exception of about 150. When we arrived where we ought to have met the sheikh no sheikh appeared, and

indeed he declined to appear. However, we admitted to pardon (!) a number of other sheikhs, and pursued our way. Now what I want to impress on you is the position I have been in over and over again, both at the equator and now here. That is, that being with troops in whom one has not the least confidence you feel sure that should the enemy attack you, you will be utterly destroyed; you have not a chance. . . . . We have, thank God, passed our dangers. Whether they were imaginary or not I do not know, but we were threatened by an attack from thousands of determined blacks who knew I was here. Now very few Englishmen know what it is to be with troops they have not a bit of confidence in. I prayed heartily for an issue, but it gave me a pain in the heart like that I had when surrounded at Masindi.* I do not fear death, but I fear, from want of faith, the results of my death—for the whole country would have risen. It is, indeed, most painful to be in such a position—it takes a year's work out of one. However, thank God, it is over, and I hope to reach Dara to-morrow. I had written to that place; but, of course, they never attempted to meet me half-way as I had ordered them to do, although I have come all this way to help them. No! Egypt is not a conquering power—not a bit like one! Although out of this very imminent danger—for there was no hope of release or escape—I still feel the effects, and can only compare this feeling to that which one has in dreams, when you feel some danger approaching and have no means of moving. Nightmare is the only thing equal to

* See p. 193.—Ed.

it. How often have I sworn that I would never put myself in a similar fix again, and yet I do. However much I try and persuade myself that all is for the best, yet that hard pain in my heart remains—a real physical pain. I declare I have suffered physically in this sort of thing more than most men in the world. This morning I gave my express rifle to a man to carry. When I had got through my dangers I saw some deer, and took my rifle. Of course he had thrown it down and broken the stock. Thus, had I been attacked, I should have been defenceless! . . . .

We had thirty or forty donkeys with us. When I heard one bray I knew the forty would have to bray, and so it went on last night. It was a comfort when the whole forty had answered the challenge, and you trembled when you heard No. 1 begin again. It generally took five minutes for the whole to perform. The Darfour donkey gives a series of low groans; he does not go up the scale like the others, and never gets out the shrill notes which appear the acme of delight.

DARA, *July 13*.—Arrived yesterday about 2 p.m., and took them by complete surprise. I find they did send out troops to meet me, but they went some other road, and so I missed them. Hassan Pasha Helmi had ordered these 1,800 men to stay here, and not to move. Thence their inaction. They had been six months without news from without; it was like the relief of Lucknow. Everything was at famine prices. . . . . The two Pashas, the one at Fascher and this other at Kobeyt, have been doing nothing with their 7,000 troops—waiting for reinforcements. I am so grateful to have got here. The camels

are all ill from eating grass, and I am not well owing to the bad water at Toashia. In all events in this world there is the harrowing of the ground, and ploughing, then the seed-time—all painful work—and then comes the harvest; and this I have gone through in this work.

DARA, *July 17*.—Shaka [the stronghold of the slave-dealers] is still a mystery. They are at sixes and sevens with one another whether to fight the Government or not. I have an expedition out against Haroun. There will be no quiet till he is caught or killed. I cannot leave Dara, for fear that he should attack it, till reinforcements come.

There are a number of very ancient swords here, just like those the crusaders used to use.* It is a pity these things are in a way lost. Hassan Pasha Helmi ordered all these old swords to be broken up. I have, however, secured some chain-armour, and shall send it to the Khedive. It was on the men who accompanied the Sultan Ibrahim when he was killed.† When the Egyp-

* "When the Crusaders ceased their attacks on the Mussulmans of the Arabian Peninsula the latter found their land too crowded, and began to emigrate. One band went up the Nile, and swept along to the west. They did not go further south than 10° N. lat., because their camels could not live beyond this line. When they first settled in these lands, in the belt which stretches along 10° N. lat., they were few in number. They squatted and lived with the negro tribes. They increased and multiplied, and then began to influence these tribes, and induced them to become Mussulmans. These Bedouins still maintained their nomadic life, and to this day are a distinct people from the negro aboriginals. The armour, I believe, came up with the emigrants. The people of these lands say that it is as old as David, King of Israel. Anyway, it never was manufactured in these countries, and must have come from Syria. Kordofan, Darfour, Wadi, Fertit, Bagirmi, Bornou, and Sokoto are Mussulman states founded by these settlers."—From a Note by Colonel Gordon. It would appear then that Mahometanism has spread as far southwards as the camel can exist. The tenth degree of north latitude is the limit of both.—ED.

† See p. xxxix.—ED.

tians seized the country, they took the mosque here for a powder-magazine. I had it cleared out and restored for worship, and endowed the priests and the crier, and had a great ceremony at the opening of it. This is a great *coup*. They blessed me and cursed Sebehr Pasha who took the mosque from them. To me it appears that the Mussulman worships God as well as I do, and is as acceptable, if sincere, as any Christian. What caused the lot to fall on those who occupy the "Hill," to be born in Christian lands, while others are born in Mussulman lands? . . . .

The money of Darfour is cloth. Certain pieces have certain values.

DARA, *July 24*.—Still waiting! I expect the troops which went out on an expedition in two days' time. I have no news from Fascher nor from Shaka, and am worn to a shadow with doing nothing for days and days. There is more work before me in Kordofan. A tribe there has never been properly subdued. Really the Soudan is work for six men! If I had the railway off my hands, I would not mind so much, for I should be free to stay here and finish off the affairs. Look at my list:—

a. Trouble with Aboubec'r.*
b. Trouble with Abyssinia.
c. Trouble with a chief about slaves.
d. Trouble with railway.†
e. Trouble with tribe which has revolted.
f. Trouble with Darfour.
g. Trouble with Shaka—Sebehr's son.
h. Trouble with Mtesa.

Add to this, Finance, War Department, the

* See p. 290.—ED. † See pp. 315, 321.—ED.

management of soldiers, men who have not been paid for two or three years, and it will make you wink again! Add to this the worry of your own existence, and the minor troubles of the Government. And for what? I really cannot say. What am I to gain from all this? The knowledge of my weakness. Imagine the weariness of Moses for forty years in Mount Sinai—a man accustomed to a court life! He must have suffered a good deal. . . . .

What a very little sin in comparison was the murmuring of the Israelites for water. What was it to them that they had seen wonders? When their little ones were thirsty, that would not make them less thirsty. And yet how hardly the pulpits judge them. The most religious person would cry out if deprived of water in these hot deserts, and would complain of their chief for leading them there.

DARA, *July 26.*—To-day came in the chief of the Razagat tribe from near Shaka. This tribe is one of the most powerful in the country. The son of Sebehr has tormented and pillaged them till they can stand it no longer, and so about 600 with their sheikh fled to me. They say the son of Sebehr has 5,000 men with him. . . . . The whole of this Shaka trouble is due to the tacit approval of slavery by the Government. This has allowed arms to be brought up the country, and allowed the formation of these independent armies. Now, you must not be surprised at anything happening to me. Supposing we subdue Sebehr's son, and he happens to be killed, some of his people may avenge themselves on me. This is not improbable. You must screw

yourself up to bear it, and will remember that a quick departure is better than a long and lingering one, and also that I did not seek the position up here. If it is so decided, depend upon it, it is because my work is finished upon this earth. . . . . What are we to do with the slaves now armed of Sebehr's son? They are too many to disarm, and it would be dangerous to keep them together anywhere, after being accustomed to hear treason spoken and to despise the Government, as they have been for so many years. . . . . The whole tribe of Razagat threatens to come to me. How am I to feed them? It is like a white elephant as a present! This is the second tribe which has left Shaka, and they say two more are under way for this place. These tribes move off without any trouble, it appears—they never have baggage. They ride without stirrups. . . . . I have just heard that a tribe, only one-half-day from here, has attacked the post and taken some letters. I never heard of this tribe before, which shows what a blissful state of ignorance one is in; and here is that creature I sent out from here quietly camped with 8,000 men a day's journey off, on the road I came from Toashia, where we never saw a soul the whole way! The best of it is that I only hear he is there. He takes good care not to write.

"*July 27.*—I have heard of my expeditionary force. They have had two days' battle!! and have taken a great deal of booty. I have sent out a party to subdue the hostile tribe half-a-day's journey from here. I have tried to arrange matters so that I can stay here till the affairs of Shaka and Darfour are satisfactorily finished.

This may be two or three months hence. I told you that the tribe half-a-day's journey from here had stopped the post. Three of the men carrying the post escaped, the fourth was taken. They found the letter in the amulet which he carried on his arm, pulled it out, and tried to read it; but it was in Turkish. They tied the man with ropes, and said they would kill him on the morrow. However, in the interim the three men who escaped had come to me, and I had sent out the troops against them. Some of these troops fired *en route*. The natives heard the shots and were disturbed in their minds. In the confusion the bound man slipped his cords and got away. I have now put him on my camel and sent him with fifty soldiers to return the compliments they had paid him, for they had beaten him terribly.

3 p.m.—The little expedition has attacked the tribe. Two of the attacking party were killed, and four wounded. I am sorry for it, and sorry for the foe. It is not a bit to my liking. The son of the chief of this tribe was here the very day his tribe attacked my post. He was evidently a spy, so I have put him in prison. He had been given the usual robes of honour. With all these expeditions there go a flock of Gallabats* —little petty merchants on donkeys. It is they that take down the slaves from those who make the raids. They are the vultures.

DARA, *July 28*.—I have just been out to see the 210 slaves they captured near here. These 210 are either slaves which were owned by the tribe, or else they are Fors, *i.e.*, natives of Darfour.

* "These professed slave-traders, the Gellahba."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 228.—ED.

If they are Fors, then they are Mussulmans and ought to be set free; if they are slaves who have been possessed by the vanquished tribes, then they need not be given back. It is a sad sight to see the poor little starved creatures looking so wistfully at one. What can I do? I could only address the Arabs with me, and tell them that if they took Mussulmans as slaves, they did it against the command of the Koran; and I took sand and washed my hands in order that they might see I put on them the responsibility of the decision. What could I do? Poor souls, I cannot feed or look after them. I must leave it to God who will arrange all in kindness. I must trust to these people, my soldiers, etc.; for else what am I to do? Some of them were so miserably thin. Think what it would have been, had you been born in this climate! I have sent them some dhoora. I declare solemnly that I would give my life willingly to save the sufferings of these people; and if I would do this, how much more does He care for them than such imperfection as I am. You would have felt sick had you seen them. Poor creatures! thirty-six hours without food.

I have so little dhoora here that I do not know what I shall do. In the face of these troubles and sorrows you can imagine that one cannot feel elated. I can only feel that I would not leave this Government for anything that could be offered me, for it would be indeed cowardly. . . . . I fear that there is a general want of food in this country; three years or more of almost anarchy have caused a scarcity. They write from Fascher that when they attacked Haroun there were

hundreds dying and dead of starvation and small-pox. Poor children and women, each of whom values his poor wretched life as much as we do. I am glad to say my Arabs have decided on letting the captives go free. They went off, 235 of them, arm-in-arm like a long string. They did this to prevent the vultures, the Gallabats, taking them as slaves, which they wanted to do. I hope they will get back safe. . . . . There were some poor little wretches, only stomachs and heads with *antennæ* for legs and arms. I wonder whether life is to them as precious as it is to us. The enormous stomachs are from grass-feeding. . . . . A swarm of starved wretches has invaded the court-yard, and it is quite impossible to feed them, so I have been obliged to send them off till, at any rate, to-morrow, when I can get some dhoora. I wish you would send me the Anti-Slavery Society's publication. I do not know the name or where it is published. . . . . People think you have only to say the word, and slavery will cease. Now here the Gallabat merchants, I have told you of, have taken thirty of this tribe... I am trying to search them out, but I dare not do anything against these Gallabats on account of my present position with respect to Shaka. I fear to raise these men against me; they are well-disposed at present.

Of course I must let time soften down the ill effects of what is written against me in the papers, on account of my purchasing the slaves now in possession of individuals in order to obtain the troops necessary to put down slavery. I need troops—how am I to get them but thus? If I do not buy these slaves, unless I liberate them

at once, they still remain slaves, while, when they are soldiers, they are free from that reproach. I cannot liberate them from their owners without compensation, for fear of a general revolt. I cannot compensate the owners, and then let the men go free, for they would only be a danger. Though the slaves may not like to be soldiers, still it is the fate of many in lands where there is the conscription, and, indeed, it is the only way in which I can break up the bands of armed men, which are owned by private people—slave dealers—and get these bands under discipline. When I have those bands of which Sebehr's son and others are the chiefs, then the slave-dealers will have no power to make raids; while at the same time I get troops able to prevent any such like attempt. I want you to understand this, for I doubt not people will write and say—1. Colonel Gordon buys slaves for the Government. 2. Colonel Gordon lets the Gallabats take slaves. To No. 1, I say: "True, for I need the purchased slaves, to put down the slave-dealers, and to break up their semi-independent bands." To No. 2, I say: "True, for I dare not stop it to any extent, for fear of adding to my enemies, before I have broken up the nest of slave-dealers at Shaka." I should be mad if I did. We should not, if at war with Russia, choose that moment to bring about any change affecting the social life of the Hindoos. The slaves I buy are already torn from their homes; and whether I buy them or not, they will, till twelve years have elapsed, remain slaves. After twelve years they will be free, according to the Treaty. It is not as if I encouraged raids, for the purpose of getting slaves

as soldiers. But people will, of course, say: "By buying slaves you increase the demand, and indirectly encourage raids." I say: "Yes, I should do so, if, after buying them, I still allowed the raids to continue, which of course I shall not do." . . . .

This slave question is most troublesome and difficult to manage. A number of the slaves who were taken in the last raid, made near here on the sly by the Gallabats, refuse to go back, for they find they are better fed with their new masters than they were with their old. . . . . It is a queer country. A tribe friendly to us, went out with the troops to subdue another tribe between this and Toashia. To-day I hear that another hostile tribe has attacked the friendly tribes' kraals, during the absence of the fighting men, and taken 3,500 cows and killed one man. Darfour is a regular cockpit. . . . .

One thing troubles me. What am I to do with the three or four thousand slaves, women and children, that are now at Shaka, if we take it? I cannot take them back to their own country; I cannot feed them. Solve this problem for me. I must let them be taken by my auxiliaries, or by my soldiers, or by the merchants. There is no help for it. If I let them loose they will be picked up in every direction, for an escaped slave is like an escaped sheep—the property of him who finds him or her. One must consider what is best for the individual himself, not what may seem best to the judgment of Europe; it is the slave who suffers, not Europe. There is not the slightest doubt but that if I let the slaves be taken by my soldiers, by the tribes, or by the

Galabat merchants, instead of there being a cessation of the slave caravans, there will be a great increase of them for two or three months, and a corresponding outcry against me. But, at any rate, the slaves will go by frequented routes, and will not die on the road. I could let the matter solve itself, *i.e.* let the slaves stay as they are, and let the owners run the cordon as they best can; but I should thus cause the slaves to undergo great suffering, and perhaps the death of one-half of them. Shall I be cowardly and do this, for fear of what ill-informed Europe may say?* No, I will legitimise their transport, and let them say what they will. There are the slaves; around them the hungry vultures, and only one man to protect them, and that man has no means of feeding them or of sending them back to their friends. Had I a strong man to help me, who could stay at Shaka and see each slave personally, and ask him his wish, it would be better; but that man is not forthcoming, and there is only one who could do it, viz., Burton.† Strange to say, these wretched slaves have their likes and dislikes. Some would sooner go with their Galabat merchants, some with the tribes, and some with the soldiers. They are of different minds. Even if they could they would not go back to their now desolate homes; if they did they would be attacked by more powerful tribes, and be made slaves to them. Their own country is probably a desert, their

* "My dear ——," wrote Colonel Gordon to a clergyman, in a letter which was not, however, sent, "I have been hard on you, but not on you individually. I am hard on your class. You are bigots. Whether it be the churchyard, or the temperance question, or any other, you do not think of the other side. Men who travel much are seldom bigots. Paul was not—he let that badly-behaved Corinthian off very easily."—ED.

† The African traveller.—ED.

people dispersed, and the land run over with weeds. It would be a long time ere they could get their crops again. . . . . It makes one wink to think how on earth the slaves of all these Bedouin tribes are to be freed in twelve years! Who is to free them? Will Great Britain? When the trees hear my voice and obey me, then will the tribes liberate their slaves! The only thing the Government can do is to prevent their getting new ones.

I told you that during the absence of a friendly tribe, a hostile tribe attacked their kraals, and took from them 3,500 cows. I sent out an expedition against the hostile tribe, which they met in the return war-path from an attack on another friendly tribe. The expedition fell on them and restored the captured cattle, and also carried off a number of other cattle. The hostile tribes are now coming in from great distances to ask pardon.

DARA, *August 2.*—A man escaped from Shaka to-day. He brought a letter from Edrees, one of the chiefs of Sebehr's son, who has got away to Bahr Gazelle. He had to pay £600 for liberty to leave. He tells me that the number of men under Sebehr's son is 3,500 in all. Sebehr's son cannot escape till the rains are over—that is for three months. He has no idea that I mean to come to Shaka. . . . . The chief says Sebehr's son has an intention of coming here to ask for pardon, but with the design, if he finds me weak, of attacking me.

August 3.—My black secretary and mentor is for letting Suleiman (Sebehr's son) come here, and for letting him enter the fort, and then taking

him prisoner, and if he resists killing him. I cannot do this; it is too Asiatic.

Colonel Gordon learnt that Toashia was threatened with an attack by the Leopard tribe, who held the road between that place and Dara.

WADAR, *August 7*.—I had in consequence gone to attack the Leopard tribe, who lay between Dara and Toashia at this place Wadar. Well! we started on August 5, and at 6 p.m., before we had all collected, down came a fearful thunderstorm; it lasted for hours—indeed, nearly all night—and every one halted where he was caught by the storm. I put on my great coat, put up my umbrella, and wished for dawn. It was pleasant, but I had my blanket and rolled myself up in it, and slept well. The next day we went but a short march, for the rain had taken half our strength out of us. We halted for the night, and to-day we came on to Wadar, where the great fight was to come off. My faithful Darfour tribes, however, would not wait for my troops, who *are* slow, and attacked the enemy, who, in spite of all they say, were not more than 160, and killed them all. My allies have three men wounded—one, I fear, mortally. One is a chief. I am sorry for the 160, and I am sorry for the three men. I wish people could see what the suffering of human creatures is—I mean those who wish for war. I am a fool, I dare say, but I cannot see the sufferings of any of these people without tears in my eyes. . . . . Of course many of the Fors were taken; some of them were with children. What can I do with them? An officer declared to me that at the revolt of Darfour a woman who lived

with an officer escaped with the child he had by her, and taking the child to the chief of the insurgents asked him to kill it, as "the child of a Turk," which the chief did.

I had scarcely written these words when the chief of the Masharin tribe (Ahmed Neurva) came to my tent, and we had a council on what we should do. At that moment the Leopard tribe appeared in sight, in two parties of about 350 each. They advanced boldly on, and some of the chiefs rode out to meet them. They, however, kept moving on; and in spite of the musketry, came close up to the bushes of my camp, when they were driven back. We had 3,500 at least, against their 700, and yet they nearly beat us. I was dragged against my will into the stockade; the poor chief of the Masharin was mortally wounded.

August 8.—To-day I advanced on Fufar, and never saw the enemy. Well, neither you, nor any one else who is not here, can conceive what my officers and troops are! I will say no more than that, for my own personal safety, I must get 200 men as a body-guard. I do not think one of the enemy was killed at the assault of the station. Not one ought to have escaped. I was sickened to see twenty brave men of the tribes in alliance with me ride out to meet the Leopard tribe, unsupported by my men who crowded into the stockade! It was terribly painful. The only thing which restrained me from riding out to the attack was the sheep-like state in which my people would have been had I been killed. What, also, would have become of the province? . . . . The wretched Bashi-Bazouks,

who prance up to me, waving their swords, are a set of arrant cowards. I hate their brag, when I see their really arrant fear. The way that the artillery handled their guns and the rocket tube made one creep. Fancy, that the enemy came within ten yards of the stockade, and I think got off scot free. . . . . We have now driven the Leopard tribe from three of their watering-places, and they have only one other left; if they go into the territory of any other tribe, that tribe will rob them. Do you understand that these watering-places vary in distance, being as far apart as London from Chatham or Gravesend—that is to say, in distances equal to these there is no water? If you, therefore, seize the watering-places, the tribe must surrender, or die of thirst. I would spare the women and children and cattle this trial, but I have no option, if I wish to quell the insurgents. . . . . A man has fired at a man of another tribe, and is supposed to have mortally wounded him. If the man who is wounded dies, the man who has wounded him must be shot. My soul revolts at these horrors, of which I used to think nothing. All these troubles come in quarrels for plunder—some miserable grain or an earthenware pot. The men find the stores of grain by catching some of the stray-aways from the enemy, and forcing them to show the depots. I have just disposed of the man who shot the other, who, I am sorry to say, died. I called the chiefs of the tribe to whom the dead man belonged, and the prisoner; and I asked the chiefs whether they would prefer me to shoot the murderer, or to give him to them to serve as an assistant to the family of the dead man. This latter course they acceded to, I am

glad to say. The murderer was the slave (I have let out the word) of one of the soldiers before; so I have only changed his master. You should have seen the fright of every one around me—even the chiefs of the tribe of the murdered man—as I took the rifle and cocked it, with the pretence of shooting the poor, black, ivory-teethed murderer. I need not say I felt quite sure that the tribe would not wish it. In all natures, however savage, there is good; but, nevertheless, everyone around me thought I would shoot him if they did not intercede. I said, "Shall I shoot him now, and leave him a stinking carcase? or will you take him, and make him work for the family he has bereaved?" . . . . The chief of the Masharin died of his wounds in the night. To-day the chief of the Leopard tribe, before he retreated, called out, "Where is Ahmed Neurva?" The answer was, "He is in the camp." The chief—"Ha! ha! He is dead!" This shows that I have some of the Arabs with me who must have told the enemy. It appears that they did lose sixty men in their two attacks.

After a quiet night I sent out the cavalry to find the whereabouts of the enemy. Just now a detachment of the Leopard tribe came in to ask for pardon. This I have granted, but I will take their lances. Their chief, with his people, are near here, and do not know where to go. The quantity of dhoora is wonderful. The men find it by probing the ground, and by the "question" applied to captives, which I cannot prevent. The detachment of the Leopards are without water, and have been so for a day. I am sorry for it. Consider it as we may, war is a brutal, cruel

affair. Do you notice how often, in the wars of the Israelites, the people were in want of water? Those wars were the same as our wars here (see 2 Kings iii. 9). I fear we are like them, for we take captives — in fact, the whole of the circumstances are just as they were in the time of the kings of Israel, even the cloth wrapped round the men, and the immense spears. To a man who knew the Scriptures, and could write well, it would be a grand chance. The chiefs are now, as then, men of known personal courage, like the commander-in-chief of David. The small portion of the Leopard tribe, which is near here, has got my letter of pardon, and some of them are flying down to the water. Fancy, what a comfort to them in this fearful sun! You see the people coming over the sand, like flies on a wall. The poor fugitives cannot stand the thirst, and are coming down, one by one, to water. You have not the very least idea of the fearful effect of want of water in this scorched-up country, yet this Leopard tribe would rise in rebellion, though it had never been molested by the Government. The effect of crushing it will be great: never before have they been so disastrously situated. Hunger is nothing to thirst; the one can be eased by eating grass, the other is swift and insupportable.

The cavalry have returned, bringing in some prisoners — one of them a notable chief, who, thirsty beyond measure, gave himself up. I have with pleasure pardoned him, and sent him to the others to tell them to give up their spears, and come and drink. . . . . He says they are in a great perplexity; half of the tribe being in one

direction, the other half in another. The chief's son was taken—a boy of fifteen. As they sat tied in my tent, I saw the poor boy was so thirsty; it was a comfort to give him a long drink. Neither half of the tribe can escape unless they cross a three days' desert, which they have no means of doing. The swearing of the forgiven chief to fidelity was curious. A Koran was sent for, and then a clean cloth. The Koran must not be touched by the unclean hand, though it came out of the breast of one of the officers. It was opened; a passage read, which the forgiven man repeated, and then, after washing his hand in the sand, he put it on the Koran, with some further words, and the ceremony was finished.

August 12.—A windy night has brought out quantities of scorpions. I killed six in my tent—two of them five inches long. The Leopard tribe keep sending in for pardon, but they only want us to go away, so I am firm against them. We propose to attack Duggam to-morrow morning, where a body of the enemy is posted. There is a dreadful mixture of tribes. Some of these were hostile to us from fear of the stronger tribes, and some wish to surrender, while their chiefs do not. Altogether, it is very difficult to decide how to act, and I fear that injustice occurs very often. . . . . The camels of the Arabs, which are not accustomed to eat grain, are obliged to be fed by the hand for three or four days, before they can eat by themselves. They do not appear to be able to scoop up the dhoora.

August 14.—The Leopard tribe has gone off to Gebel Heres.

DUGGAM, *August 14.*—We started this morning

to join the expeditionary force, which set off in the night of the 12th against Duggam. This force came upon the Leopards and took 1,000 cattle, and a large number of the tribe surrendered. . . . . We are not far from Fascher—the hemmed-in capital, with its 8,000 soldiers. They must have seen our fires. . . . . I am starting thither to see what they are about.

FASCHER, *August 18.*—After an abominable road for thirty miles through quagmires, I arrived with 150 men at night. They had no notion of my coming, and were agreeably surprised. I found here four times as many soldiers as I had with me, and there were ten times as many with Hassan Pasha Helmi, three days from here; yet these troops had neither opened the road to Dara or Oomchanga, and the enemy had come up close to Fascher only a few days ago. Hassan Pasha had quietly left this place, and had been absent, doing little or nothing, for eight weeks. I have sent for him to return here at once, and then I shall move on to Gebel Heres. The son of Sebehr has sent me a penitent letter, but it is too late. . . . . I rode round Fascher—such a miserable place! and yet it was once a very populous, flourishing town, during the time of the sultans. I will relate to you a little intrigue against me, got up by the Arab Lieutenant-Colonel, and, I expect, some of the useless Arab officers. A Muezzin or Crier to Prayer, has been accustomed to cry the hour of prayer near the place where my tent is pitched. The Lieutenant-Colonel told him not to do so, as it would disturb me; fortunately, my black secretary missed hearing the man, and asked the Lieutenant-Colonel who gave the order.

You see the object was to raise the fanaticism of the people against me by making out that I had stopped the crier. I gave the crier £2, and I bundled off my friend, the Lieutenant-Colonel, into banishment at Katarif, where he will have time to meditate. I never hesitate a moment in coming down on such fellows.

August 23.—I hear that Haroun's men, having been in poor quarters for so long, have now got into fat quarters, and have great mortality among them — numbers dying every day. It will be terrible if I have to encamp near them. The spies say that the stench is fearful around their camp. People have little idea how little glorious war is; it is organised murder, pillage, and cruelty, and it is seldom that the weight falls on the fighting men—it is on the women, children, and old people. The Crimea was the exception.

Now read this: You know I sent out an expedition from Dara, that it stayed out nineteen days and did nothing. I hear to night that the officer in command took a heavy bribe from the chief of the tribe he was to attack, not to attack him! Now, is not this enough to sicken the best of beings? and this man is a Lieutenant-Colonel. I am quite disheartened by this. However, it is permitted, and I must accept it. I will have this man judged, and if it is proved to be true, I will have him shot, and not wait for the Khedive's sanction. How little do we English appreciate the blessings God has given to us in a good Government!

August 24.—After a most fatiguing ride, I reached Kario this evening, and found that Gebel Heres and the neighbourhood had been swept

clean, and that all the Leopard tribe had come in for pardon.

August 25. — Such a thunderstorm, lasting nearly all night! Such a pig-stye the camp! and such enormous misery all round! They took a notable chief prisoner, and asked me what they were to do with him. I said, "I cannot decide on the question, for I do not know what the man has done." I expect that he has been shot. It is quite impossible to know in these cases what to do. The man was in the custody of the chief of the tribe who had suffered most from him, and therefore was the best judge of the necessity. God forgive me if he has been unrighteously put to death. I long to close with Haroun, so as to be rid of these *minor murders*. The whole country is suffering terribly from famine, and it will get worse I fear. The smell of the putrefying dead (men and animals) is fearful. Apart from political reasons, I fear to let the slave-dealers into this country; for they kill men, women, and children. It appears that Sebehr's son is with his hordes two days from Dara, plundering right and left. The Darfour tribes keep escaping from them, taking refuge at Dara, and begging me to come to their help. But I am bound to go after Haroun. My black secretary has drooped, and is very feeble to-day—morally more than physically. My position is delightful with all this. For the very smallest thing men come direct to me, and force their way in, let me be as engaged as possible. There is no chain of responsibility. Every one thinks he has a perfect right to come to me, and also thinks himself aggrieved if I do not give him an immediate

hearing. Besides this, in giving or taking a paper to you they take two or three minutes. You never saw such a dilatory set! The consequence is that papers are snatched out of their hands, and also thrown at them. All very undignified, but I cannot help it. If you send for a man, he takes a nice funeral pace to come to you. You see him afar off long before he arrives, and sometimes I am so undignified as to rush to meet him. All this is not good, for my post is a very high one; but I cannot help it, and I do not care. I have the power if I have not the glory, and, at any rate, I get through a mint of work. I am trying hard to get proved the bribery of that Lieutenant-Colonel who kept me nineteen days at Dara, but I fear the case will not be proved; for the witnesses, being of the same species, guilty of the same sort of actions, will try to screen him, and in the end I shall be obliged to fall back on my despotic powers, and arbitrarily crush him. He took £200 in money, £50 worth of feathers, and ten camel-loads of dhoora, as his bribe not to attack the tribe. . . . . Sebehr's son, with his 3,000 men, *now* wants to help me (*i.e.* ravage the country) against my will! Haroun is ravaging the country to the north, and I am placed between these two forces. The whole of the tribes around Sebehr's son are hostile to him, and partially hostile to *me*, and in favour of Haroun—but asking me to help them against the armed force of Sebehr's son—a triangular duel.

FUFAR, *August 27.*—On the way here we caught a messenger from one of the chiefs I had pardoned with a letter, saying, that I was

coming to Hadji Achmet, the chief who stops the road between Fascher and Oomchanga. Enclosed is the intercepted letter:—

TRANSLATION.

"The Pasha left to-day, and as soon as you receive this letter he will be on you. You must take care to remove all our things, women, and children, from Erzoots to Eragat, and not leave any of our things. I will march along with the soldiers of the Pasha, and when I know his intentions I will come to you. The Pasha has a very strong force, and it will be difficult to beat them."

I am worn to a shadow by the utter uselessness of the Bashi-Bazouks. The very sight of them excites my ire. I never saw such a useless, expensive set. I hate (there is no other word for it) these Arabs; and I like the blacks—patient, enduring, and friendly, as much as the Arab is cowardly, cruel, and effeminate. All the misery is due to these Arab and Circassian Pashas and authorities. I would not stay a day here for these wretched creatures, but I would give my life for these poor blacks. No Anti-Slavery Society man could conceive the intense hatred I have for these Arabs. I have another trouble—the want of grain for the troops. We do not know what to do. Some of my chiefs of tribes hate the pardoning system, for they get no cows. . . . . Every fortnight I have a new skin to my face. Thanks to some glycerine, it is not painful; but the sun is fearfully hot. The ups and downs of my spirit are great. At times I think I must evacuate Darfour; at other times all

looks rose-coloured. This is all very well, but it is a terrible wear to one's mind. It might suit a gamester, but I am tired of the strain. Just as I wrote this there came down a terrific storm of dust, and rain, and wind. Down came my tent, and I got wet through. I feel for the poor soldiers. What misery this revolt has caused to every one! During the storm I found a scorpion in my boot—evidently there to get out of the rain. It was the fourth I have killed to-day. I have two expeditions out, one of 800 men to collect grain; another of 500 against the insurgents near here. Where are they? It is pitch-dark, and raining, with heavy gusts of wind, which make me tremble for my newly-put-up tent. . . . . I must leave the sheikh who bribed my Colonel for the present. Our forces are most evenly matched, and the slightest advantage on either side would be great in its consequences; for all the pardoned chiefs are only bowing to the apparently inevitable, and all are ready to turn again. . . . . I hear that Haroun has retired, and no one knows where he is.

August 31.—In the midst of my operations against the insurgent tribes, while everything is tending to the end of the revolt, I have received intelligence that the slave-traders, with their troops of armed slaves numbering some 6,000, have camped near Dara. I am obliged to go there at once. . . . . Started for Dara. Met *en route* the Lieutenant-Colonel who was bribed coming to join me. I would not see him. He has allowed his men to rob right and left, and the people came running to me all along the road. These irregulars steal a boy or a girl with as little

compunction as a fowl. It is really terrible. The Lieutenant-Colonel has had another sorrow. He tied the bag with the despatches to the Khedive—thirty-one in number—to the saddle of a camel, and did not remove the bag for the night. The camel broke away, and all the despatches were lost. Poor wretch! He cried to my clerk. He knew something was hanging over him, and the loss of those letters overfilled his cup of sorrow. However, the letters have since come to hand. . . . . I got to Dara alone about 4 p.m., long before my escort, having ridden eighty-five miles in a day-and-a-half. About seven miles from Dara I got into a swarm of flies, and they annoyed me and my camel so much, that we jolted along as fast as we could. Upwards of 300 were on the camel's head, and I was covered with them. I suppose that the queen fly was among them. If I had no escort of men, I had a large escort of these flies. I came on my people like a thunderbolt. As soon as they had recovered, the salute was fired. My poor escort! where is it? Imagine to yourself a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies—arriving in the divan all of a sudden. The people were paralyzed, and could not believe their eyes.

DARA, *September 2.*—No dinner after my long ride, but a quiet night, forgetting my miseries. At dawn I got up, and putting on the golden armour the Khedive gave me, went out to see my troops, and then mounted my horse, and with an escort of *my* robbers of Bashi-Bazouks, rode out to the camp of the other robbers three miles off. I was met by the son of Sebehr—a nice-looking lad of twenty-two years—and rode through the

robber bands. There were about 3,000 of them—men and boys. I rode to the tent in the camp; the whole body of chiefs were dumb-foundered at my coming among them. After a glass of water I went back, telling the son of Sebehr to come with his family to my divan. They all came, and sitting there in a circle, I gave them in choice Arabic my ideas: That they meditated revolt; that I knew it, and that they should now have my ultimatum, viz., that I would disarm them and break them up. They listened in silence, and then went off to consider what I had said. They have just now sent in a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it. They have pillaged the country all round, and I cannot help it. I feel very sorry for the poor people, for they were my allies at Wadar, and through their absence with me, their possessions were exposed to the attacks of these scoundrels. What misery!!!! But the Higher than the Highest regardeth it and can help them. I cannot. The sort of stupified way in which they heard me go to the point about their doings, the pantomime of signs, the bad Arabic, etc., was quite absurd. Fancy, the son of Sebehr only three days ago took his pistol and fired three shots close to my cavass,* because the poor fellow, who was ill, did not get up when he came to him. . . . . You should have seen his face when I told him all this, when he protested his fidelity. However, I said it was all forgiven. Maduppa Bey has come here, and says, when the son of Sebehr got home, he laid down and said not a word, and that the Arabs say *I have poisoned him!!!!* with the coffee. A huge post

* See p. 230.—ED.

has brought me a number of unpleasant letters. . . . . There is a famine at the Equator, and the poor blacks are dying in numbers! God look to it! Then there are quarrels at Khartoum; and worse than all, I hear my black secretary has been taking huge bribes everywhere—a man whom I trusted as myself. Is there an honest man in the world? I declare, with all my miseries I am sick at heart, and did not my kind God give me strength, I should faint under it. . . . . Fancy that my black secretary took £3,000 backsheesh! Is it not horrible?* . . . . Sebehr's son is a nice-looking boy of twenty or twenty-two, but looks a spoilt child that a good shaking would do good to. I have tried to be kind to him, but he looks daggers at me. Poor little chap! he has a bitter time of it before him, and before he realises the nothingness of the world; brought up in the midst of the most obsequious people and slaves, accustomed to do just what he liked, to think nothing of killing people, or of their misery, and now to be *nothing!* "And David said, 'Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man.'" I will try to do so if I can. . . . . He is a little chap, and wears a blue velvet riding jacket. All the family came to my divan armed to the teeth. This is altogether against Oriental customs. I hope soon to get out of Darfour.

September 3.—I have sent for Hassan Pasha, and shall hand over to him all the affairs, and then leave. I hope to be at Dongola in twenty-one days. The swallows in my hut, when I was

* "I fear he will be very hardly dealt with. He has deceived me too grossly to be forgiven. I have ordered him to be sent as a prisoner to Khartoum, there to be judged."—Letter of September 11.—ED.

last here, were building their nests; now the nests are full of young fellows, who, peering out, are a contrast to the wars and miseries around them. . . . . I am sending off men to Shaka to take possession of it. I will clear out the slave nest of every one of them.

2 p.m.—The cub is still silent. Just now came in one of his officers, commanding 120 men, asking me to let him and his men go home. I said, "Of course. Why not?" He said Sebehr's son would not let him go, though he was ready to give up, for himself and his men, all pay due to them. I gave him the order for himself and his men to go when they liked; he was delighted. Sebehr's son had evidently got all these men up to fight me. This is the second secession from his forces, and my opinion is that all will leave him, and that he will come to me for protection to-night or to-morrow; for he will fear to stay outside the fort, as he must have a host of enemies. What a terrible downfall! He told the chiefs on the way here that he was sultan.

6 p.m.—It appears that the Sebehr faction are not inclined to give up the affair, but are hoping for events to turn up, by which they can keep their men, and avoid a conflict with the Government. So I have written to the son of Sebehr, to order him to return to Shaka, and to leave three sandjaks,* or 600 men, here with Nour Bey, one of his commanders now faithful to us. Whether he will obey or not, I do not know. However, things will come to a head any way. My advisers

* Sandjak is used indifferently for either a company of irregular troops, or the commander of the company.—ED.

wanted me to use treachery; but I said, "If I use treachery to them, how could *you* ever trust *me?*" I confess to having been too sanguine, but God orders all things for the best.

September 5.—I think all has gone well. Sebehr's son has sent in to say he is off (in accordance with my order) to Shaka, leaving three sandjaks here with Nour Bey. They say that they were up all night discussing the question, Sebehr's son being for the attack on Dara at once; the others against it. If he goes to Shaka and escapes into the interior—well! The affair will be long, but it will be sure in the end, for little by little his men will desert him (a number have already done so); at any rate we get the division of the chaff and the wheat, *i.e.*, those for war, and those for peace. Sebehr's son sent to ask me for some robes; these are generally given when the Governor-General is content. I replied right plainly—first, that I had no robes; second, that he had not filled me with over-much confidence in his fidelity; and third, that he had been very rude to me, when I had shown him every attention, and gone out of my way to be civil to him—a boy—and had done my best for him and tried to protect him. I said this right out, and I expect he will be somewhat disgusted. I hear that the "chaff" are packing up. I am glad of a riddance of such material, for my Fort and troops are of the weakest; I dare not strengthen the former, for fear of frightening the people and my "sheep" soldiers. The chiefs are disgusted with me for not using treachery, but I will not do it, *coûte que coûte.* Even putting aside moral considerations, *it never pays.*

I have not the least confidence in my officers or my men. Three hundred determined men would cause them to rush to my house. . . . . I fear I have before me a disagreeable task, viz., to make my Absalom (Sebehr's son) a prisoner with his three adherents. It is terrible to me, but I fear there is no hope of any peace without it. The little chap is very irate with me—in fact, furious; and I doubt if he will ever forgive me. I wish he would, for I cannot help feeling for him, and he is a smart little fellow—the terror in which he has kept the mightiest of these free-booters is something wonderful. They are all afraid of their life of him, and he made men of all sorts prisoners. . . . . I believe that over and over again since the "friendlies" have given in their submission they have discussed attacking me. The people of these lands, through years of bad government, have lost all sense of anything beyond their own advantage; and I smile inwardly when my black clerk swears them on the Koran to be faithful. I know no amount of swearing on the Koran will keep a man truthful —*that* has a far deeper root.

1 p.m.—The débâcle, or thaw, has taken place—the wheat has separated from the chaff; Sebehr's son, with four chiefs and 1,400 men have gone to Shaka. Nour Bey and nine chiefs and 1,500 men stay, and give in to the Government. Now what to do with them—the stayers, I mean, for as for the goers, I hope to do for them soon. There are 200 men at Shaka under Aroud, who is favourable to us. Sebehr's son has had a considerable loss in the 1,500 men coming here; the little wretch must be in a great way at the defection of so many.

5 p.m.—They are still, I hear, disputing whether to fight me or not, and, as usual, I speculated too much on the adhesion of the nine chiefs.

6 p.m.—Sebehr's son sent me by several of his chiefs a letter saying, "He was my son (undutiful enough, I thought), and I his father, etc., and would I give him a government?" I have replied to him that I am glad to hear he gives in, but "that until he either goes to Cairo to salute His Highness or else shows some other proof of his fidelity, I would never give him a place, even if refusing it cost me my life." I told the chiefs this, and asked them whether, if they were in my place, they would do so, and they said "No." Even now my clerk doubts whether they will not fight me. What a state of affairs! I asked one of the chiefs if he was a father. He said "Yes;" and I asked him if he did not think a good flogging would do the cub good, to which he agreed. Ruffians as they are, I rather like having a chat with them.

September 7.—This morning there came a letter from Fascher,* saying that a regular panic had

"Fasser le 7bre 1877

* "EXELLENEC.—j'ai expliquer vos intentions à Hassan Pacha. Mais à Melit on se passe de choses bien Graves. Une lettre venue de Kobi à Hamza Bey datée de 19 Chaban (Schabân the seventh month in the Mahommedan calendar) dit que Melik Saat et Adam Dua ils sont dirigée vers Melit, une autre lettre arrivée aujourd'hui dit que Melik Saat à ordoné de lui construire une maison à 'Zagarfa' entre Melit et Fasser. Votre ami Harrun Mercredi passée devait partir de 'Sakani' pour se unir avec Melek et Adam. Selen la lettre aujourd'hui devait être chez eux.

"L'intention de Melek Saat en venant à 'Zagarfa' c'est de fermer la route de Kobé à Fasser. Depêchez-vous, exellenec, d'aller à sa rencentre. Cette Nouvelle repandu ici à mit le monde à une panique, craignant que Melek Saat vien ici une segende fois et mettre la ville en centrus.

"Je vous souaitte une reusite complete.

"Votre humble serviteur,

"Vendredi midi. "GEORGIADE.

"P.S.—Depuis deux jour Hassan Pacha a ecrit à votre exellence pour tout ce que se passe là-bas."

occurred there. . . . . I wrote back, "Do not be in such a fright; the slave-dealers are coming to your rescue." I declare it is disgraceful. At Fascher they have at least 5,000 men, while at Erzoots there are as many. . . . . I had a painful night of it last night, for I much feared an attack from Sebehr's son, rendered desperate by my last refusal. . . . . Do you know that there are 4,000 more of these slave-dealers to be dealt with at Bahr Gazelle? But the chief of the greater number (Edrees) is with me, and so I do not fear them. You will see on Schweinfurth's map* the enormous way inland these stations extend, and you may imagine the difficulty there will be in putting them down, for you cannot discharge 10,000 men accustomed to arms and drive them into idle life! . . . . Sebehr's son was in a fearful rage when he went away. . . . . I have just come back from a visit to my new soldiers, the brigands. I like to show them I am not afraid, and went with ten men. Some of the brigands scowled, some smiled.

DARA, *September 7*.—A sheikh of a powerful tribe came to see me yesterday. He was a nice little fellow of fourteen years old, like what I think Ishmael was. He spoke to me in quite a dignified way, his followers sitting at his feet, and evidently taking a pride in the little man's deportment. I wish I could put into each government a kind man, but it is impossible. I want in each governor three qualities: 1, Courage; 2, Honesty; 3, Kindness. I find men with No. 1 who lack No. 2 and No. 3. I find men—few it is true—with Nos. 2 and 3 who lack No. 1. I cannot

* In the *Heart of Africa*.—ED.

find one man with the three qualities. No. 1 is never very prominent.

September 9.—Started for Shaka with four companies.

September 10.—A very hot march. *En route* I have complaints on all sides of the pillage committed by the slave-dealers' people. I cannot help it. The heat and flies on these marches are terrible. . . . . I am running a great risk in going into the slaver's nest with only four companies, but I will trust to God to help me, and the best policy with these people is a bold one.

EN ROUTE TO SHAKA, *September 11.*—There are some 6,000 more slave-dealers in the interior, who will obey me now they have heard that Sebehr's son and the other chiefs have given in. You can imagine what a difficulty there is in dealing with all these armed men. I have separated them here and there, and in course of time will rid myself of the mass. Would you shoot them all? Have they no rights? Are they not to be considered? Had the planters no rights? Did not our Government once allow slave-trading? Do you know that cargoes of slaves came into Bristol Harbour in the time of our fathers?* I would have given £500 to have had you and the Anti-Slavery Society in Dara during the three days of doubt whether the slave-dealers would fight or not. A bad fort, a cowed garrison, and not one who did not tremble;—a strong determined set of men accustomed to war,

* The Quakers took the lead amongst the emancipationists. Yet in the year 1772, John Woolman, the Quaker, wrote:—"Great is the trade to Africa for slaves! and in loading these ships, abundance of people are employed in the factories; amongst whom *are many of our society.*"—*The Life and Travels of John Woolman*, p. 196.—ED.

good shots, with two field-pieces. I would have liked to hear what you would all have said then. I do not say this in brag, for God knows what my anxiety was, *not* for my life, for I died years ago to all ties in this world, and to all its comforts, honours, and glories, but for my sheep in Darfour and elsewhere. I do not believe in you all. You say this and that, and you do not do it; you give your money and you have done your duty; you praise one another, etc. I do not wonder at it. God has given you ties and anchors to this earth, you have wives and families. I, thank God, have none of them and am free. Now understand me. If it suits me I will buy slaves. I will let captured slaves go down to Egypt and not molest them, and I will do what I like, and what God in His mercy may direct me to do about domestic slaves; but I will break the neck of slave-raids even if it cost me my life. I will buy slaves for my army: for this purpose I will make soldiers against their will to enable me to prevent raids. I will do this in the light of day and defy your resolutions and your actions. Would my heart be broken if I was ousted from this command? Should I regret the eternal camel-riding, the heat, the misery I am forced to witness, the discomforts of everything around my domestic life? Look at my travels in seven months. Thousands of miles on camels, and no hope of rest for another year. You are only called on at intervals to rely on your God: with me I am obliged continually to do so. I mean by this that you have only great trials, such as the illness of a child, when you feel yourself utterly weak, now and then. I am

constantly in anxiety. The body rebels against this constant leaning on God: it is a heavy strain on it; it causes appetite to cease. Find me the man —and I will take him as my help—who utterly despises money, name, glory, honour—one who never wishes to see his home again—one who looks to God as the Source of good, and Controller of evil—one who has a healthy body and energetic spirit, and one who looks on death as a release from misery; and if you cannot find him, then leave me alone. To carry myself is enough for me—I want no other baggage.

I must notice to you one thing which is very different among the society here and that of the planters in the colonies. One never hears of owners of slaves keeping gangs of them for field-labour or for cultivation. They are kept for slave-servants, or by the slave-dealers as slave-troops. They are smart dapper-looking fellows, like antelopes; fierce, unsparing, the terror of Central Africa, having a prestige far beyond that of the Government troops. These are the tools of the slave-dealers. Certain Greeks are now at Katarif on whom I have my eye, who have gangs of slaves cultivating cotton. I mean to make a swoop on them. In fact the condition of the negro is incomparably better in these lands than ever it was, in the West Indies, and I therefore claim for my people a greater kindness of heart than was possessed by the planters, with all their Christian profession and civilisation.

You speak of Mahomedanism being imperilled. Not so. I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe he is in any peril. All of us are more or less

Pagans. Have you read *Modern Christianity A Civilised Heathenism?* I had those views long before I read the book. I like the Mussulman; he is not ashamed of his God; his life is a fairly pure one; certainly, he gives himself a good margin in the wife-line, but, at any rate, he never poaches on others. Can our Christian people say the same?

What have the Foreign Office to do with me, or I with them? I do not want their aid. I should be unfaithful to H.H. were I to accept it. Besides, "those with me are more than those with them." I want no alliance beyond the Almighty. . . . . No, my dear ——, act up to your religion, and then you will enjoy it. The Christianity of the mass is a vapid tasteless thing, and of no use to any one. The people of England care more for their dinners than they do for anything else, and you may depend upon it, it is only an active few whom God pushes on to take an interest in the [slave] question. "It is very shocking! Will you take some more salmon?"

September 14.—Six hours from Shaka. Such a road through the Forest! You are nearly torn to ribbons by the thorny trees. On arrival at our halting-place, Sebehr's son sent me a letter saying "I was his father, and would I stop in his house?" I have accepted his invitation. Now, I want you to consider what I am to do with him. If I take him down to Cairo I make a great man of him; whereas, if I leave him up here, he can do me no harm, and he will not be a martyr, which he would be considered if I took him to Cairo. He is now inoffensive for evil; then why should I trouble myself about him, and make him a

name? I think I shall give him a place with my officer at Bahr Gazelle. . . . . Half-an-hour from Shaka. We halted here in order to enter in state to-morrow. Sebehr's son and all the notables came out this evening. All are now very, very submissive. They want me to do this and that for them, but I keep to my words to the others. The son seems now more amenable to reason.

September 15.—Arrived at Shaka, and met with a good reception. I would not wait, so I gave my orders at once, sending Sebehr's son to Bahr Gazelle and the other chiefs to different places. I am in the son's house. He never used to let any one sit in his presence, and must be shocked at the familiarity with which every one was treated by me. He is sitting out in the verandah—I expect to excite my pity. However, a short diet of humble pie will not be bad for him. What an amount of trouble he has given me and every one! No velvet coat was worn to-day. . . . . There is a regular thaw: every one wants to leave and get out of the radius of a contaminated atmosphere. . . . . I had the band here with me to play *Salaam Effendina—Vive le Khédive!* An enormous country comes under His Highness by the fall of Shaka. The populations of the Nile had emigrated into the Bahr Gazelle regions to escape from the Government exactions. . . . . I shall now conclude my letters on Darfour and Shaka, etc., with sincere thanks to God for so ruling events that many lives have not been lost in either affair.*

* Colonel Gordon, writing on June 27 and July 1, 1879, says: "I saw the servant of Sebehr's son, who has escaped to Gessi. He said that they all meditated taking me when I was at Shaka in 1877. Fancy my being

SHAKA TO OBEID, *September 16-29*.—The cub is now very friendly, and comes to sit with me. I have given him a gun, with which he is delighted. I do not think that he is very brave, for when I fired off a gun he flinched back, as if he was not accustomed to it. Shaka is a much larger place than any other I have been at—larger than Obeid: it is quite a town and is full of slaves. . . . . Two huge tribes refuse to accept the chiefs who are now at their head; now this is a very difficult matter, for the sheikhdom is hereditary, and I do not see how I can dethrone them, although their subjects refuse to obey them. Such an uproar outside! The Arabs quarrelling who should be their head chief. I let them come in, and, I hope, settled it by saying, "Those who wished for A could go with A, and those who wished for B could go with B. I would force no one." They had crowned one chief with corn-leaves.

September 17.—I am (D.V.) leaving to-day for Obeid, and shall be glad to go, for this is not a healthy place, and I fear the humidity for my servant's sake. The cub has been at me for hours begging me to give him the nomination as chief of the seribas. This I will not do, for it would put things into his hands; as I told him, he had not acted hitherto in a way which would justify

there without sentries! I dare say I was safer without them. . . . . There is a large tree on the left-hand side of the road from Obeid to Shaka—about two miles from Shaka. Under this tree Sebehr assembled his officers when he went to Cairo, and swore them to obey him—if he ordered them "to attend to the arrangement made under the tree," they were to revolt. After he had seen me at Cairo, and found I would not help him, he sent up orders, "Put into effect my orders given under the tree." So the revolt began. The chiefs of Sebehr's forces swore on the Koran to attack the Government when they where at Dara, *before I rode down*. Then again they assembled after I had seen them at Dara, and some wanted to swear to attack the place that night; some were against it, and that led to a split, and then to dispersion. So it appears that I had a narrow escape."—ED.

this confidence. He came last night twice when I was going to sleep, and embraced my feet for this boon, and to-day offered me a wedge of gold!

September 18.—I left yesterday at 2 p.m. the slave-nest Shaka: only one foreigner—an American named Mason—had ever been there before. . . . . I hope that the Shaka business is satisfactorily disposed of, but looking at the mass of slaves there it will be long ere that work is ended. . . . . Sebehr's son *is* a cub. He has no sense of propriety—lolls about, yawns, fondles his naked feet, and speaks as if he were a street boy. I do not think he cares a jot about his father. As for business he has no ideas about it, and his requests are most cool. He quietly ignores all the past, and asked me for his back-pay! He does not seem in the least put out at any hard words I may say. He would have suffered nicely, if he had fallen into the hands of an Arab Pasha. *Entre nous*, I think I am conveying from Shaka to Obeid a caravan of slaves. I cannot help it. One man says that seven women who are with him are his wives! I cannot disprove it. There are numbers of children—the men say that they are all their offspring! . . . . When you have got the ink which has soaked into blotting-paper out of it, then slavery will cease in these lands.

September 19.—This morning I came on a caravan of slaves, which is accompanying me—some sixty or eighty men, women, and children, chained. What am I to do? If I released them, who would care for them or feed them? Their homes were too far off to send them to; so I decided to make the slave-merchant take off their chains as scandalous, and then to leave them with

him. He, looking on them as valuable cows, will look well after them. Don Quixote would have liberated them, and made an attempt to send them back some forty days' march, through hostile tribes, to their homes — which they would never have reached. The slave-merchant had done no harm in buying them, for it is permissible in Egypt, and he had not taken them from their homes. The only remedy is to stop slave raids on the frontier; and this will only be done when I have put the slave-traders' seribas under my own people. You must stop it at its source. Once the slaves have left the source, it is useless to try. The frontier is the place on which to stop it. . . . . Being to some degree quiet as to affairs of state, I have made an inspection of my domestic establishment—a thing I have not been able to do since I left Cairo. I knew it was very bad, by its effects or products. I found a heap of cooking utensils of all sorts, enough for a French cook. All this has been pitched away. . . . . The water on the way consists of pools of rain. Caravan A. comes and drinks and bathes in it; then Caravan B. comes and does the same; then Caravan C., and so on. It is dreadful; but I have given up all ideas of this sort. I have no pleasure in eating or drinking, and do both to keep myself alive; and with these ideas, it makes little matter if the water is a solution of blacks or not. If I were fastidious, I should be as many weeks as I now am days on the road; I gain a great deal of *prestige* by these unheard-of marches. It makes the people fear me much more than if I were slow. I consider that the camel, though wonderful in endurance, has been

over-rated in this respect: they cannot go ten days consecutively without being considerably distressed. Six days is the average for good camels.

September 23.—I am tired-out to-day—what with the camel-riding, the trouble of the government, and the incessant work. No Sundays ever come to me now; it is every, every day the same thing—work from morning to night, either on camel or in my tent. I calculate that when I get to Obeid I shall have ridden on camel 2,300 miles since I left Massawa in March; and what a great many more I have to ride ere I finish this year! . . . . There is no doubt I could stop the slave gangs in one way—viz., by telling the tribes to capture and keep all the gangs that pass. They would soon do it, but then they would use no discrimination, and would plunder every one; besides which I think the slaves would prefer servitude with the Arabs of the towns to servitude with the Bedouins. . . . . When I was in my hut at Edowa a big black woman crept in. I did not see her come in, but heard her sobs. She could not stay with the Bedouin she was with: so I sent for the man whose slave she was, gave her thirty dollars, and made her give them to him. She then chose another master, and so had her way. She was a huge woman, and had a nice black face. . . . . We are in an Arab village. I am obliged to warn them that my escort is coming, so that they may remove all that might tempt people of predatory habits.

September 28.—When near the end of our long weary march, I noticed a very small black boy in the path, who would not get out of it. As he

looked quite a scrap to be left thus in the road, I immediately suspected something; and on going on I came across a lad with a chain of slaves, and I noticed a number more chained together under some trees. My little friend, who had been put on the croup of my clerk's camel, denied belonging to the slave-party; but it was evident that he did so, and that the slaves had pressed their march when they heard I was coming, and the little chap was left behind. I asked the lad in charge of the gang to whom they belonged. As he hesitated, I gave him a cut across the face with my whip, which was cruel and cowardly; but I was enraged to see the poor women and children so utterly forlorn, and could not help it. Well, I got the whole gang together, and told them to go on to the watering-place; for, poor wretches! they would otherwise have been kept there in the sun out of my way. Now, what was I to do? I could not with the three men undertake the convoy of them to Obeid; and when there, how much better off would they be? . . . . The little chap perched up behind my clerk said to him, "Give my master a piece of cloth for me. I should like to stay with you." Poor little soul! he valued himself at a dollar, which is the price of the piece of cloth he named. He said this in quite a "chirpy" way, as if he did not think any one would give more for him. I shall pay for him. It is melancholy work: one poor woman shocked me, she did look so piteous; and I felt angry with God for not stopping it. I feel quite sure I am right in keeping to the law, and in not breaking it; and God will find a way out of this trouble. For me what would be so nice as to have shot the slave-leaders, and avenged

myself? I would not fear to do it in the least. The only thing that restrained me was the sense of injustice if I did so. The head slave-dealer has just been to me to get me to order the Arabs of the village to give the slaves water—which they had refused to do. For the poor slaves' sake I did it. I noticed a bronze-coloured boy among the slaves, and saw he was an Arab Bedouin. I had him and two others freed, though I felt certain that they would soon be captured again by some one else. No person under fifteen years of age is safe in Darfour or Kordofan. The people are bent on slave-traffic. They look on the capture of a slave in the same way as people would look on appropriating an article found on the road. The slave is alone, and therefore may be taken; if reclaimed, he is given up without trouble. I declare I see no human way to stop it. The little boy is like a spider, with legs like a fly's: he is about seven years old. He has just come up to return me a biscuit of which he does not approve: he wants some dhoora, which I have not got. . . . . I have not yet made up my mind what to do about the slaves and the slave question; but I mean to stop, and that at once, the slave-markets at Katarif, Galabat, and Shaka; next, I must prevent the raids on the black tribes near the Bahr Gazelle, for which I have given orders. Galabat is a place under a semi-independent chief of the Tokrookis. The Tokrookis are immigrants from Darfour, and are a fierce set. Now for this I must concentrate troops to awe the semi-independent chief, and I must be prepared for a war; for he may cause a revolt, and he may claim Abyssinian protection, for

Galabat was stolen from Abyssinia by Egypt: that is one affair. Then I have Walad el Michael and Johannis to settle with. Then at Zeila there is another semi-independent chief, of much power with the tribes, named Aboubec'r. He is a great slave exporter, and is too strong to touch unless you have plenty of troops. . . . . It turns out that the men of Sebehr's son had naught to do with one of the slave-gangs I met. The slaves came from Dara, and had been captured and sold to the pedlars by my own officers and men. . . . . One of the Shaka men who is riding with me tells me hundreds and hundreds die on the road, and that when they are too weak to go the pedlars shoot them. I believe this man to be quite truthful. . . . . In all previous emancipations either there has been a strong government to enforce obedience, or a majority of the nation wished it. Here in this country there is not one who wishes it, or who would aid it even by advice. I know there are many who would willingly see the sufferings of the slave-gangs cease, and also the raids on the Negro tribes; but there they would stop. Besides this, the tenure of slaves is the A B C of life here to rich and poor: *no one* is uninterested in the matter.

OBEID, *October 3*.—I arrived here on September 30, and had a warm reception from the people, who were much surprised at the finale at Shaka. . . . . I have had to trust in God much more than my flesh would have wished—things were so black that human help was evidently useless. Do you know that with a sedentary life people seldom realise the leaning on God, except in sickness or in trade losses—indeed, only when they see *man* cannot help them?

EN ROUTE TO KHARTOUM, *October 19*.—In came three immense posts which had been travelling after me, and among them the enclosed letter from Johannis.

"Lettre* du Roi des Rois d'Ethiopie, Johannis, envoyée à Gordon Pacha, comment vous portez vous, moi et mon armée nous nous portons bien, grâce à Dieu.

"J'etais allé rapidement á Godjam pour finir des affaires. Il† est échappé et retourné dans son pays. Sa femmes, tous ses amis lui ont abandonné, même aussi ses soldats. J'ai attendu, jusqu' à présent sans avoir donné reponse.

"Ismail Pacha n'a pas fait bien à moi ne pas peu, mais beaucoup. Il m'a envoyé des cadeaux, j'ai mis ma couronne sur ma tête, j'ai fait tiré les canons, j'ai honoré les envoyés militairement. Moi aussi, par amitié, j'ai envoyé des cadeaux, mais lui n'a pas reçu mon envoyé, et il a fait lui attendre trop, par la force de Dieu et par l'intervention des Anglais il était delivré et ronvoyé.

"Autrefois la frontière d'Ethiopie et d'Egypte était connue, maintenant vous autres par votre volonté, vous avez fait la frontière, qui dit, cella-là soit la frontière.

"Je vous reponde à cause de votre amitié, mon frère, aussi mon frère de foi. Avant j'ai dit aux Muselmans de me n'écrire pas, et moi, je n'ai pas écrit plus à eux. Le Dieu juge entre Ismail Pacha et moi, les gens sans Dieu ne finissent pas.

"Dêbre Tabor, *le 12 Seni 18* (*sic*) *1869* [*18 Juin 1877*]."

KHARTOUM, *October 15*. — Arrived yesterday evening. The six elephants which had come up from Cairo since I left salaamed me on my arrival.

October 17.—The family of Ibrahim, my black secretary, on hearing of the scrape he had got into, are said to have strangled a female slave *who knew where his money was lodged*, and then thrown her into a well. The woman was found in

* I have not corrected the French or the punctuation.—ED.

† See page 416.—ED.

the well, and the Doctor says that she had been strangled before she was thrown in. The family feared the slave would tell where Ibrahim had hid his money.*

October 19.—Thanks for your letter. I am glad you are well. I am a shadow; and in three days (D.V.) I start on my tour to Berber, Dongola, Wädi Halfa, Assuan; thence I cross to Berenice on the Red Sea, and go thence to Massawa; from Massawa to Bogos; thence I hope to go to meet Johannis; thence return to Massawa, and go to Berberah, and perhaps Harrar; then back to this place.

EN ROUTE TO BERBER FROM KHARTOUM, *October 23.*—I had a hard time of it at Khartoum. I hung, at eighteen hours' notice, a noted murderer, which will tend to keep the town quiet for some months. You can have little idea of the amount of work I have to do, and I never have a Sunday or day of rest. Now that I have given up all drinking of wine or spirits I am much better, and sleep well; but it is a fever-life I lead. Were it not for the very great comfort I have in communion with God, and the knowledge that He is Governor-General, I could not get on at all. . . . .

The *fêtes* were somewhat damped by the knowledge that I was hatching something about the slaves. The proclamation is to go out on November 4. My huge palace is again desolate. It is a dreary place. I cannot go out of it without having people howling after me with petitions that I will let their sons out of prison, or such-like

* "The black interpreter will not disgorge his money; so he is going to the equator."—Letter of February 2, 1878.—ED.

things; and they follow me wherever I go, yelling all the time. I will not let them be beaten away, as is usually the case, but I take no notice; for how can I release every prisoner? . . . . Your brother is much feared and, I think, respected, but not overmuch liked. His refusals are definitive, and very strongly couched. "Never!" is the answer to many requests, shouted with a loud voice, and followed with, "Do you understand?" and, "Have you finished?" Pashas are threatened that if they do not move swiftly, I will come after them myself. I pursued one all the way from Dara, and he barely got out of Khartoum in time. He halted at five days' distance, thinking the pursuit at an end; but I gave him a telegram, and started him again. . . . . Every one wants money, and we have it not.

The people in the Soudan tremble before your brother. . . . . Sometimes I take my watch and say, "Now you may talk for an hour." They do talk for a long time; then I say, "Have you finished?" They begin again. At last, worn out (for I give them no answer till they say they have finished), I say I will not hear of it. Then they begin again, and when they own to having finished, I give them the same answer. They then give up, and go away. I am a Job for patience in these things. Some are ceremonious, and when told to sit down, will not. They are sometimes dragged to a seat and seated, and that quite upsets them; or else yelled at till they forget their mission from fear. Altogether, scenes are constant, and cause great amusement to the bystanders.

BERBER, *October 25*.—I have a telegram from the Khedive about the man I hanged so summarily. He approves, but he says he will write me a letter about it. Now, for trading in slaves the order is death, after judgment before a council of war; and surely a man who killed one, and wounded five men in one night, ought, after due judgment, to receive summary punishment. However, I do not care. Had I left the process to go through the usual routine, it would have taken six months, and at any rate the robbers are now afraid, and the man has been hanged.

October 26.—It is customary to have three nights of illumination when the Governor-General comes to a Mudirate,* and he, poor devil! is supposed to go out and see the same, at least for one or two nights. I wandered last night for a couple of hours looking at a few dingy lamps. It was a regular sacrifice! If a man makes a good illumination he expects you to raise his pay, or give him a place. It also costs money—some £10 to £20—in presents to the attendants. I need not say how the ordeal bores me. The people are most unreasonable—they expect me to do the Governor's work, and to investigate all squabbles. One man writes that he and his wife have quarrelled, that his neighbour has interfered, and that he wants me to investigate the case! . . . . Men telegraph to me from hundreds of miles off, to say their slave has escaped; will I see to it? Now they have a Governor on the spot, as good a one as I can get, and yet they will not go to him. I carefully avoid interfering

* The seat of a Government.—ED.

with the Governors, if they are in any way respectable; for it injures their influence and my interference can do no good. The chances are, the Governors will simply disregard my orders when my back is turned. . . . . I always go over the hospitals, barracks, and prisons, to see how these establishments are managed.

EN ROUTE FROM BERBER TO DONGOLA, *October 28.*—My new camels are not equal to my old ones; they have not been properly fed and are weak. . . . . Only gentlemen camels travel, the ladies stay at home looking after their families; the boy-camels travel with their fathers for a year or so, but carry nothing, so as to accustom them to their work. I was very tired last night, and felt as if I should fall off my camel: you have but little idea how fatiguing it is. The quiet of the desert is something wonderful—you never hear a sound; the camel's cushion foot makes no noise, and the air is perfectly pure; no dew falls. This is very unlike the country near Shaka, and some parts of Darfour during the rains, where the dew is like rain. . . . .

You will be near the festive season of Christmas, with the usual eating, when you get this. I detest Christmas and Easter, and never feel relieved till they are over. First, because there are two Sundays. Second, because every one thinks it right to put on different manners. Third, because it is a time for gorging and giving "backsheesh" to every one. I am sure we are starved spiritually by our shepherds: I do not know one who feeds his people.* It is always the same thing—if you do well you will

* "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."—MILTON'S *Lycidas*.—ED.

be saved; if you do ill, you will be damned; no comfort, for the law tells us that. What martyrs we are to custom! Baal was never invoked with more entreaties than our God is at some prayer-meetings. They entirely ignore "it is finished." No earthly king would require the same amount of supplications; the fact is, the prayers are from the mouth in many instances, and are mere empty words poured forth in torrents. The heathen religions were permitted; and it is remarkable in history that men who were guilty of sacrilege were generally overtaken by Divine vengeance, though the religion was false. I think that is also one of the reasons of the Russians' ill-success: they would uproot Islamism before God's own time. As far as life goes you would think the Mussulman as good as the Christian. I am sure you see no difference, except in rites and ceremonies, between the two religions—both worship golden images.

MEROWA OR MEROE, *November 1*.—We arrived here this morning, and left three hours afterwards by river, for Dongola; the Donglowas who inhabit this part, had not for years seen a Governor here, and they were full of complaints. I did what I could to satisfy them. . . . . Never had the people a better chance, for they accompanied me on foot, and yelled their complaints all the way for two hours; throwing dust on their heads, and taking off their clothes and waving them. I was quite covered with dust. Very few people come along here. From not having worn a bandage across the chest, I have shaken my heart or my lungs out of their places; and I have the same feeling in my chest, as you have

when you have a crick in the neck. In camel-riding you ought to wear a sash round the waist, and another close up under the arm-pits; otherwise all the internal machinery gets disturbed. I say sincerely that, though I prefer to be here sooner than anywhere else, I would sooner be dead than live this life. I have told my clerk, to his horror, to bury me when I die, and to make the Arabs each throw a stone on my grave, so that I may have a good monument. It is strange, fatalists as they are in theory, how they dislike any conversation like this; they consider it ill-omened, though they agree that it is written when we are to die.

I expect to do very, very little to ameliorate these countries: they are too vast, and no one could supervise them properly; the cost of good men would be far too great. The whole way we go, we are accompanied by people on the bank who cry out, "We are miserable." I declare I am the same, and sometimes I tell them so. If I could get a European, who, for £150 a-year would devote himself to going along the river and investigating the mode of taxation, I would rejoice; but, dear me! no European will look at any salary under £500, and would require a heap of things besides.

On November 10 Colonel Gordon was stopped in his progress northwards by news that "Sennaar and Fazolie were threatened by Ras* Arya (one of King Johannis's Generals) and with an invasion from Abyssinia." He at once turned back towards Khartoum, where he arrived on November 22, and found the news false. On the 26th he started for Massawa by way of Abou Haraz, Katarif, and Kasala.

* "There is now a Generalissimo established under the title of *Ras*, or *Chief*."—LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia*, p. 262.—ED.

EN ROUTE TO ABOU HARAZ, WHERE THE RIVER RAHAT JOINS THE BLUE NILE, *November 26.*—As an instance how God helps me, there was a Governor of Khartoum whom I heard evil of and turned out. The evil I heard was not very great, but it turns out that the man was a terrible tyrant. On the evening of the day he received his dismissal and sentence of exile, before he knew of it, he had prepared razors to shave the beards of some twenty sheikhs who had not pleased him. So, when the order came, the sheikhs, who knew of his designs, rejoiced, and said "Allah had told me in time to save them." To shave a man's beard is a great degradation. I make no hesitation—*lettres de cachet* are signed, and people are whisked off into exile at once with no trial; for trials are mockeries when a man is rich. This scoundrel, just before I came up, gave a Captain 1,200 *courbatch* [whip] blows, which cut the flesh from the poor devil's feet, and he is still lame; yet there are people who beg for his pardon.

ABOU HARAZ, *November 27.*—I arrived this evening here, and found of the twenty-eight camels I owned, and of which I had boasted to you, fourteen ill of small-pox and four dead. So I must cut down my establishment to the necessary degree.

EN ROUTE FROM KATARIF TO KASALA, *December 3.*—We have such wonderful nights with the new moon. You see the crescent and also the whole circle—the air is so clear. For astronomers this country would be splendid.

I intend to come down on the Greeks at Kasala and Katarif. They have gangs of slaves, cultivating tobacco, etc.—regular slave plantations.

Orders have gone forth to seize the slaves; for their masters, as Europeans, cannot hold any.

KASALA, *December 6.*—I arrived this morning, and meant to have camped at a little village near here; but it was no use, for they pitched my tents close to the gate of the town, and all the ideas I had of any quiet vanished. The consequence is, that I shall start to-morrow, and go to a station three hours from here, and rest there; for I am tired out with these long camel journeys.

December 7.—Before the blush of dawn I fled from my camp. Only just as I was moving off did the two sentries near my camp know it. I had seen my camp at dusk surrounded by sentries; but this gave me no concern, for I knew their habits, and that the sentry arrangement was only for show. I was sure they would quietly go to sleep, whether they were in a tent or not. And, true enough, the caravan was on the point of starting when the guard awoke. You may imagine what their horror would have been if it had so happened that on awaking they had found the tents empty. This, however, they were spared. I crept away to avoid the heat and the official leave-taking. . . . . I had a visit and paid one to Shereef Seid Haçim, the man of God of these countries (you know I had met him before, and that he turned me off the divan).* This time I gave him the divan. . . . . I put neatly under his cushion, when I left him, £20 in an envelope, and I left my clerk with him, so that if he wanted anything, and felt himself too big to tell me, he could tell him. I told the clerk that the

* See p. 222.—ED.

man of God would eagerly look at the packet when I had gone; and true enough he did, and was much gratified. His second stopped me, and I thought he wanted something; which indeed he did, viz., that I should become a Mussulman! I expect that Elijah and Elisha were just like this man (a sort of superior dervish), except this one is dressed in splendid silks. . . . . The day before yesterday I met a caravan of camels going to Galabat. The men flew at me at once. One kissed the camel's feet.* They had not been paid some £30 that was due to them for the camels that we were riding. I ordered them to come with me, and asked the Governor why he had not paid them. He had no money. So I gave him £200, and yet the next day I was flown at again by these men. They wanted some forty-five dollars which had not been paid them. I gave them £9 out of my purse, which shamed the Mudir to whom I had given the £200; and he paid them, and returned me the £9. This sort of things, *tours de force*, though expensive, give me great influence with the people; for everything one does is known, and the only regret is that I am a Christian. Yet they would be the first to despise me if I recanted and became a Mussulman. Now, this strong feeling and attachment of Mussulmans to their religion, is it to be considered as uncontrolled by God? There are many millions of this creed. Does He still *wink* at it?† You know Mahomet claimed only a divine mission:

* The camels ridden by Colonel Gordon and his party had been hired for Government purposes by the Pasha who was accompanying him.—ED.

† "And the times of this ignorance God winked at."—*The Acts of the Apostles* xvii. 30.

he did not claim divinity. He does not deny that our Saviour had a divine mission, but he denies his divinity. I do not see the sect of Pharisees among the Mussulmans. Whatever they may think, they never assume, as our Pharisees do, that A and B are doomed to be burnt; and you never see the very unamiable features which are shown by our Pharisees.

On December 11 Colonel Gordon learnt that "a sheikh, who neither owns Johannis nor the Egyptian Government," had made a raid on the Egyptian territory. "He is now," the Colonel writes, "on the road I was to take to go to Senheit. I have sent to Walad el Michael to attack him, and I shall turn off the main road."

SENHEIT OR KEREN, *December 15*.—I am going (D.V.) to-morrow to see Walad el Michael at his camp, six hours from this place.

WALAD EL MICHAEL'S CAMP AT HELLAL, *December 16*.—After much conversation, in which I found the residents at Senheit very timid and without any decided ideas, I determined to place myself in God's hands, and came on here to-day. The road over two mountains was simply fearful. It was terrible work indeed to scale the last. The camp of Walad el Michael and his brigands is on a sort of plateau on an immense mountain. He has fully 7,000 men here, all armed with muskets. They were all drawn up to receive me, and his son met me on the road. Michael was ill, or pretended to be; I was met by a troop of priests with sacred pictures, and I was preceded by a young man, his General-in-Chief. Michael received me on his couch, as he pretends to have a very bad knee; all sham, the people of Senheit say. I was shown my hut, and

I must say I could not help thinking I was in the lion's den. He had boxed us all up in a little space with a ten-foot fence around it. The huts were so close as to touch one another. I was vexed and angry, for I at once saw the faces of my servants and the few people with me (ten soldiers) fall; and it was not an over-pleasant position. I spoke to the interpreter and told him, that if Michael wanted to make me prisoner he could do so; but that he would suffer in the end. It was a want of faith on my part to say this. However, he and Michael's son were so profuse in their apologies that I feel sure that, as yet, I am not a prisoner. I excused myself to them for my remark by saying that if the news arrived at Senheit that I was so boxed up, it would be taken for granted that I was a prisoner, and it would be telegraphed to His Highness at Cairo.

I had no talk on business with Michael. It is to come off to-morrow. I went and inspected all his men, which seemed to please them, though, like Sebehr's soldiers,* some looked daggers at me. As I rode in gorgeous apparel I could not help thinking of "The Divine Figure from the North."† Every one at Senheit was dead against my coming here; but they could not explain the grounds of their fears, and a sort of instinct kept me to my resolution to face the difficulty. *I do try and think, and try to put in practice*, that God is the supreme *power* in the world, and that He is Almighty; and, though "Use-your-judgment-"

* See p. 278.—ED.

† During the war between Russia and Turkey one of the newspaper-correspondents reported that the Bulgarian people hailed with delight the arrival of The Divine Figure from the North—the Emperor of Russia, that is to say.—ED.

people may say "you tempt God, in putting yourself in positions like my present one," yet I do not care. I do not do it to tempt Him; I do it because I wish to trust in His promises, and I feel sure, however trying it may be (and it is trying to me in a great degree), that I gain in strength and faith by it. If He wills me to fail, so be it.

December 17.—After being tormented with fleas all night and scarcely sleeping at all, a number of priests came outside my prison and sang hymns for some time*—I suppose to exorcise me. The fleas, oddly enough, do not descend from the summits of the mountains. They cannot stand the heat. They are always to be found on the elevated *plateaux.*

It almost passes belief, but the troops from Amadep, without my orders, have attacked a number of the tribes belonging to Johannis, beyond my frontier, and this when I am slaving for peace. I have given it nicely to the Commandant. How can I expect Johannis to have any faith in me? These idiots, also, would be the first to cry out for help if he came down on them. With all due deference to what the son of Michael said about the stockade having been made six months ago, I cannot help seeing that the wood of which it is composed is *green!!* and recently cut.

I have just finished a long conversation with Michael. I put the case before him respecting Johannis, and recommended his asking pardon. This, however, he at once said was impossible, and so there was no use discussing it. He asked for more districts (to plunder), which I compromised by a payment of £1,000 a month. He

* See p. 407.—Ed.

said if I would only give him a tacit permission, he would go up (and he spoke with the greatest assurance) and take Adowa [the Abyssinian town]. This, however much I could wish it (for he would be sure to be eventually crushed by Johannis) I could not accede to, for though I have every reason to believe Johannis does mean to recover all the pilfered territory taken by Egypt as soon as he has done with Shoa's King Menelek, yet I have written to him to say I would not attack him; secondly, I do not like to indirectly urge Michael to his destruction. Johannis' never asked for a port, nor does he desire one. He only wants back the territory which Egypt pilfered from Abyssinia, which territory is a useless expense to us. . . . . I leave (D.V.) the robbers' den to-morrow for Senheit. I feel extremely glad I have been here, for certainly the minds of the Senheit people are a perfect maze as to the state of the affairs, and as to the nature of the men of these parts. I have done my best, and I hope that things will end quietly. As to fighting it is out of the question for us in these countries.*

SENHEIT OR KEREN, *December 20.*—How "I hate these Abyssinians—Walad el Michael, etc. I see nothing attractive about them. Their Christianity is only in form, for they seem very little more civilised than the Equatorial tribes. I would care but little for Johannis, were it not for the

* The Governor of Senheit had sent an envoy to Walad el Michael. The following curious passage is in the report which this man drew up on his return. (I make no change in the spelling). "Welda Michaël mâ prié d'écrire dans le gourneaux d'Europe en sa faveur, et de lui recommander oûf je puisse faire cela." This brigand chief in the wilds of Abyssinia had learnt the power of the newspaper press of Europe.—ED.

European governments. *My Bedouin Arabs* of Darfour and hereabouts are fine handsome fellows and quite gentlemen. Some of the younger ones have a style and carriage which I envy. I never was dignified or grand, and could not be, but these young Ishmaels are every bit the Prince. They do not loll about, or spit about, or smell like these Abyssinians, though I expect neither wash at any time.

MASSAWA, *December 26.*—I am now waiting for a letter from Ras Bariou, the Frontier-General. . . . . I want to get Johannis to give a pardon to Walad el Michael's men, in order that, if I have to attack them, I may be able to give them the chance of getting away. If I attack them now, with Abyssinia closed to them, they would fight desperately.*

Colonel Gordon found nothing but delays on the part of Johannis, and so returned to Khartoum. He went by way of Suakin and Berber.

In the year 1877 he rode 3,840 miles through the deserts on camels.

* See p. 209.—ED.

CHAPTER V.—1878.

EN ROUTE FROM SUAKIN TO BERBER, *January 16, 1878.*—You ask me what my ideas are of a future life. I think that this life is only one of a series of lives, which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having pre-existed; and that also in the time of our pre-existence we were actively employed. So, therefore, I believe in our active employment in a future life, and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and, indeed, go on *towards* perfection, but never attain it.

EN ROUTE TO KHARTOUM, *January 25.*—As I passed Shendy I received a long telegram from H.H. asking me if it was possible for me to leave the Soudan, and come down to Cairo to arrange his financial affairs.

Colonel Gordon started for Cairo on February 7.

DONGOLA, *February 20.*—I arrived here last night, after a long, bitter cold journey all the way from Khartoum; a cold, piercing north wind, with dust flying in my eyes. I have still a big bit more of route to get over from here to Wadi Halfa, with the same disagreeables. *En route* a man ran after me with some Darfour things

which I bought for H.H. There was a helmet, a guard for the arm, a buckler, the spear, and the sceptre. The date on them was 280 of Hegira, which would make them 1,015 years of age. They were evidently taken by some one at the capture of Fascher, and will make a nice present for H.H. I fear I had to give £100 for the things, but as they are a sort of regalia and as the money stays in the country, I did not grudge it. The buckler has many small figures around it in gilt, of men on horses hunting deer, and of falcons killing geese.*

EN ROUTE FROM DONGOLA TO CAIRO, *February 28.*—I do not like at all going to Cairo, but there was no help for it. I have now been one year (on February 17) Governor-General, and I have lived a very rough sort of life, so much so that I have lost all my civilised tastes, and have an aversion to my meals that I can scarcely express. The idea of dinners at Cairo makes me quail. I do not exaggerate when I say ten minutes per diem is sufficient for all my meals, and there is no greater happiness to me than when they are finished; and this though I am quite well.

March 4.—I have cut down my pay from £6,000 a year to £3,000 a year, because of this appointment of ——, which certainly I cannot take

* Colonel Gordon writing on January 10, 1879, says, "I am perfectly furious with H.H., for I see that he has given the whole of the splendid collection of arms and trophies which I had sent him from the Equator and the Soudan to a museum in Paris. Among them were the shield and helmet, etc., for which I gave £100 *in solid coin* of my own, and which I gave to H.H. *Never, never* will I send H.H. a single thing more. Fancy H.H. giving a national collection like this, which would have sold for £15,000, to a French museum, when we are wanting £5 in this country. I cannot tell you how angry I am with the loss of the £100. However, these things were settled years, 1,000,000,000,000 years, ago."—ED.

quietly. I do not want the larger sum, and as this appointment costs £3,000 a year, by my giving up this sum I save the revenue to that extent. But I have done this more in anger, I fear, than in love. . . . . The more one lives the more one learns to act towards people as if they were inanimate objects, viz., to do what you can for them and to utterly disregard whether they are grateful or not. This is what God does to us. He lets His rain fall on the just and unjust. He never gets gratitude, and is furthermore totally ignored in the ordinary circumstances of life.

March 7.—I had a telegram from H.H. very kindly asking me to dine on my arrival! at 8 p.m. We did not arrive at the station till 9 p.m., and, dusty and dirty as I was, I was whisked off to the Palace, where H.H. was waiting dinner for me!* He was exceedingly kind, and I sat at his right hand, dirty and covered with dust. After some little conversation I was taken off to the Palace that General Grant, U.S., had lately vacated, where the Prince of Wales lodged when here!! I am now writing from this place, and you may imagine my feelings at the splendour. My people are all dazed! and so am I, and wish for my camel. I cannot say exactly why I came down, but it is about the finance affairs. Certainly the honours are overwhelming. Fancy a palace full of lights, mirrors, gentlemen to wait on you, and the building itself one of the finest in Cairo. Fancy again their waiting dinner an hour-and-a-half!!!

* "Before dinner, late as it was, H.H. took me aside, and asked me to be President of an Enquiry into the state of the Finances of the Country."—*From a Memorandum by Colonel Gordon.*—ED.

CAIRO, *March 15*.—I am much bothered, but I get to bed at 8 p.m., which is a comfort; for I do not dine out, and consequently do not drink wine. Every one laughs at me, and I do not care.

CAIRO, *March 16*.—I have little to tell you but that I am much worn, and wish I had my rest; but it will not come till I have done His work. . . . . I am almost desperate in my position in the Soudan. My crop of troubles is never to be got under: slave questions, finance, government—all seems at sixes-and-sevens: there is no peace or rest, and were it not for H.H. I declare I would come home next mail for good. H.H. appoints men to my government, with pay, etc., and then, if they do not fit into their places, he says to me, "Settle with them." I was not quiet in my lands, but even H.H. sends me firebrands, as if there was not enough inflammatory matter. I see scarcely any one; but remain in my sulks, wishing and wishing that my end had come.

CAIRO, *March 22*.—H.H. threw me over completely at the last moment; but far from being angry, I was very glad, for it relieved me of a deal of trouble; and he said I might go at the end of next week. I laugh at all this farce. . . . . I left Cairo with no honours, by the ordinary train, paying my passage. The sun, which rose with such splendour, set in the deepest obscurity. I calculate this financial episode of mine cost me £800. H.H. was bored with me after my failure, and could not bear the sight of me, which those around him soon knew. I dare say I may have been imprudent in speech. I have no doubt it

is better as it is. I have no doubt H.H. and I would have fallen out about the composition of the Court of Enquiry, for I feel sure that it was meant to be packed, and that I was only to be figure-head. . . . .

I failed in the finance scheme through the weakness of H.H. I think I could have satisfactorily settled the question. . . . . I do not know how matters will end with me, for I was too outspoken at Cairo to have strengthened my position. When one depends on one man, a bit of cheese or a fig will cause, perhaps, a change in that man's digestion and temper. Thank God you live in a land where cheese and figs produce no effect.

On March 30 Colonel Gordon left Cairo for Suez. Thence he went to Aden, whence he crossed over to Berberah, on the African coast. Thence he went to Zeila.

ZEILA, *April 17.*—Zeila used to belong to Turkey. H.H. got it in exchange for some £15,000 a-year extra tribute!! and then he annexed Harrar. . . . . I hope to leave for Harrar this afternoon: it is eight days' journey. Raouf Pasha is there; the same man who was at the equator with Baker and with me, and whom I deposed from that province exactly four years ago yesterday. I am going to turn him out again; for he seems to be a regular tyrant.* . . . . I must say, that, since my visit to Cairo, I feel very different about the Soudan and H.H. It is only a sort of sense of one's duty that keeps one up to the work.

* This man is now Governor-General of the Soudan. This "regular tyrant" has been chosen by the present Khedive as the successor to Colonel Gordon.—ED.

April 20.—I am still on the road to Harrar; and have to go on horseback, for the camels will not carry anything but baggage. The road is terrible—one mass of loose stones. . . . .

Notice the strip of country between the frontier of Abyssinia and the sea. All this strip is inhabited by fanatic Mussulmans; and from the ports all along the coasts the slaves pass to Hodeidah [on the Arabian coast]. This I must try to stop. The vastness of these lands is against any hope of ever doing much in them; and since my visit to Cairo, I feel quite different to what I did before. I have no hope whatever in any change for the better in head-quarters: another Khedive would be just the same. Our [English] Government lives on a hand-to-mouth policy. They are very ignorant of these lands, yet, some day or other, they or some other government will have to know them, for things at Cairo cannot stay as they are. H.H. will be curbed in, and will no longer be absolute sovereign: then will come the question of these countries. It is an uphill game now I have before me. I feel sure H.H. does not a bit like me, but he fears me; and feels—or rather, thinks—I am *necessary* (though with *our* ideas no one is necessary). This thought makes me act very differently: I now look only to benefit the peoples. I do not care for H.H.'s praise or blame, and sometimes I wish I could see my way out of the whole affair; but I think this is a cowardly thought. I am on an incline, and down it I must go: there is no stopping. . . . . I feel that I and H.H. are not unlikely to squabble on the old question of making bricks without straw—*i.e.*, he has put on the Soudan every expense

possible, and I consequently am determined to keep down all unnecessary expenses: this he does not like, and so a collision is probable. This country is a desert; and it is wonderful how people can exist in it. I met some £2,000 worth of coffee, which my friend Raouf Pasha had sent down to be sold on his private account at Aden, meaning to buy merchandise and retail the same at exorbitant prices to the soldiers at Harrar. I have confiscated it all. It is the only way to punish him; for H.H., doing much the same thing, will never do so. They have spent at Berberah some £70,000 in a lighthouse (which is useless), in the water-supply, in a mosque, a wharf, etc.; and some £40,000 in keeping the steamers and troops there, while the total revenue is some £170 a-year! The British Government insists on Berberah being a free port, and will not let us levy a tax on the 10,000 cows and 60,000 sheep which are exported [to Aden].

April 26.—Still two days' journey from Harrar. A detachment of Bashi-Bazouks with camels and horses has just come in from Harrar, bringing a letter from Raouf, saying he acknowledges my order turning him out. . . . . A merchant said when he heard that Raouf was to be turned out, that it would need the Khedive to come and do it, and then he doubted it. . . . . My course is clear. "Will you or will you not obey my orders?" It appears that the old Sultan, or Ameer (whom Burton knew*), some three years ago, oppressed his people at Harrar; and favouring the Gala tribes, bullied the Mussulman part of the population. The people asked H.H. to

* See *First Footsteps in East Africa*, p. 298. By R. F. BURTON.—ED.

come and take possession, which he did—sending Raouf. . . . . He went up, and had no opposition shown him worth speaking; but eight days after, he had the poor Sultan, or Ameer, strangled—an unnecessary act on his part.* The son of the Sultan went to Cairo, and complained. H.H. is said to have been very angry, but did nothing. Raouf had a great chief of the Gala tribes a prisoner in irons; but when he heard I was coming he released him.

HARRAR, *April 28.*—After a really terrible journey, I reached Harrar to-day. At the entrance of the walled town I came across the palpitating carcases of two cows, whose throats had been cut in honour of my arrival; and at the entrance of the divan there was another cow sobbing out her life, with streams of blood flowing over the threshold. It made me quite sad and forgetful of Raouf, who met me at the divan. He was very downcast. . . . . I have just had the pleasure of paying some £5 for the three sacrificed cows whose death so much distressed me. I am living in the palace (!) that Burton was received in. The Ameer lived in a small tower (not twenty feet square) of two stages, surrounded by the harem.

April 30.—Raouf has just gone, and I hope to leave to-morrow.

MASSAWA, *May 21.*—I have just heard that Walad el Michael has attacked Johannis's General Ras Bariou, and defeated and killed him.

* "I was wrong," Colonel Gordon writes later on, "in saying that the Ameer Mahomet strangled by Raouf was the brother of the Sultan or Ameer Ahmad (Burton's friend). It appears that Ameer Ahmad died very soon after Burton's departure, and that the citizens of Harrar made Khalifa Citra Ameer. He was deposed after three days' reign by Mahomet, who was the Ameer strangled."—ED.

This is a nice state of affairs; for Ras Bariou was bosom friend with me, and had only just received a £10 present from me. Walad el Michael will get hold of my letters to him; but, as he knew my sentiments before, it will not make much difference, for our relations were as bad as they could be. I find that Osman Pasha, in my absence, gave orders to give eight boxes of ammunition to Walad el Michael. With this he conquered Ras Bariou, so Johannis will fall on me. It is inconceivable what owls these Egyptians are.

On May 22 Colonel Gordon left Massawa for Khartoum by way of Suakin and Berber. For many months after his arrival at the capital of his province, he was for the most part engaged on questions of finance and on the general settlement of affairs.

EN ROUTE TO KHARTOUM, *May 28*.—In one month I have turned out three Generals of Divisions, one General of Brigade, and four Lieutenant-Colonels. It is no use mincing matters.

KHARTOUM, *June 19*.—As I expected, and am not sorry for, the letters I had written to King Johannis and to the unfortunate Ras Bariou, have fallen into the hands of Walad el Michael, and now he knows that he has nothing more to hope for from Egypt. In these letters I had discountenanced his actions, but had stipulated that his life should be spared if he were taken.

KHARTOUM, *July 7*.—Sebehr's son went up to the Bahr Gazelle, and has driven out the old Vakeel; so I have confiscated all the goods of Sebehr's family, and am sending up an expedition

against the son.* . . . . I have a deal to do; for I have now, for the first time, regularly taken up the government, and what with the prisons, law questions, etc., I have enough to do. The prisons were dens of injustice, and I am glad to have had time to go into the question of each individual prisoner.

Among the matters which occupied Colonel Gordon's attention at this time was the Soudanese Railway, which he had found in course of construction when he entered upon his Governorship. In a note which he has drawn up, he has thus described both the aim and the utter failure of this undertaking.

Ismail, the ex-Khedive, fully considered that to maintain his hold of the Soudan, he must improve his communications with it and Egypt proper. Unfortunately, in his wish to bring the Soudan trade down the Nile through Egypt proper, he was led to abandon its natural outlet by the route from Berber to Suakin, across the 280-mile desert, and determined to make a railway through the desert along the Nile past the Cataracts from Wadi Halfa to Hanneck, a distance of 180 miles. Contracts were made, and some £450,000 were spent on the line; but financial difficulties arose, and in 1877 it came to a standstill some fifty or sixty *kilomètres*† south of Wadi Halfa.

It was evident that on this grand scale the continuation of the line could not be hoped for, so I studied the question. There was the line made from Wadi Halfa for—say fifty miles; and therefore 130 miles remained to be got over before this barrier of desert was passed. By the

* See p. xl.

† A *kilomètre* is equal to 1093 yards.—ED.

researches of Colonel Mason and Mr. Gooding, and also by my own personal examination, the river for this 130 miles was shown to be not continuously encumbered by rocks. There were, as it were, long strips of open water between the ridges of rocks,—one of these strips was forty miles in length. Now steamers built in England had in full flood been hauled up every one of these ridges, and had thus been brought to Khartoum and had plied to Gondokoro. My idea was to bring up small steamers during high Nile, place them on all the open strips of water of any reasonable extent, and thus work them from ridge to ridge in these open spaces. I proposed further to have only one crew, and to ship them from steamer to steamer so as to save expense. At those places where the ridge was of any great length, I proposed to use tramways to get over the space between the debarking landing-place of one open water-way to the embarking wharf of the other open water-way. Thus, by using the water-way where open, and tramways where the river was encumbered, I should get over these 130 miles. I calculated that the cost of all this work, steamers and tramways, etc., would be £70,000, while the railway, if carried, would have cost over a million-and-a-half. However, the revolts, troubles of different kinds, and other things, prevented this being carried out, and the controllers would not take it up; so, after an expense of nearly half-a-million, the railway exists with its end *en l'air*, with its valuable stores perishing, while Egypt proper has no more hold over the Soudan than was had by ancient Egypt.

KHARTOUM, *July 11.*—The finances are in a sad state. Last year we spent £259,000 more than we had. This year I have cut down this, and we have spent £50,600 more than our receipts. This is a great reduction, but still it is a *deficit*. You do not know how completely I have to look after every detail. There is no one to help me in the least. Then the people at Cairo have shown signs of troubling me. I mean —— etc. When Goschen's scheme was made, Goschen was told that the Soudan gave a tribute of £143,000 a year, which was false; for the Soudan always cost Cairo money—never gave any. It is only since I have been Governor that nothing has been given on either side. I hear that Walad el Michael, who is *very, very* angry with me, is trying to make peace with Johannis. I am more or less in the "doles," *i.e.*, tired of eighteen months' ceaseless work. The heat is very great, and the water of the Nile gives every one, more or less, the nettle-rash and boils. I scarcely ever go out, for there is so much ceremony. I am, however, in for this work, and will keep to it, and trust He will deliver me from my troubles. If one could only entirely separate oneself from the events of this life, and accept all things as ordained, what a relief it would be. Do not think I am despondding to any degree; but when I find, in spite of all I do, no real progress is made, I feel sickened, and wish I were at rest. I can say truly that my life is one long series of flesh-vexing telegrams, of rows, of disputes, etc. A regular Ishmaelite existence. I am at war with nearly every one at Cairo, and my crest is a thistle. I could justify my

rows; for they arise from dishonest officials, undue interference of Consuls, etc. Since the lonely camel rides are at an end, I have no nice thoughts.

KHARTOUM, *July 25*.— . . . . I am stronger than ever in my belief that if H.H. had taken my advice, he would be in a better plight than he is now, and, at any rate, would have fallen with dignity. Now, I see by the papers, he is offering to abdicate, etc. This sort of thing cannot last, and I fear for him. He cannot go straight—even his despatches to me are all evasive. . . . . The continual wars which I carry on, and cannot help, are very wearisome; and I feel more and more daily, "How long? how long?" I never have a quiet day now, and indeed I have not had one for many days.

KHARTOUM, *July 27*.—We have taken twelve caravans of slaves in two months, which is not bad; and I hope to stop this work ere long. I intercepted a letter from a man up in the Bahr Gazelle, saying he had a lot of slaves, but he could not find a way to send them down. So I have come down on him, and on those to whom he wrote. . . . . If I can I will stop this slave work.

KHARTOUM, *August 1*.—The steamer has just brought four little hippopotamuses, which are in my yard, and which are very tame. They are like huge pigs, and are so plump and soft and cool-skinned. They have only little teeth. The little elephant smelt them, but did not like them at all (a nasty fishy smell no doubt he said). The hippopotamuses, however, would have been friendly with the elephant, but after a few overtures on their part he butted at them, and when in the pond with them he flicked water

at them with his trunk. We have taken another caravan of 250 slaves in Darfour. This is the fourteenth caravan in two months.

KHARTOUM, *August 8.*—The hippopotamuses are very well—like fat pigs, not a crease in their skins—and they have such huge mouths, which they always open to you, showing little bits of teeth. They lie in the water, with their heads under it for hours. They do not smell a bit, and are loveable animals. Eight were taken, but four died *en route.* They are to go to Cairo, with eight cows for milk, and a huge sheep, quite like a donkey.

As for myself I am exceedingly weary, and wish, with a degree of bitterness, that it was all over. I am cooped up here now, and am much occupied with the finances, which are in a very low state. My life is burthensome and weary; but I feel that it is better to be employed here than to be idle elsewhere. I am striking daily deadly blows against the slave-trade, and am establishing a sort of Government of Terror about it. I have hanged a man for mutilating a little boy, and would not ask leave to do so. I do not care if H.H. likes it or not. I have a nasty revolt in Bahr Gazelle, and do not know how it will end. I should like to go there, but cannot leave Khartoum.

KHARTOUM, *August 19.*—I am much troubled with the slave-trade business; a caravan of 400 with some eighty irregular soldiers met one of my Mudirs, refused to obey him, and even threatened to fire on him. I am trying to catch the leader, but I do not know if I shall manage it.

KHARTOUM, *September 4.*—A steamer coming up from Berber caught a quarter of the caravan of slaves, which refused to obey the Mudir of Darfour. The sight of these ninety slaves was terrible. I did not see them, but a friend of mine says that there were few over sixteen years of age—some of them had babies, some were little mites of boys and girls!! Fancy, they had come over 500 miles of deserts, and were a residue of four times their number. It is much for me to do to keep myself from cruel illegal acts towards the slave-dealers; yet I think I must not forget that God suffers it, and that one must keep to the law. I have done the best I can, and He is Governor-General.

KHARTOUM, *September 16.*—The Khedive and I are on the worst of terms. He has not telegraphed to me for a month, though I have laid several important questions before him.

KHARTOUM, *September 23.*—I was so unwell for two or three days in my vast lonely house, quite alone. I used to wander up and down it and think, think for hours. It is a very great comfort to me never to have the least fear of death when I am ill.

KHARTOUM, *October 13.*—Thank God, I am nearly well, but I have been *so sick* for two days. The whole town is sick this year—scarcely one well. In spite of my illness (and contemporaneously with it the sickness of all my servants) I was glad I was alone in my huge house, and that I did not bore any one with my illness. . . . . I declare I never did more work than I did in my brain uselessly during those two nights. *Imaginary petitions*, etc., were presented; I gave

the answers, but over and over again they came up, till one was almost wild with them. . . . . I wonder if one was asked this question how one would answer it, "Would you like to go through life without a pain or a trouble, and return to *perfect happiness* of a small dimension; or would you like to go through a sea of trials, and return to *perfect happiness* of a larger dimension?"* Notice *perfect happiness*, whatever your choice may be. What would be one's choice I do not know. Man and *hard* as I am, I would rather not answer the question, for really this life is a terrible ordeal.

KHARTOUM, *October 23-27.*—We have just made out our accounts for the Soudan. The expenditure exceeds the receipts by £72,000 a year, all through Darfour, and we have a debt of £327,000! I hope to make the balance meet and in time to pay this debt. But you can imagine it is no bed of roses, this Soudan, with all its revolts and troubles. . . . . I have not £1 in the treasury. . . . . You may be interested in the following:—

The debt of the Soudan is.....	£327,000.
The revenue of the Soudan is ...	579,000.
The expenses of the Soudan are	651,000.
The deficit is therefore	72,000.

I will inflict on you the Appleby contract. Appleby was to sell H.H. railway material to the value of £600,000 in five years, which five years will finish in 1879—next year. If H.H. did not take the whole of the £600,000 worth, H.H. was to pay ten or twenty per cent. on

* See an interesting conversation on perfect happiness in BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, under the date of April 15, 1778.—ED.

what he did not take. H.H. only took £150,000 worth, and so he must pay ten or twenty per cent. on £450,000 worth which he did not take (that is, £45,000 if ten per cent., or £90,000 if twenty per cent.). Now this is for material. It will cost £300,000 to put this on the railway, in the transport from Alexandria to Wadi Halfa, and in labour on the railway line; so that £450,000 + £300,000 = £750,000 is wanted. I say, "Better offer Appleby £30,000 and get off the bargain." H.H. gave the railway and contract over to me in 1877, and thinks with our debt of £327,000 and yearly deficit I can pay this £750,000!!! I say, "No, you made the contract, and must get out of the mess." Then Cairo writes to me that two steamers are to be added to the Soudan, costing £20,000 a year. I say, "No, I do not want any steamers." Now these steamers are the private property of H.H., and H.H. wants to shunt these expenses on the Soudan, and to pocket the gains they make. This I will not have. Altogether things look as if they were coming to a crisis in every direction. . . . . You have little idea how very sickly we have all been here. Scarcely any one is well, and though we ought to have the cool winds they have not yet come. It has been more unhealthy here than at the Equator. People say in the papers that the Soudan and most of the good places in Egypt are in the hands of the English. I declare I do not think you would get a man to take the Soudan. You might get him to come up, but he would soon go down again, and require compensation for having come. I am nearly always nauseated—not ill, but with a feeling of sickness.

KHARTOUM, *November 4.*—I have been very hard at work with the accounts, and have done a good business. Cairo asked the Soudan for £30,000, which they said the Soudan owed. I went into the accounts, and find that instead of owing Cairo £30,000, the Cairo Government owes the Soudan £9,000!

KHARTOUM, *November 6.*—I have been working for the last ten days at a big map of the Soudan; but now it is finished I am again utterly at a loss how to employ my time. You see, one lacks books, and I scarcely ever see any one except on business, for I have no associates here.

November 12.—Pulled another clock to pieces and put it together again, which is more difficult. I am getting quite an adept. How I wish I had learnt some smattering of trades. It would have been a great deal of use to me. I wonder women do not take to watch and clock-making. That is such a clean, nice trade, and it is just the sort of work women would be neat at. I would guarantee that you could take the clocks in the house to pieces and put them together after three days' tuition. As for a watch, I confess it is beyond me; but that is because I have never been shewn the way by a watchmaker. What a deal of amusement I should have here, did I know the elements of watch-making!

November 13.—A cuckoo clock has beaten me to-day. I cannot make it go. The dulness is almost insupportable. From 4.30 p.m. till I go to bed, I have not a single thing to do. Judging of my life here, and a labourer's life, I unquestionably give the preference to the latter. Yet how many would envy my position!

I am rather cheerful about the revolted slave-dealers at Bahr Gazelle. I have entirely blockaded them, and in four or six months they will be hard up for anything like luxuries or even essentials. . . . . It is really almost laughable to how few people it is given to stand the climate; not one in ten thousand Europeans can exist. In one department there are twelve out of twenty Arabs sick, or who say they are. As for money, we owe tens of thousands, and lack tens of pounds; you can form little idea to what shifts I am put for fifty pounds. There is no initiative, no counsel to be taken with these people—all falls on me. They are perfect sheep. If you ever, in a moment of *weakness*, ask them anything, they give a sickly smile, and say, "You know best." Just as H.H. and Nubar telegraph to me.

KHARTOUM, *November 15*.—There are not nine Europeans in the Soudan, and they vegetate and do not live. Can you conceive what it is never to have any desire to eat? That is my case. I *hate* the operation. . . . . My *angina pectoris* has not troubled me lately. According to medical books it is not known what occasions this. It is heart disease, and makes you think you are on the brink of death. A rush of blood takes place to the head, and you think all is over. I may say I have died suddenly over a hundred times; but in these deaths I have never felt the least doubt of our salvation. Nothing can be more abject and miserable than the usual conception of God. Accept what I say, viz., that He has put us in a painful position (I believe, with our perfect consent, for if Christ came to do His will, so

did we, His members) to learn what He is, and that He will extricate us. Imagine to yourself what pleasure would it be to Him to burn us or to torture us? Can we believe any human being capable of creating us for such a purpose? Would it show His power? Why, He is omnipotent! Would it show His justice? He is righteous—no one will deny it. We credit God with attributes which are utterly hateful to the meanest of men. Looking at our darkness of vision, how can He be what we credit Him with? I quite wonder at the long time it has taken us to see that the general doctrine of the Church is so erroneous.* Think over what I say. Is not the preaching of every place of worship you have ever entered, this? "If you do well, you will be saved; if you do ill, you will be damned." Where is the Gospel or "Good News" in this? I know it, for the law says it; it is implanted in every human being, but the "Good News" is, "Whatever you do, God, for His son's sake, pardons you;" and thus, the love of God constraineth us from evil. For one feels that, enticing as evil is, it is not to be compared to the peace one derives from being in accord with Him. When one thinks of the millions on whom weighs this yoke of bondage, one wonders. I do not know one single person who says this straight out. I say the Christian

* "'Think,' my father used to say, 'of a being who would make a Hell—who would create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment.' The time, I believe, is drawing near when this dreadful conception of an object of worship will be no longer identified with Christianity; and when all persons, with any sense of moral good and evil, will look upon it with the same indignation with which my father regarded it."—*John Stuart Mill's Autobiography*, p. 41.—ED.

Pharisees deny Christ. They ignore Him, or at the most throw Him in as a make-weight. I see no resemblance to Him in them. A hard, cruel set they are, from high to low. When one thinks of the real agony one has gone through in consequence of false teaching, it makes human nature angry with the teachers, who have added to the bitterness of life. You can form some idea of what Christ was like. Do you know any single one of His pretended successors, clergymen or dissenters, who are like Him? Pure religion and undefiled, *to visit the poor and afflicted, and to keep unspotted from the world.* Tell me one you know who professes to teach you, who does this. "I am sick of your burnt offerings and your prayer-meetings, my soul hateth them, they are a trouble to me. I am weary of them." See Isaiah i. 11 and 13.

I will tell you a story of 1,848 years ago. There was a workman of Bethlehem who did not agree with the great teachers of an old religion, who answered them roughly, and who did not conform to their views, or pay them the attention to which they were accustomed. He was always in the slums with very dubious characters. This annoyed the church class. "Why do you frequent those slums?" He said, "These slums need me to go to them; for they are sick at heart, and I bear them good news. I tell them they are worth something, in spite of their ill-deeds. I tell them their God is a merciful God, and that He has worked out their salvation not for their merits." Now, these slum people liked their visitor. He had kind words for them. He did not look on

them as pariahs. He did not think it beneath Him to call on worse than "Divorced." He rather encouraged these people, and He never said a word against their evil ways; but He pointed out that happiness resulted from a holy life. His strong rebukes were against the white-robed, clean, respectable people, who thought they were everything that was good because they had prayer-meetings and sacrifices, and washed their hands before eating. Well, you know this story. The *good people* could not bear the home-thrusts they received, and so they murdered Him. They were too good to do it directly, but they worked up others to do it. The slum people liked this man, in spite of His being called a drunkard. He was never hard on them. Some very dubious characters were well received by Him; but He was not polite to those who thought themselves good. He found fault with the invitations they gave to dinner, though He was their guest. He would have called on "Divorced." He would have tried to cheer their life, and have aided them to see that, though the clerical party would not notice them, they were still God's children. Fancy that none of those slum people ever went to church, or ever gave a sacrifice. They were like our own slum people. They would not have liked any of the clerical people to come among them; for the clerical people would have claimed, "I am better than you;" and human nature does not like that, and will never crush and crowd to hear it.

KHARTOUM, *November 30.*—Yesterday a steamer came down from the obstruction in the river. They had opened the "Sudd" out three or four

times, and it had closed up again persistently. So now I am sending up two more steamers, and hope to get it opened. There are a great many grass-isles to come down; till they do come down, the stoppages will occur again and again. . . . . I will give you an instance of the miserable way the Cairo Government treats the Soudan. I asked H.H., a long time ago, to send up a man, A. H.H. replied he wanted the man A., and could not send him. To-day I got a request for £7 10*s*., stating that I had asked for A., who was at Port Said; that, in consequence, A. went to Cairo and said he did not want to come; so they ask me to pay the £7 10*s*. for his passage from Port Said to Cairo and return—which I have refused to do.

The weather is very cold, and the wind very high—quite like March weather in England. It has, however, made the people almost as ill as they were during the rainy season, but in another way.

KHARTOUM, *December 11*.—H.H. is going to take Harrar and Zeila from me, and I am glad of it; for they are a deal of trouble and expense.

KHARTOUM, *December 15*.—The weather is wonderful. It is clear and bright, with a fine fresh breeze and hot sun; but there is a sort of bitter nip in the wind which makes every one more or less ill. It is like a sharp knife in one, and you can tell it in a moment. I have had an influenza like none I have ever had before.

KHARTOUM, *December 22*.—Walad el Michael has left, with 300 men, to make his submission to Johannis. I hear, at the same time, that Johannis has sent an envoy to Kasala to see me, with a

letter about the Frontier. I have ordered the envoy to be sent to me here, and to be well treated. . . . . I am starting to-morrow (December 24) for Katarif to see the Envoy. I do this so that Johannis can get my answer before he sees Walad el Michael, who cannot be at Gondar, where Johannis is, for five weeks; while I can communicate with the King through Galabat in fifteen days.

Colonel Gordon went up the Blue Nile to Abou Haraz, and thence on a camel across the desert to Katarif. He was away from Khartoum only fourteen days, three of which were spent in negotiations at Katarif. He rode in this short time 240 miles.

In the year 1878 he rode 1,620 miles through the deserts on camels.

CHAPTER VI.—1879.

JANUARY TO JULY.

KHARTOUM, *January 9, 1879.*—My last letter told you that Walad el Michael had given in his submission to Johannis, and had gone with 300 men to Gondar to pay his respects to the king. He will have to pick up a big stone, and put it on his neck, and go before the king thus. He will then lie down before the throne. The king, if he means to pardon him, will tell one of his officers, "Touch him with your hand on the neck." If he does not mean to do so, he says, "Touch him on the neck with your foot:" that means the affair is not settled. Then come *pour parlers*, etc.; and Walad el Michael is either imprisoned on a mountain which has no exit from it, but where there is water; or else is pardoned.

I heard also that Menelek, the King of Shoa, is with King Johannis. He has been allowed to keep his title of Vassal-King. I do not know whether I told you in the same letter that the son of Ras Arya, Johannis's prime minister, had come to Kasala with a letter from the king to me.*

* Colonel Gordon, writing in the close of the year, says: "The embassy that Ras Arya sent me in January with a letter in the King's name, was a false embassy. The King never knew anything of it till he had my answer."—ED.

I telegraphed for the envoy to come to me. He said, "He could not without the order of the king:" so I had the contents of the letter telegraphed to me. It was to the effect that he (Johannis) would not make peace with H.H., but he would with me; that he would be glad for me to see his envoy, who had verbal instructions from him to tell me. In this letter the king keeps calling me Sultan of Soudan! I then determined, as I had told you, to go to Katarif and see the man. I got there in five days, arriving at night at the same moment as the envoy came in from Casala.

I gave him a salute of nine guns as he came to see me, and nine guns when he left, and had the soldiers out to salute him. I had prepared a fine present for Johannis, which cost me £175.

[The following is the king's acknowledgment of this present:

"From His Majesty Yohanis king of kings of Ethopia

"To Garden Pasha

"My beloved friend by the grace of God I and my people are well, the things which you presented me I have received by the hand of winstandling, [Mr. Winstanley] velvet, 1 silver sadle 2 golden dress, 5 yard read bannate 2 read dress broad hand, silver plate with 12 silivir cups, out of them one is gold, one best gun with her carlagas 1 good carpate My friend I am very thankful for your kindness which you did to me I have told all my words what is in my wishes he will tell you all, I hope I will see you soon."

In the Arabic letter which accompanied this, the king called Colonel Gordon "Sultan of Soudan."]

The envoy came in, and would not talk till I had cleared the room. He then wrote down what he had to say, which was to the effect that the king would not look to H.H., but only to

me. I put a ✝ over his speech, and then wrote my answer (☪ being put over it), then he replied, etc. The result was, that as I found he would not speak out, I was obliged to do so. I explained that he could not have a port, and that the lands we robbed him of were of no use to him. Further, if the king would be quiet, I would see that he got an archbishop from the Coptic Church of Alexandria.* I would try to get from Her Majesty's Government the crown of Theodore which —— looted. I would facilitate the passage of his people at Massawa and Galabat; would give him a consul at Massawa; and would send Winstanley with the envoy to see the king. All this was written down with ✝ and ☪ over the speeches, and a copy was sent to Johannis. In the meantime Nubar very grandly writes to me a telegram, saying, "Give up nothing;" and telling me to wait for a letter from H.H. You must know, Johannis, in his letter to me, asks me

* Colonel Gordon, in a letter to the Editor of the *Times* on January 1, 1881, says: "The other question is the demand of the King for an Archbishop—an Abouna. The Church of Abyssinia has for centuries taken this Abouna from the Coptic Church at Alexandria. This is important, as it is only the Abouna who can ordain priests; and so, from the difficulties between the Governments, the King has been without any ordination for years."

In FATHER LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia* (p. 390) we read: "The Church of Abyssinia is governed by the Metropolitan whom they call *Abuna*, that is, *Our Father;* and this Metropolitan has no other Bishop subordinate to him. He is named and consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria, who, to keep this Church in a more absolute dependence, never gives them a prelate of their own country, so that the Abuna neither understanding the language, nor being able to make himself understood, it may easily be conceived how the Church is governed, and with what justice the pastor may say, *I know my sheep and my sheep know me.* Yet, ignorant and unacquainted as he was with the people, he has formerly had so much power, that no man was acknowledged as King till he had been consecrated by the hands of the Abuna. . . . . The Abunas are incapable of instructing the people, since they understand neither the language nor the customs of the country. Their whole office is to ordain priests yet more ignorant than themselves, and often of corrupt morals."—ED.

to send for his inspection my powers to treat with him on the part of H.H. Now H.H., pressed by Vivian, when I first went to Massawa, gave me reluctantly *in French*, at the end of my nomination as Governor-General, a paragraph thus:—"The Abyssinian frontier joins the Soudan. Some disputes about the frontier exist. I authorise you, if you think fit, to settle these questions with the Abyssinian authorities. (Signed) 'Ismail.'" Well, these were poor full-powers. However, as I had nothing whatever written about Abyssinia in Arabic with H.H.'s seal, I was obliged to send the whole letter to Johannis. I hope he will take the miserable paragraph as full-powers! H.H. was much opposed to giving me anything: it was only on Vivian's urging him that he did so; and then he took good care not to write in Arabic! Nubar said that H.H. might perhaps give the abouna and the consul. Now this telegram of Nubar came *before I had seen the ambassador;* and I answered, that, providing Johannis did demand Bogos, and the lands we robbed him of, we must give them; for I had no money or troops to defend them; but that, as for waiting a month for a letter of H.H., it was out of the question, and so I would act on my own responsibility. Well, as soon as the interview of the crosses and crescents was over, I telegraphed down a *résumé* of the same to H.H. I gave the envoy a number of presents and a repeating rifle, and I got Winstanley ready to start. An Abyssinian woman of good family, wife to one of my officers, got the envoy to come and see her. He drank half-a-bottle of cognac, and said, "Johannis will never make a treaty with

the Khedive, by which he signs away any of the original territory of Abyssinia, but he will not fight Gordon." The Abyssinian woman was closely questioned by the envoy, if I was on good terms with H.H.; and he said that if Gordon would arrange with Johannis, independently of H.H., the king would even give Gordon more land. So, then, having seen the drift of the affair, I telegraphed to H.H., "There is no fear of the king's fighting us, so you can do what you like about the treaty."

If H.H. will not give the abouna, then I will get him myself from the Patriarch of the Coptic Church at Cairo. If England will not give the crown, I will get a copy of it made, and will tell Johannis the English Government cannot spare the original. I then wrote to Johannis, and sent him the decrees of H.H., whereby H.H. established a responsible ministry, and I civilly told him that England and France were represented in the same. To end a long story, I have no doubt Johannis will not fight me. I shall have to give him a number of presents. He wants the abouna, or high priest, for with him he will be more powerful—the abouna excommunicating, at his beck or call, all his enemies, which is most effectual among fanatics like the Abyssinians.

I have lately heard of a Greek coming up from Cairo to Dongola, who mounted a grand uniform with plenty of decorations, a grand cordon,* and who proclaimed himself Pasha, and was getting money right and left by making promises to get the givers appointments. However, I have had him arrested.

* He wore also the dress of a Freemason.—ED.

Now for the Bahr Gazelle. I hear that Sebehr's son is very hardly pushed. Now that he has been hemmed in for eight months he ought to be badly off. I expect that six months will finish the affair. They say that Gessi has driven him out of his forts.

January 17.—Gessi's last letters are dated August. What a river the Nile is, and what extraordinary difficulties are thrown in the way of reaching those lands.

A week later Colonel Gordon received a telegram from Gessi, dated January 1, informing him of the repulse of Sebehr's son on the last days of December.*

KHARTOUM, *January 24.*—I am quite perplexed what to do with some 1,300 of these slave soldiers (Bazingirs,† as they are called) who have remained faithful to the Government. I cannot put them in the regular army, for they would never stand the discipline. I have for the moment given them a zone of country on the frontier of Wadai and Darfour, and there I must keep them for the present. I almost wish that the whole band had revolted, for then one's duty would be clear. I am going to send two Europeans‡ with their chief, who was one of the best and bravest of Sebehr's chiefs—by name Nuehr Bey Angara. These chiefs are all alike *de trop*

* See p. 378.—ED.

† "The second class includes the greater part of the full-grown natives in the Seribas. They are termed 'Farookh,' 'Narakeek,' or 'Bazingir,' . . . . whose duty it is to accompany the natives in all their expeditions, whether for war or for trading purposes. These black soldiers constitute nearly half the fighting force in all the Seribas, and play a prominent part in time of war. . . . . In every action the hardest work is put upon their shoulders."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p. 421.

‡ The two Europeans were to keep a watch over the slave-trade.—ED.

on the earth. They have been brought up brigands, and will never change.

Sebehr's system was to kidnap boys and train them as soldiers. When they became twenty-five they were truly formidable; for he taught them to shoot with a tripod, which they carry with them. You may imagine how these armed slaves, accustomed to brigandage, rule their nominal chiefs, like the Pretorian Guards of Rome and the Janizaries of Turkey. . . . . What I complain of in Cairo is the complete callousness with which they treat all these great questions, while they worry me for money, knowing by my budgets I cannot make my expenses meet my revenue by £90,000 a year. The destruction of Sebehr's gang is the turning-point of the slave-trade question, and yet never do I get one word from Cairo to support me. ——'s letter says, "Issue a proclamation that you will hang the head of any caravan of slaves." Now, this caravan that I may catch may have been bought legally at Obeid, and how can I override all the laws and conventions of H.H. and do this?

By the decree of H.H. the punishment is from five months' to five years' imprisonment. But even this punishment is vitiated by the despatch Nubar sent me, saying that the purchase of slaves in the Egyptian territory was legal. The only notice from Cairo on the question of these slave brigands was an offer from Nubar to send Sebehr up here—Sebehr having promised Nubar to pay a revenue of £25,000 a year. Now, how could Sebehr pay this revenue? Only by sending down slaves. I declined Nubar's offer, and said I wanted no help from Cairo in that way. . . . .

The way that the Cairo Government support Sebehr, who is in Cairo, makes a very bad impression; for every one here thinks that I am the only obstacle to his return. Now H.H. knows that Sebehr has egged on his people to this revolt; that it was he who devastated the whole country, and that he alone is responsible for the slave-trade of the last ten years; and yet Sebehr has the *entrée partout*. . . . . I am putting in all the frontier posts European Vakeels, to see that no slave caravans come through the frontier. I do not think that any now try to pass, but the least neglect of vigilance would bring it on again in no time. I shall give Gessi £1,000 if he succeeds in catching Sebehr's son. I hope he will hang him, for if he is sent to Cairo he will be made much of.

P.S.—H.H. never punishes the men I send down. They appear at his balls with the greatest coolness. So well do I know this, that I punish the offenders as far as I can up here before I send them to Cairo.

We never get in so much as five-sixths of our revenue, and this is the cause: the collectors of revenue say to the heads of communities, "Pay me four-sixths of the sum due, and give as *backsheesh* to me one-sixth; then I will certify that you cannot pay the remaining sixth." I almost despair of being able to check this peculation in so vast a country.

February 18.—To-day there came a third order for me to go to Cairo. I answered that I could not come till July, and backed my refusal by sending a telegram to Vivian, asking him not to interfere; but, if possible, to see that my successor was a

European, and saying that, if I am forced to come to Cairo, I mean to resign. So you may see me soon.*

KHARTOUM, *February 19*.—This morning, without any apparent reason, the two ostriches (kept in the palace grounds) with one accord rushed at a black slave in the garden, and, striking at him with their toes, nearly killed him. One stroke from their toes tore off the poor man's nose. The culprits I have ordered to be sold into slavery and to be annually plucked. The proceeds of their sale is to be devoted to purchasing the freedom of the wounded slave, and to giving him a good *backsheesh*. It will be a just retribution. I have a gentleman and two lady sheep of extraordinary size. They are really enormous. They and the gazelles hate the tortoise. They settle down in a corner, and up he comes and turns them out. To them he is a moving stone, and they cannot make him out, moving on so slowly and surely.

February 20.—This morning I went down to Divan, and my black scribe came hurrying in beaming. I could not make it out, for I expected today my dismissal. He said, "Nubar is dismissed."

KHARTOUM, *February 24*.—Here is another letter from Gessi, about whom I feel anxious. You will see that the poor devil thinks I sent up troops to help him. Why! I had none to send, owing to Nubar's refusing me the regiment. Fancy his offering to send me Sebehr Pasha instead.†

* See Appendix A for a statement of Colonel Gordon's reasons for refusing to go to Cairo.—ED.

† "We have," wrote Colonel Gordon, a few days later, "a serious insurrection to contend with, which I am obliged to starve down in the way of supplies, etc., from want of funds."—ED.

KHARTOUM, *March 4.*—I cannot help feeling very anxious about Gessi, and have telegraphed to H.H. to let me go to Shaka and see after him.

KHARTOUM, *March 5.*—I feel a great wish to come back to England, but I feel God must rule my way, and I must stay on and on till I am relieved. He does help me, but in so slow a way that I forget it—it is a daily gathering of manna, and only a little every day. *He* alone has helped me to be rid of Walad el Michael; yet it has been a two years' work. Now I have asked H.H. for permission to go to Kordofan and Shaka; in order, in my ideas, to deal a death-blow to the slave-trade. Well, it is a terrible trouble for me to go there; and I feel "Why should I do it?" when He could stop it at once, if He willed. These are my thoughts, but He knows what is best for a poor worm like me. ——, who has just come from Cairo, says that the Nubar ministry could not bear my name. I was the Mordecai who would not bow to them. Even the Europeans were all against me. Why? Because I will not strip the Soudan to give them money. The last despatch I sent [to Cairo, in answer to repeated and pressing requests for money] was thus: "You have my accounts; you see our yearly deficit is £109,000, our debts £300,000. If you do not believe it, send up and examine the affairs; or else take the finance of the Soudan under you."

KHARTOUM, *March 10.*—H.H. has given me leave to go to Kordofan. (D.V.) I leave in a few days.

Not only was there the rebellion of the slave-dealers in the Bahr Gazelle, but also there were risings in Darfour and Kordofan. In Darfour, Haroun, who two years earlier had

fled to the hills,* had come once more into the field, to maintain his claim to the throne of his forefathers. In Kordofan the insurgents were led by a man named Sabahi, who had been one of the chiefs of Sebehr's gang. He had taken to pillaging and slave-dealing on his own account. In the previous September he had murdered a governor whom Colonel Gordon had sent to Edowa, and like Haroun had also fled to the hills. "Ever since that time," wrote Colonel Gordon on March 15, "I have been ordering and ordering him to be crushed; but no, not a bit of it. He is in the mountains, and the 400 troops or more are in the plain, where they have been for three months, doing nothing I expect but collecting slaves. Hassan Pasha Helmi has been at Obeid a month, but has made no move to go against him, though, as far as his words went, he was going to eat him."

Colonel Gordon thus briefly describes the three chief objects that he had in view in the expedition which he now undertook:—

"I went up to aid Gessi—

"1. To prevent the adherents of Sebehr's son in Kordofan sending up aid to the slave-dealers with whom the people of Kordofan were in sympathy from slave-dealing affairs.

"2. To cut off runaways, and to prevent Sebehr's bands breaking into Darfour and joining a *soi-disant* Sultan there who was in revolt in the hills.

"3. To give Gessi moral support, and to send him up all he wanted in munitions of war."

EN ROUTE TO OBEID, *March 15*.—We are wending our way. It is very hot. I hear from Shaka that Mustafa Bey, the Mudir there, has been ill-treating the Razagat tribes, and that the people are very discontented. Now, this wretched place (Shaka), nearly 400 miles from Obeid, costs us some £12,000 a year, and is a nest of slavers. I shall break it up entirely, and evacuate it. These are the places whence the slaves come, and which are so utterly useless.

March 16.—Imagine yourself journeying on

* See p. 245.—ED.

some twenty-six to thirty miles a day, starting at half-past three in the morning, and halting at nine or ten; and then starting again at three in the afternoon, and going on till seven, day after day, through a sandy plain covered with dried-up yellow grass and scrub-trees. . . . . The heat is terrible during the day, and the nights are bitterly cold. . . . . The country is dried up, and my shortest march with no water is three days. It is indeed a great difficulty for me to go to Shaka at all. They try to persuade me to go direct, and to let the camels be six days hard marching without water; but I cannot do that, when three days is the general time they are without it. I shall have to make a long *détour* to reach Shaka. What a country—with districts as much as two hundred miles long and broad without water! . . . . This morning, after I had gone on the road for two hours, and the sun was rising, I met three Bashi-Bazouks. They looked so very guilty, that I looked among the trees, and thought I saw some figures. I remarked to Berzati Bey, my secretary, "I smell slaves; look under those trees." He said, "No." So I went on though I was still suspicious. I could see no more of the figures under the trees. When my caravan came up, it appears they saw the Bashi-Bazouks, and these same figures creeping along in the grass off the road. These figures sank down in the grass when they saw they were noticed. Then my people captured the lot, and brought them here. The first thing was to give away the camel, saddle, two donkeys, £15 in cash, and the *clothes* of the Bashi-Bazouks. Every one took from them what they liked, till they were

despoiled. They were then beaten and dismissed. There were fourteen slaves—four young men, seven young women, and three little girls. . . . . They are quite delighted, and making such a noise. They had had no water for a day; for the Bashi-Bazouks were afraid of coming to the well last night, as they had heard that I was there. Poor creatures! and yet they now seem quite to have forgotten it. It is entirely against the law that slaves should be taken from Darfour, which is a Mussulman state. There is one bad thing about letting the Bashi-Bazouks go so easily, for it will be known that I only flogged and despoiled them; but I had no help for it. How could I have escorted them to Obeid? Having the slaves with me is bad enough. Until the law is changed, it is almost hopeless to try to do anything. It was only the want of power and legality which prevented them being now on their backs, looking at the skies; for I had every wish to shoot them.

En route from Obeid to Shaka, *March 24*.—Hassan Pasha Helmi caught thirty-seven slaves the day I came, and twenty-two yesterday. The people of Obeid look very black at me, and every one complains that trade is ruined by the stopping of the slave-trade. It is weary, up-hill work.

March 25.—Our road is now through the jungle, and the path is overhung with the prickly boughs of trees, through which your camel will drag you if you do not look out. He sees *he* can get through, and does not care how *you* get served. We cannot go a yard at night; so all our travelling is by day, which is very hot work. The air is like a furnace. Everybody is filthy

for want of water. My caravan has not been seen for three days, and will not be seen for two more. . . . .

I have just heard from Gessi, under date of "February 24." He wants powder and some more troops, which I hope to send him up at once from Shaka. I shall go up as near as I can to him; but I cannot run the risk of having my communications cut off with the Soudan—otherwise I would go all the way. I am very anxious about him, amid all that gang of scoundrels; however, I trust in God to deliver him.

March 27.—The caravan came in last night, and we started at 1.30 a.m., and got to the ancient frontier between Kordofan and Darfour, where I had hoped to find water; but the wells are nearly dry, and I fear we shall have to stay here a day to water the camels. I have never, in China or elsewhere, felt such heat. . . . . We expected to find water here sufficient for the camels—some forty; there is not enough for two!!! The nearest wells are one-and-a-half days off, and the camels are exhausted. I must go all night, and try thus to avoid the heat. Happily they are lightly loaded. What a country! Of course we have no meat, for there are no animals. This is the normal state of things during the dry season. In fact, it is impossible to move about.

EDOWA, *March 28.*—We started last night at 6.30, and marched till 3.30 next morning, when I halted for two hours. During the long ride I was able to see my way to crush out the slave-trade—it is thus:—"*All persons residing in Darfour must have a* permis de séjour; *all persons travelling to and from Darfour must*

have passports for themselves and suite." Now, I want you to read these two rules carefully. As Darfour surrounds the Soudan, and all slaves must pass through Darfour before coming to the Soudan, no one can reside in Darfour without an ostensible mode of livelihood, and no one can go to or from Darfour without Government permission for himself and his followers. I have added to these rules, "All infractions of these orders will be punished with imprisonment and by confiscation of property." (If you lack wisdom, ask it of God, who is liberal, and upbraideth not.) So far for my night thoughts. At 3.30 a.m. I laid down and slept; at 5.30 a.m. I started again, and after two hours I met some chiefs of the Arab tribes, who had come to meet me. As I halted my camel, to salute them, I felt a very sharp sting in my knee. I knew what it was; but there was no chance of getting at it, so I adopted the only course, which was to crush him on my knee. A small scorpion had, when I was asleep, crawled up my trowsers.

March 29.—I got to Edowa at 1.30 p.m., tired out. Now, Sabahi, with four hundred troops in revolt, is three or four days from here, while I have with me only fifteen men, and there are forty-five in the stations—total, sixty. If he came down on me he could take me prisoner.

March 30.—The soldiers here are all in arrears of pay some fourteen months, and are in rags. I have remedied this; but it does not make me feel amiable to —— —— & Co., who have been howling at me to give them money for Fowler and Appleby [the railway engineer and contractor].

EDOWA, *March 31.*—This evening a party of seven slave-dealers with twenty-three slaves were captured and brought to me, together with two camels. Nothing could exceed the misery of these poor wretches—some were children of not more than three years old; they had come across that torrid zone from Shaka, a journey from which I on my camel shrink. I got the slave-dealers chained at once, and then decided about the slaves. The men and boys were put in the ranks; the women were told off to be wives (!) of the soldiers; the children were to be sent to Obeid when the rains begin. Now the slave-dealers are to be put in prison till I am pleased to release them; for by the present state of the law the seizure is illegal, as I have pointed out to you.* I should like to have shot them, but could not do it, in spite of the hint of Mr. —— (a *Reverend*), "I might stretch the law a bit." When I had just begun this letter, another caravan, with two slave-dealers and seventeen slaves, was brought in, and I hear others are on the way. Some of the poor women were quite nude. I have disposed of them in the same way, for what else can I do? Both these caravans came from

* Colonel Gordon, in the letter of March 15, thus describes "the imperfect state of the law":—

"1. I have an order signed by the Khedive to put to death all slave-dealers, or persons taking slaves.

"2. I have the Convention† which calls slave-taking 'robbery with murder.'

"3. I have the Khedive's decree, which came out with the Convention, that this crime is to be punished with five months to five years prison.

"4. I have a telegram from Nubar Pasha, saying that 'the sale and purchase of slaves in Egypt is legal.'"

† "Convention between the British and Egyptian Governments for the Suppression of the Slave Trade." Signed at Alexandria, August 4, 1877. —ED.

Shaka, where I mean to make a clear sweep of the slave-dealers. . . . . These captures make the total of captured caravans since June, 1878, sixty-three. I am not good at a description, but you can scarcely conceive the misery and suffering of these poor slaves. I heard at Khartoum from one who came from Cairo that some of the Consuls-General did not take the least interest in the suppression of the slave-trade; they only moved in it because their government, fearful of public opinion, obliged them to do so.. I do not believe it: no one who has had a mother, or sisters, or children, could be callous to the intense human suffering which these poor wretches undergo.* All the place is agog to-night, and I expect parties will go out to intercept those *en route*; and, I dare say, will quietly take for themselves the slaves they may fancy. Yet I cannot help it. Now I have been here only two days, and yet these two captures! I feel sure that several caravans passed me *en route* from Obeid to this place, but they were warned off the road before I came along it. What I shall try to do is to get up a subscription for £2,000 a year, and get English consuls at Obeid and Khartoum with £1,000 a year each. What are the £1 1*s*. which are now given by rich people to the Anti-Slavery Society? Let them give £20 a year; they will not feel it.

Just to show you the tricks that are played,

* In a letter to the *Times*, dated March 23, 1881, Colonel Gordon writes: "I appeal to my countrymen who have wives and families, and who can realise to some degree the bitterness of parting with them—to God—what it must be for those poor black peoples to have their happy households rent asunder for an effete, alien set, like the Pashas of Egypt and Turkey."—ED.

when the last caravan came in, I noticed the captured camel had no water-bags on him; now I felt sure the camel would not have come unladen. I made inquiry, and found that the men who captured the caravan took five of the slaves and two donkeys and the water-bags. . . . . I declare if I could stop this traffic I would willingly be shot this night: this shows my ardent desire; and yet strive as I can I can scarcely see any hope of arresting the evil. Now comes the question, Could I sacrifice my life and remain in Kordofan and Darfour? To die quickly would be to me nothing, but the long crucifixion that a residence in these horrid countries entails appals me. Yet I feel that, if I could screw my mind up to it, I could cause the trade to cease, for its roots are in these countries. The East Soudan is now quiet and free from the slave-trade. But I do not think I can face the cross of staying here, simply on physical grounds. I have written to the Khedive to say I will not remain as Governor-General, for I feel I cannot govern the country to satisfy myself. If you put aside the suppression of the slave-trade, now that there is no revolt or war in the East Soudan, I have no hesitation in saying that an Arab governor suits the people better, and is more agreeable to them than a European. If there are revolts or wars it is another thing. Now as I will not stay as Governor-General of the whole of the Soudan, query, shall I stay as Governor of the West Soudan, and crush the slave-dealers? Many will say it is a worthy cause to die in. I agree, if the death was speedy, but oh! it is a long and weary one, and for the moment I cannot face it.

April 2.—I leave to-night for Shaka. This morning when I got up my servant told me that on coming in early, before I was awake, he found a female slave sleeping very quietly in the corner of my hut. She had crept in during the night, and one must hope she had a good night's rest. She was chained, and had escaped from her master. This shows how little worth were the three sentries who were posted around my hut.

ONE DAY FROM SHAKA, *April 4.*—To-day I met a post from Gessi. He has done splendidly, and I am greatly relieved. I really believe that we shall put an end to the slave-trade entirely. Gessi had most inadequate means for his work—at least five-sixths of those with him were, in their hearts, friends of Sebehr's son, and wished for his success. They knew that with the fall of Sebehr's son there was an end of the slave-trade. . . . . We have had a very trying time of it, and all my party are nearly dead from fatigue. . . . . I hope to make a clean sweep of Shaka when I get there. Never had the Government such a chance of giving a death-blow to the slave-dealers.

SHAKA, *April 7.*—I arrived at this den of iniquity at 7.30 a.m.; the grief of the slave-dealers, of whom there are some hundred, on hearing that they were to clear out was great. The heat is terrible.

SHAKA, *April 11.*—Last night Gessi sent word that he wanted no more troops or ammunition, and so those *en route* are recalled to Dara. I hope to go there in ten days at the furthest, and then work for the capture of Haroun.

When one thinks of the enormous number of slaves which have passed into Egypt from these

parts in the last few years, one can scarcely conceive what has become of them. There must have been thousands on thousands of them—and then again, where do they all come from? for the lands of the natives which I have seen are not densely peopled. . . . . We must have caught 2,000 in less than nine months, and I expect we did not catch one-fifth of the caravans. Again, how many died *en route?* The slaves are most undemonstrative. They make no signs of joy at being released. I suppose the long marches have taken all the life out of them. : . . . I doubt much the liberation of the slaves in the twelve years. There now remain nine years. Who will do it? The Government of the Egyptians in these far-off countries is nothing else but one of brigandage of the very worst description. It is so bad that all hope of ameliorating it is hopeless; so I do the only thing possible, that is, vacate them. I even have given up blaming the Governors, for it is useless—so I send them to Cairo. One thing is certain, that the Egyptian should never be allowed out of his own country. You know that I have withdrawn from more than half the country which we held at the Equator, and 300 miles will separate us from Mtesa. If they made the telegraph through Africa,* each station would be a nest of robbers in the shape of slave-dealers.

April 16.—I have telegraphed to H.H. to send up the son of Sultan Ibrahim, in order to reinstate the Sultan's family in Darfour.† With my thievish employés I see that it is hopeless to

* A proposal had been made that the telegraph to our Cape Colonies should be carried overland from one end of Africa to the other.—ED.

† See p. 355.—ED.

expect quiet or just government. The only hope is to restore the old régime as soon as possible. . . . . The slave-dealers have departed from Shaka, and this place is clean of them, I hope, for ever. The heat still continues terrible, and it is difficult to exist—far more to do any work. In a month the rains will begin, and although it will be less healthy, it will be cooler.

SHAKA, *April 17*.—All the neighbouring nations of Central Africa will hear of the fall of Sebehr's gang, for they had pushed their expeditions for miles into the interior. They will also know why he was crushed, *i.e.*, on account of the slave-trade, and by whom, *i.e.*, the Christians. . . . . Last night four of the clerks and other employés of Sebehr's son came in here, having escaped from Gessi. I have captured them, and am only waiting for a little before I shoot them. They had been sent down by Sebehr's son to make out that he had never wavered in his allegiance to H.H. He has, however, tried this trick too often to be successful, and he will now suffer for it. . . . .

You know the Budget, the debts, and receipts of the Soudan. Well, they write to me from Cairo to send them down £12,000! Now the men in camp here are fifteen months to two years in arrears of pay; it is very fortunate there are only black ladies here, for the poor wretches are not clad. So I answered—"When the nakedness of my troops is partially covered, I may talk to you; in the meantime, send me up at once the £12,000 you unfairly took in customs on goods in transit to the Soudan." I do not care what I say, for I feel very confident that the way I could pay these people off best, would be to leave

the post; for no one would keep the incendiary materials of the Soudan quiet until he had been here some years, and it would end in the Cairo Finance having to meet the Soudan Deficit. It is only by hard camel-riding that I hold my position among the people.

SHAKA, *April 20.*—If the liberation of slaves takes place in 1884 [in Egypt proper], and the present system of Government goes on, there cannot fail to be a revolt of the whole country; but our Government will go on sleeping till it comes, and then have to act *à l'improviste.* If you had read the account of the tremendous debates which took place in 1833 on the liberation of the West-Indian slaves, even on payment of £20,000,000, you would have some idea how owners of slaves (even Christians) hold to their property. . . . . It is rather amusing to think that the people of Cairo are quite oblivious that in 1884 their revenue will fall to one-half, and that the country will need many more troops to keep it quiet. Seven-eighths of the population of the Soudan are slaves, and the loss of revenue in 1889 [the date fixed for the liberation of slaves in Egypt's outlying territories] will be more than two-thirds, if it is ever carried out. Truly in a small way the Egyptian problem is a very thorny one, if you look beyond your nose. The 25,000 black troops I have here are either captured slaves or bought slaves. How are we to recruit if the slave-trade ceases?

SHAKA, *April 25.*—Remember that no one is ever obliged to enter the service of one of these states, and that if he does he has to blame himself, and not the Oriental state. If the Oriental state is well governed, then it is very sure he will

never be wanted. The rottenness of the state is his *raison d'être;* and it is absurd for him to be surprised at things not being as they ought to be according to his ideas. He ought to be surprised that they are not more rotten. I admire the Khedive exceedingly; he is the perfect type of his people, thoroughly consistent to all their principles — a splendid leopard! Look at the numberless cages out of which he has broken his way, when it seemed quite impossible for him to do so. Nubar once summed him up thus: "He is a man of no principle, but capable of very chivalrous impulses; and if he was with a better *entourage* he would do well." They tried to drive him, but leopards will not be driven. What I have written is from my own experience, and from constant conversations with intelligent Arabs, who endorse every word. My black writer's eyes twinkle with delight when I portray what I think are the Arab ideas. Europe wants to wash them — they do not want to be washed. Li Hung Chang* had just the same ideas. He granted the advantage of Europeans, but he counted the *moral* cost, and found it too expensive. It is a very depressing feeling to be convinced that, do all that you can, you are not liked, but the reverse; that everything you order will be cancelled when you leave, if it in any way galls them. . . . . The mass of Europeans at Cairo think they know Egypt, as the people at Shanghai think they know China. They know painted or varnished Egypt, and no further. . . . . I hope you will understand that, though I estimate Asiatics as I do, I in no way advocate that our Government

* See pp. xxvi. and 429.

should submit to their tricks when a really Government matter is concerned; but let us keep clear of interfering with their internal affairs; let us leave reforms to them and their peoples. When the rulers become outrageously bad, the peoples will slough them off. And let our Government abstain from being mixed up with the money affairs of the people here who in morality differ very little from Asiatics. . . . .

I see by the last papers that two regiments have been defeated in Afghanistan. It is just as well that we have these lessons taught us *en petit.* We are a great deal too confident in ourselves, and despise ordinary precautions. The press is greatly answerable for this over-confidence. Men now risk dangers in the hope of paper distinction. However savage or despicable your enemy may be, you never should despise precautions which you would take against a European foe. . . . . I like Nelson's signal — "England expects DUTY." Now the race is for honours, not honour, and newspaper praise. I hate all the boasting of our papers—the curious smallness of mind which cries out if A. happens to be mentioned in the papers more than B., who was in command. What does it signify? Did not each owe their lives and duty to their country? C. spikes a gun (some one says) before he was killed. His family should have a V.C.!! and such-like trivialities.*

* Towards the close of this year Colonel Gordon received the following letter from an old friend of his, a general in the British army.—ED. :—

"Well, my dear Gordon, we are told to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep;' *ergo*, I now rejoice with your friends and I weep with the slaves on the occasion of your retirement from the Government of the Soudan—if it is true that you have retired, as the

The officers who had to judge the emissaries of Sebehr's son have pronounced them guilty, and they will be shot to-morrow. One of them is the chief secretary of Sebehr Pasha, and all the others are long offenders against the Government. Had Sebehr's son not massacred the unfortunate Government soldiers in the Bahr Gazelle I might have pardoned them; but now I shall not do so. I hear the slave-dealers are hurrying out of the country in all directions, and the execution of these men will hasten the exodus.

April 28, 10 a.m.—I have just heard the volley which has executed the emissaries of Sebehr's son. At the same time came in a post from Gessi. He says that he has not yet advanced on the position held by Sebehr's son, but that he has ample munitions and troops, and was about to do so. . . . . I hope soon to leave for Dara, for I am not exactly safe here. If Sebehr's son knew how few men I

papers tell us. In any case, whether you remain or come away, your name is already—and will ever continue to be—a proverb throughout that benighted and unhappy land, and *memorabile nomen gentibus*.

"If you receive and read the newspapers at present, I am sure they must make you sick. We are overflowing with heroes. Such speechifying, such puffing of each other, such presentations of swords, such eating and drinking—from the generals to the drummers—we are all demigods; and some of us have actually *done our duty* by fighting for our lives! What a fickle creature is John Bull! A neighbour and old friend of mine, tells me of his landing at Dover with his regiment (the 14th) fresh from Waterloo. Immediately he and the other officers were marched to the Custom House and most minutely searched; then along with the men to a naked room without bed, table, or chair—nothing but the bare boards to pass the night upon, besides being well hissed in the streets, accompanied by shouts of 'Down with the Army! Why should we have to pay you fellows?' and other words of welcome. . . . .

"There is one valuable class which we are now amply supplied with, and which will enable us to defy the rest of the world for half-a-century to come. I mean the abundant crop of Wellingtons from Zululand; and it is probable that we shall have more from Afghanistan. I must add, however, that many, if not all, of the parties thus honoured would have avoided it if they could. John Bull seems to have gone mad on the subject."—ED.

have, and could break away from Gessi, he might pay me a visit. . . . . A suspicion having arisen in my mind that the marauding Arabs did not so effectually rout out the slave-dealers from Kalaka as I could wish, I have determined to go there myself to-night, and see to it.

EN ROUTE TO KALAKA, *April 30*.—Do you remember I wrote to you from Suakin, in December, 1877, that I had found there an ex-vizier of Darfour? He was in prison for life, against H.H.'s wishes. I took him out, and let him go to Darfour. I am now intending, with this ex-vizier and the ex-commander-in-chief of the dead Sultan, to form a regency till the heir to the Sultanry can arrive from Cairo. The chiefs and people of Darfour all know me, and have confidence, so that I can go with very few troops, knowing that the people will not interfere with me. I mean to write to Haroun — who with 300 men still holds out—and tell him that H.H. has made the son of the deceased Sultan, Sultan of Darfour, and that it is of no use for him to contend with the new Sultan and with Egypt combined; that I could attack him, but that in so doing I should cause much misery; and that therefore I invite him either to remain quiet, or to come in and help me to regulate the country for the reception of the new Sultan.*

EN ROUTE TO KALAKA, *April 30* (Berzati, my Secretary, says it is April 26).—I am inclined to think that Sebehr's son and the other Arabs are more or less prisoners of three liberated black slaves, who command their soldiers. These three know

* Colonel Gordon, writing in March, 1881, says: "The heir is still at Cairo, to the best of my belief."—ED.

what will be their fate, even if Sebehr's son and the rest of his family are spared; so they keep him as a sort of hostage, and compel him to continue the revolt. Perhaps they also meditate plundering him, and escaping with the plunder into the neighbouring countries. . . . . Perhaps he has buried his gold and killed the slaves who buried it (this is often done), and the three blacks do not know where it is. They hope perhaps to persuade him to take it out of its *cache*, and then they will get hold of it.

I have been talking to some of the chiefs of Darfour, and it is lamentable to learn that more than one-third of the population has been carried off into slavery. . . . . I hear that Kalaka is in a great state, for they have heard of my coming. Four slave-dealers were stopped by the Arab tribes. One of the slave-dealers shot a man, for which I will shoot him when I get to Kalaka. I expect to catch a great number of them there. They are at their wits' end where to go, for there is no refuge left—the Bedouin tribes being on the look-out. I am in some degree to blame for not having taken decisive measures before, but I have been too much engaged until the present time. D.V. I will make a clean sweep of it now, whether His Highness likes it or not.

The donkeys with us are a terrible nuisance—one begins to bray, and then all the others follow. Last night a soldier slept near each donkey, with orders to beat it if it began; but it was of little use.

ONE DAY FROM KALAKA (I do not know the day of the month, it is either May 2 or April 30).—I find Kalaka is only two days from

Hofrat el Nahas, or the copper mines, which indirectly caused the invasion of Darfour by exciting the cupidity of the Khedive, and which eventually turned out to be valueless; for the value of the copper was surpassed by the cost of transport. . . . . We are also quite close to a running river—the Bahr el Arab. It runs all the year. You may wonder at my noticing this; but the reason is that there are no rivers—except the Nile and the Saubat—in the whole Soudan, besides this river, which run all the year. . . . . All the road from here to Shaka is marked by the camping-places of the slave-dealers, and there are numerous skulls by the side of the road. What thousands have passed along here! . . . . I hear some districts are completely depopulated, all the inhabitants having been captured or starved to death. If our Government, instead of bothering the Khedive about that wretched debt, had spent £1,000 a-year in sending up a Consul here, what a deal of suffering might have been saved!

May 3 or 1.—To-day we came on an establishment of slave-dealers which had been gutted by the Arabs the day before. This showed me that Maduppa Bey [the commander of the first party which had been sent against them] had been bribed not to disturb them, and so had left them alone. However, the second party which came was not so inclined, and they routed them. This shows you how little you can trust these people. I heard that a party of runaways from Sebehr's son had come into Kalaka, so I have halted three-quarters of a day's march from that place to obtain information. A man has come in to say that *my* marauding

Arabs, and not the runaways of Sebehr's son, have possession of Kalaka; and that they have captured a caravan of six slave-dealers and forty slaves, which had come down from the direction of Sebehr's son; so we have advanced, and are now three hours from Kalaka. To give you an instance of these people—I took the chief of the Kalaka tribe (who came to ask me favours, which I granted him) as my guide; and I paid him on purpose twice the value of the sheep and cows he gave us. Well, to-day he said that after four hours' march we should come to his village, sleep there, and then in two hours reach Kalaka; and that there were wells at his village. I went on quietly for four hours, and then asked if we were near the wells or the village, when he coolly said that there was no water till we got to Kalaka. He did this so as to avoid his own village! So here we are camped, with no water except that in our water-bags. This with nearly 300 men is no joke.

KALAKA (I do not know the date, four-and-a-half days from Shaka).—We arrived here to-day. The Arabs, whom I had sent on before, had secured ten or twelve slave-dealers, and the six who had come down with forty slaves from Sebehr's son. The other slave-dealers had escaped, had been pursued, had made a sort of fort, which the native Arabs had captured, losing three men in doing so. I hear these runaways had a number of slaves with them. They have not yet come in. The quantity of slaves wandering about is great. They are snapped up by the native Arabs in all directions, as if they were sheep. . . . . We have captured a great quantity of ivory. I

have let the six slave-dealers who were caught with the forty slaves go. One cannot kill every one. . . . . A whole flock of ostriches have been released, and are running about the country. As for slaves, I am sick of them, and hope soon to see the last of them; poor creatures! I am sorry I cannot take them back to their own countries, but it is impossible to do so. . . . . There must have been over 1,000 slaves in this den, and yet the slave-dealers had had warning of my approach; and at least as many as 500 must have got away from me. The Bedouin Arabs are up all over the country, and so are the black tribes I hear at Bahr Gazelle. We have got at the heart of them this time, but for how many years has this been going on?

Just as I wrote this I heard a very great tumult going on among the Arabs, and I feared a fight. However, it turned out to be caused by the division of the slaves among the tribes; and now the country is covered by strings of slaves going off in all directions with their new owners. The ostriches are running all about, and do not know what to make of their liberty. What a terrible time of it these poor, patient slaves have had for the last three days—hurried on all sides, and forced first one day's march in one direction, then back again, and then off again in another. It appears that the slaves were not divided, but were scrambled for. It is a horrid idea, for of course families get separated; but I cannot help it, and the slaves seem to be perfectly indifferent to anything whatsoever. Imagine what it must be, to be dragged from your home to places so far off—even farther than Marseilles or Rome. In their

own lands some of these slaves have delightful abodes, close to running water, with pleasant glades of trees, and seem so happy; and then to be dragged off into these torrid water-forsaken countries, where to *exist* only is a struggle against nature. All the neighbouring tribes of Central Africa will hear of this revolt and all its consequences with astonishment; for Sebehr's name was known far and wide.

May 1 (so they say).—We left Kalaka for Dara to-day. . . . . I am going to leave the 100 soldiers behind me, for I am sick of the white Egyptian Commander, and shall push on quickly to Dara. The whole country is the same—a sandy plain with jungly trees. . . . . I cannot bear these Egyptian officers. They have no good quality. The Gallabats* are, at any rate, enterprising. I like the blacks.

May 2.—We made a long march this morning, on the supposition that we were about to overtake a slave-caravan; however, it was not true, and we halted at the village of a Sultan of the Fors of whose existence I was not aware. We found here a self-constituted Collector of Taxes of the Egyptian Government. I asked for his authority, and he had none; so he was sent off.

Colonel Gordon arrived at Dara on May 4. Thence he marched to Fascher, where he arrived on the 14th, "after having driven out all the slave-dealers of Kario."

KOBEYT, *May 21.*—I left Fascher yesterday morning for Kobeyt or Kobé, which I reached this morning, *en route* for Kolkol where there are

* See p. 252.—ED.

2,000 troops, of whom we have not heard for some time. I had ordered them to return to Fascher months ago, so now I am going to look after them.

May 23.—We have made a long march to-day, and we met three men who said that seven of their companions had been murdered the night before at a little distance further on. We knew the road was unsafe. They say that the brigands are all at Kakabieh. It is too bad for the troops at Kolkol, two days from Kakabieh, to allow this brigandage *en masse.*

KAKABIEH, *May 24.*—After a long march we reached this place to-day. Ten brigands attacked and tried to rob the rear of our column near here. The country is a desert, though I believe it was once well cultivated: our troops have ruined it.

May 25.—This morning we had started for Kolkol. When we had got some three miles on the way, we met about 150 to 180 men on the road, who cried out "We want your camels, and your things, and will kill you." Well, we halted and they rushed on us; the soldiers fired and drove them off, and we continued our road. They followed us closely and now and then made determined rushes at us, coming as close as eighty or a hundred yards, in spite of our Remingtons; so I was obliged to take a Remington and shoot one of the foremost. He fell at once, and then they kept farther from us. However, for four or five hours we had a bad time, to keep the camels going, and to prevent the Fors from getting ahead of us. They had a rifle which they fired at the caravan. However, we dosed them for this, and they left us. We marched from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m.

in the hot sun, and camped dead-beat nine miles from Kolkol.

KOLKOL, *May 26*.—We got here to-day dead-beat—having marched thirty-five miles yesterday. The state of the soldiers is deplorable, The escort which I took with me consisted of sixty men. No one had passed along this road for over two years—in fact Kolkol was a prison. Nothing could describe the misery of these utterly useless lands—they have been made perfect deserts by the Government.

May 27.—We are now drinking water from a stream which either flows into Lake Tchad, or into a small lake south of this place. . . . . I shall write no more letters to the Khedive about the misery of these lands. I know he has not time even to think of them. In fact one almost doubts if he is still Khedive.

May 29.—I hope to start to-morrow night; but as I hear Haroun has sent every available man to bar my way to Fascher, I have taken 300 more men to escort me through the worst of the road. It is the least that this garrison can do, after my running such risk, and being at so much trouble to come here to see after them. . . . . "

For some years I have been more or less peaceably disposed. I no longer delight in war or fights like this one now before me. I look on the accounts one reads of wars as so much romance writing, and somewhat like the Chinese people I have rather a contempt for the warrior. I do not believe in his prowess as he relates affairs: out of very little indeed you can make such a great deal. Eminent services, etc., are eminent nonsense. "They loved the praise of men more than the

praise of God"—which liking is an effectual barrier against any faith or trust in Him. It is astonishing what a universal sin this is, and how deeply rooted in the most strict of the Pharisees. . . . . Many take to the seeking of a religious notoriety, because they have been disappointed in obtaining a worldly notoriety. Women, in particular, are subject to this failing. Owing to their social position they have no career of arms, etc., open to them. Take ——. No one would notice her if she were quiet; while, when she comes out as a district visitor, etc., she has a following. . . . . A true perception of the Gospel is entire emptiness of self, an utter absence of any pretension, a complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise or judgment. Any conversation with so-called serious people on religious subjects is, for me, at an end for ever.

To-night there left for Khartoum, a gang of 400 useless Arab officers, soldiers, women, and children. A more miserable set were not to be found. I have sent them round by Dara, a round-about way, to preserve them from danger. It is a great deliverance of useless mouths. Here they would have stayed for years and years, had I not come, and, as it were, carried them out.

May 31.—I heard to-day, that these districts were quite quiet and contented, under one of the viziers of the old Sultan, who gave in his adhesion to the Egyptian Government, and kept the country quiet. However, Hassan Pasha Helmi chose to hang him, and the consequence is that the country is a desert. I found the son of this vizier to-day, and gave him what I could, and a good place. My troubles have come much more from my own

people than from without. I despair of this Government! Over and over again, one can trace the miseries to the lust of some official for the paltry sum of £15 or so.

EN ROUTE FROM KOLKOL TO FASCHER, *June 3*.—We have got on all right, and are half-way to Fascher, and as yet we have not seen any enemies. The road between the two towns had never been traversed since 1877, till I re-opened it this time. I had been kept in perfect ignorance of it till I came to Fascher.

June 5.—Arrived at Fascher. The Khedive telegraphs to me to come to Cairo at once. I found awaiting me a letter from Gessi, which describes the capture of the stronghold of Sebehr's son. You will be glad to hear the *finale*.

Colonel Gordon, in the belief that Gessi had crushed Sebehr's son, started for Oomchanga on his way to Khartoum and Cairo. He was stopped by the news that the brigand chiefs, with a large body of followers, had escaped from Shaka, and were marching into the heart of Darfour. Should these forces join with those of Haroun, "the combination would be extremely dangerous." At the same time, wrote Colonel Gordon, both Gessi and Yussuf Bey, the commanders of the troops which defeated Sebehr's son, were away from the main body of their forces, separated from them by a river that, at any time, might be swelled into a torrent which might be impassable for weeks. He therefore started for Dara, through Toashia, "to be ready for all eventualities." At Dara he would be at no great distance from Haroun's stronghold.

EN ROUTE FROM OOMCHANGA TO TOASCHIA, *June 16*.—I left Oomchanga at 12.30 a.m. this morning. At 2 a.m. I saw in the moonlight, some figures approaching; they were two slave-dealers and six female slaves. We caught one of the slave-dealers and the two donkeys and

the slaves; the other slave-dealer escaped. I gave the captured slave-dealer a good flogging and let him go, and gave the six slaves to a tribe near the spot. The slave-dealers were horrified at falling into my hands. I hear there are a number at Toashia. Soon after writing this, my black secretary came to me, and said in an off-hand way, "Two slave-dealers have just come along the road; they have two donkeys and a few ostrich feathers with them: they said they knew your orders against bringing slaves, and had heard you were on the road, and so did not bring any." This seemed to me to be too over-righteous pleading on their part; so I detained them, and gave orders that a sharp look-out should be kept for the slaves, which I felt sure were not far off. Well, in an hour my soldiers ferreted out near here some forty-five slaves, male, female, and children, with two more slave-dealers, and a number of donkeys and camels. The slave-dealers were entirely stripped of everything, and dismissed with a warning. As for the forty-five slaves, what can I do with them? The road, for three days' journey, is without water, and I cannot march with this escort, which, if I am not mistaken, will be doubled before I get much farther. I must give them to some tribe near here.

I have almost entirely given up smoking, for I am much affected in my circulation; if I had gone on with it much longer, I believe my heart would have stopped altogether. I may, indeed, say that I have lost every desire, in a material way, for things of this life; and have no wish for eating, drinking, or comforts.

If I have a wish for anything, it would be for a dreamless sleep. However, do not think that I am in the least depressed. I am delighted to find that I have reached a resting stage, where the world's storms, or its smiles, do not affect me. . . . . Why should I, at every mile, be stared at by the grinning skulls of those who are at rest? I say to Yussuf Bey, who is a noted slave-dealer, "The inmate of that ball has told Allah what you and your people have done to him and his." Yussuf Bey says, "I did not do it;" and I say, "Your nation did, and the curse of God will be on your land till this traffic ceases." . . . . Just as I wrote these words they came and told me that another caravan of eighteen slaves had been captured, with two camels. I went to see the poor creatures. They were mostly children and women—such skeletons some of them. Two slave-dealers had escaped. Now fancy all this going on after all the examples I have made! Fancy, that in less than twenty-four hours I have caught seventy! There is no reason to doubt but that seventy a day have been passing for the last year or so. You know how many caravans I have caught—some seventy or eighty; besides those 1,000 I liberated (?) at Kalaka. It is enough to cause despair.

June 17.—This morning we started at 1 a.m. and halted at 7 a.m. Soon afterwards we caught nine slave-dealers, twenty slaves, a camel, and two donkeys. Some of these poor slaves are mere skeletons. No female child, however young, passes unscathed by these scoundrels!!! The only thing I can do to these slave-dealers is to flog them and strip them, and send them like

Adams into the desert. . . . . I caught two more slaves to-night, and captured a donkey. The slave-dealers escaped. I am now ten miles from Toashia, where I hear there is a host of slaves. I hope to catch them at dawn to-morrow.

June 18.—I arrived at Toashia at 8 a.m., and found that there were neither slave-dealers nor slaves here!!! So said Abel Bey. However, by great menaces I soon had 100 slave-dealers, 50 donkeys and camels, and 300 slaves captured. They had quietly gone into the environs, thinking I would be quiet, and intending to get their water from the well at night, and thus evade me. They had deceived in this way an Italian whom I had sent with two hundred soldiers only four days ago. I hear as many more slaves and slave-dealers escaped on the roads to Kordofan, but I hope to catch most of them. We captured a number of muskets, pieces of cloth, feathers, etc. Thus, in three days, we have caught 400 slaves. The number of skulls along the road is appalling. We shall capture a number more at the wells to-night, for as the slave-dealers thought I should act on what Abel Bey told me (*i.e.*, that there were no slaves or slave-dealers here), and as they had deceived the Italian, they had not taken the precaution of filling their water-bags. Thus they are unable to flee, as there lies three days' journey around here without water. Now, the wells here are guarded. The number of slaves captured from the dealers in this campaign must be close upon 1,700! I have no doubt that very great suffering is going on among the poor slaves still at large; for the dealers not yet captured will not be able to go to the wells to-night, and

they will not surrender till pounced on to-morrow. The slaves are delighted; they are mostly women and children. One little wretch, named Capsule, is not yet four years old, but he has given capital information about the slave-dealers. He is all belly and head, with mere pins of legs.

. . . . We have caught more slaves during last night and to-day. The slave-dealers, seeing the wells guarded, let them go. However, some huge caravans, regardless of their having no water, and of the three days' desert, have escaped. They were pursued by some of the natives, but the slave-dealers fired on them, and so the natives returned here. They noticed that one of the fugitives had died *en route*. It is very terrible to think of the great sufferings of the poor slaves thus dragged away; but I had no option in the matter, for I could not catch them. The water here is horrible,—it smells even when fresh from the wells. I have ordered the skulls, which lay about here in great numbers, to be piled in a heap, as a memento to the natives of what the slave-dealers have done to their people. . . . To give you an idea of the callousness of the people in these lands, I will tell you what happened to-day. I heard a voice complaining and moaning for some hours, and at last I sent to inquire what it was. It turned out to be an Egyptian soldier, who was ill and wanted water. There were within hearing some thirty or forty people,—some of them his fellow-soldiers,—yet not one, though they understood his language, would give a thought to him.

June 19.—The soldier died last night. We caught six more slaves last night. I have just

made a calculation of the loss of life in Darfour during the years 1875-1879. It comes to 16,000 Egyptians, and some 50,000 natives of Darfour. Add to this the loss of life on the Bahr Gazelle, some 15,000, and you will have a fine total of 81,000; and this exclusive of the slave-trade, which one may put down for these years at from 80,000 to 100,000.

Upwards of 470 slave-dealers have been driven out of this place since I came here two days ago. This evening we were surprised at a caravan of 122 slaves coming in; the slave-dealers had come on here with them, and hearing I was here, and having no water, they abandoned their slaves and fled. The slaves were sadly distressed by thirst,—thirty had died on the road. They had come from near Dara. Though the water here is putrid, and everything is wretched enough, I feel revived when I make these captures. You must count them up. From Oomchanga to Toashia during —say a week—we must have caught from 500 to 600; I suppose we may consider that nearly that number must have been passing every week for the last year-and-a-half, or two years along this road!!! And this during my tenure of office!!!—which is very creditable to me. These slaves just captured have been four to five days without water. They were in the most terrible distress. To show that the passion of the female sex for finery exists even in the midst of the greatest suffering, three black sluts were brought before me to be questioned as to the escaped slave-dealers. I saw one carefully undo the corner of a filthy bit of cloth she had on, and

produce a necklace of a few paltry beads, which she put on, and then looked quite happy. These slaves had naught to eat for five days; for, of course, as they could carry no water, they could carry no food. . . . . Capsule never smiles,—he has gone through too much bitterness to feel any joy. I asked him to-day if he had got over his fatigues. He said, "No, no — I still feel the effects of my journey, and (patting his globe) want of water." He is only stomach and head,—one globe on the top of another.

June 21.—More slaves caught. To-day I was obliged to come to a decision as to the future of the 450 slaves I had here; who—of course eating—were a real burden. After a long discussion, I have decided to give them over to the natives of the place, who are of their own blood. When I sent for the slaves, and told them they could not be sent back to their own homes whence they were torn, but that they were free to go where they liked, they all decided to stay with their fellow-countrymen here, and now they are all streaming over the country on their way to their new homes.

June 25.—Yesterday the post came in from Gessi. . . . . He says that the last of the bands of robber slave-dealers is crushed. I am waiting for him here. . . . . He has just arrived, looking much older. Having arranged with him for the future of the Bahr Gazelle, I am now starting for Khartoum. He is going back to follow up Sebehr's son. . . . . He is very much gratified at having been made a Pasha, with the second class of Osmanlie, and with my gift—*i.e.*, Soudan gift—of £2000.

EN ROUTE FROM TOASHIA TO FOGIA, *June 29.*—Gessi says that Sebehr and his son always sleep away from their soldiers when on a march,—they fear assassination. What a life! Among the papers left by Sebehr's son were some documents which showed that people, here and there, owed his father £15,000. These debts I am going to collect for the Government. . . . . Sebehr's son, with some 500 fugitives and very little powder, is close to some very fierce native tribes, who will not spare them. . . . . Whenever the natives got a chance they killed the slave-dealers. In the two great flights they hung on their skirts till the enemy was routed, and then they dogged them in the retreat. Sometimes they would fall on an isolated party; and, on one occasion, they fell on 700, and killed them all. The slave-dealers brought this on themselves through robbing the natives of their children. The natives killed the women who were with the slave-dealers for fear any of the breed might be born. They came from long distances to help Gessi.

THE CAMPAIGN OF GESSI PASHA.*

I HAVE already sketched the growth of the monstrous power of Sebehr Pasha, and have shown how that scourge of Central Africa had gone up to Cairo to claim the high office of Governor of Darfour.† He had foreseen the risk he ran of being detained by the Khedive, and had, as he hoped, taken such measures as would secure his discharge. Should in his absence a revolt of the slave-dealers break out, he trusted to be sent back to the Bahr Gazelle as the only man

* I have drawn up the following account from the voluminous despatches which Colonel Gordon received from Gessi Pasha during the years 1878 and 1879. These despatches are in French.—ED.

† See p. xl.—ED.

who was able to bring it to a close. That he was not far out in his reckoning was shown later on, when Nubar Pasha met the Governor-General's request for more troops by offering to send up Sebehr to his aid. "There is a large tree," wrote Colonel Gordon, "on the left-hand side of the road from Obeid to Shaka, about two miles from Shaka. Under this tree Sebehr assembled his officers, and swore them to obey him. If he sent word to them to attend to the arrangements made under the tree, they were to revolt. After he had seen me at Cairo, and found that I would not help him, he sent up the command, 'Put into effect my orders given under the tree,' and so the revolt began." But he had not taken into account the strong character of the Governor-General of the Soudan. It was with no Egyptian or Turk that he had to deal, as he soon found out.

The full extent of the insurrection was at first only known to those who were engaged in it. Later on it was learnt that the chief slave-dealers had already, in their plan, divided the provinces of the Soudan among themselves, and had given out that they would plant their standards on the walls of Cairo. Nor was this plan merely an idle dream. In spite of the heavy blow that has been struck at revolt, any great leader, says Colonel Gordon, could still make himself master of the Soudan. It was not merely with the slave-dealers that the Government had to deal. They, indeed, by themselves were powerful enough to tax all the strength of Egypt; but their strength was doubled by the support which they so largely received from the tribes that many hundreds of years earlier had passed over from Arabia, and had settled in Central Africa. These Arabs were men of long descent, proud of their birth, and fond of war. When tried by the standard of Turkish morality, their social life was even pure. Moreover, both in their modes of life and their ways of thinking, they were far more akin than either Turks or Egyptians to the black races, in the midst of whom they and their forefathers had so long lived. It was from these Arabs, indeed, that many of the slave-dealers were drawn. These children of the desert hated the Egyptian rule, and looked with scorn upon the effeminate and grasping rulers who were sent up from Cairo to govern them. They were ready—and are still ready—to seize the first chance of shaking off the yoke of Egypt. Their war-cry, so Gessi reported, was "This is our land—we know no Effendina [Khedive] here." "Had it not been," writes Colonel Gordon, "that

Sebehr and his party were the most inveterate slave-hunters, and had committed the most fearful cruelties, it might have been better for the peoples of the Soudan had the revolt been successful. There is no doubt," he adds, "that if the Governments of France and England do not pay more attention to the Soudan—if they do not establish at Khartoum a branch of the Mixed Tribunals, and see that justice is done, the disruption of the Soudan from Cairo is only a question of time. This disruption, moreover, will not end the troubles, for the Soudanese, through their allies in Lower Egypt—the Black soldiers I mean—will carry on their efforts in Cairo itself. Now these Black soldiers are the only troops in the Egyptian service that are worth anything."

Though all this was not known to its full extent at the time when the revolt began, yet enough was known to make it clear that there was no time to lose, and that strong measures should at once be taken. Whatever sympathy might have been felt for the patriots of Darfour and Kordofan had they stood by themselves, the cruelties of Sebehr and his gang could no longer be endured. He, at all events, had to be crushed, and slave-hunting brought to an end. All those who stood by him must either be terrified into deserting him, or must be overwhelmed in his fall. Colonel Gordon was not long in striking a blow. Writing from Khartoum, on July 11, 1878, he said, "The son of Sebehr, either by intrigue or collusion with the governor of the Bahr Gazelle, has got possession of that province again. I am sending up an expedition there, and have imprisoned all of his family whom I can find, and have confiscated their goods." The commander of the expedition was Romulus Gessi. It is thus that he is described by his old chief:—"Romulus Gessi, Italian subject; aged forty-nine. Short, compact figure; cool, most determined man. Born genius for practical ingenuity in mechanics. Ought to have been born in 1560 not 1832. Same disposition as Francis Drake. Had been engaged in many petty political affairs. Was interpreter to Her Majesty's Forces in the Crimea, and attached to the Head-Quarters of the Royal Artillery."

On his way up the Nile this brave soldier found proofs enough of the favour shown to the slave-dealers by the Egyptian governors. Not only were slave-laden nuggars coming down the river, but even the Government steamers had their cargoes of men. One of these boats had 292 slaves on board. Among these unhappy wretches were some porters—

hitherto freemen—who had come to Lardo laden with ivory and corn. The Governor, Ibrahim Fansi, had seized them, and sent them down the river to be sold into slavery. Happily for them they had met with one to deliver them. Gessi first went southwards towards the Lakes to gather reinforcements from the different stations. Returning, he landed his troops at Rabatchambé. The country to the west through which his march lay was flooded. There was, moreover, a great scarcity of porters, so that it was not till August 26 that he was able to make a start. The water he found out everywhere; for three hours one day it came up to the soldiers' necks. After a march of five days through the floods he arrived at Rumbek, the landing-place* on the river Rohl. There news reached him that Suleiman, the son of Sebehr, had broken out into open revolt, and had proclaimed himself Lord of the Bahr Gazelle. He had surprised an Egyptian garrison in Dem† Idris, had massacred the troops, and had seized upon a large store of Government ammunition. Those of the neighbouring chieftains who would not own his rule he had attacked in their strongholds, and had put to the sword. The women and children he had either butchered or carried away into slavery. He had everywhere robbed the people of their stores of grain. In some places there was nothing left for them to eat but the leaves of trees, and they were dying of hunger.

Eager though Gessi was to open the campaign, it was nevertheless many a long day before he was able to move. At the end of the first week of September, 1878, he had arrived at Rumbek; he did not leave it till November was far advanced. Day after day the rains fell, till for a whole week's march the country was turned into a vast pool. The Arabs of the Bahr Gazelle, who at first had appeared to be friendly, were cooling in their zeal. Whichever side should show itself the stronger, with that they meant to throw in their lot. Before long they had all withdrawn from Gessi, and were joining his enemy. Suleiman's forces soon numbered 6,000 men. So strong he was that he meditated, it was said, an attack on Rumbek. To meet him, if he came, Gessi had but 300 regular soldiers, two guns, and 700 irregular troops, who were for

* A curious account of the formation of one of these landing-places, or Mesheras as they are called, is given in SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 130.—ED.

† "Dehm is an equivalent for a 'town.'"—*Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 355.—ED.

the most part very badly armed. The reinforcements that were on the way would raise his army to nearly 1,300 men in all. He at once began to fortify Rumbek, and he wrote both to a neighbouring governor and to Colonel Gordon pressing requests for reinforcements. Some of his letters to Khartoum were five months on their way, for the "Sudd," that great grassy barrier, had again formed in the Nile, and had cut off the passage of the boats. It hindered, moreover, the flow of the waters, and to it, no doubt, was in part due the wide spread and the depth of the floods. His difficulties, which were great enough in themselves, were increased by the villainy of some of the Egyptian officers. In one district the commander of the troops was carrying off not only the flocks and herds of the natives, but their young girls.* Gessi ordered him to come to Rumbek. He refused. He ordered him to send his troops. That also he refused.

The floods at last began to fall, but November 15 was the earliest day that the general could fix for his onward march. By that time, as he advanced, he would find the grain ripe in the uplands, and the long grass ready for firing. While he was kept waiting he reviewed the state of the province. The staff of officials, he said, was much too large, and must be cut down. Posts were needlessly multiplied for the creatures and the relations of the governors. In Dem Idris there was a "fabulous number" of officials who spent the whole day in playing at tric-trac. One of his own army-doctors seemed to have a strange mode of healing, for, wrote Gessi, "Jamais je n'ai pas vu médecin battre les soldats malades." Yussuf Bey's administration was "Quelque chose de pyramidal"—almost portentous in the enormity of its wickedness. The greatest crimes were committed by him, and the greatest secrecy was maintained, for all who were under him were his nephews, his cousins, or his creatures. While these gross abuses must be with all speed cured, steps, Gessi strongly urged, should at the same time be taken to increase the fertility of the land. Cotton-seed should be supplied, for a vast crop might easily be raised. In two years it would produce a greater revenue than the ivory.

Gessi's men, losing heart through his forced delays, began to desert in large bodies. One of the ringleaders he shot in the

* "Of the ineradicable propensity to slave-dealing which has always shown itself in every Government official, be he Turk or Egyptian, I will say nothing."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 383.—ED.

presence of all the troops, and seven others he flogged. On November 17 the onward march began. All the reinforcements had not yet come in; but, nevertheless, he would not wait, for news had reached him that the enemy had given orders for firing the standing grain along the line that they knew he must follow. His march was greatly delayed by the luxuriance of the vegetation, and by the roundabout way that he was forced to take in order to avoid the floods. He had, moreover, to drag in his train, as he bitterly complained, a vast number of women, children, and slaves. "I could not," he wrote, "leave them behind, for I feared to provoke the discontent of the soldiers. When I arrive at Djouir Ghattas I shall take with me none but those who can fight." As he advanced he found in many places an utter solitude. The remnant of the inhabitants, that had escaped Suleiman's raids, had fled, abandoning their huts and their crops. On three wide rivers which broke his path all the boats had been destroyed, and he had to carry his army across them on rafts made of reeds. The fourth river, the Dyoor, was wide and deep,* and swarming with crocodiles. To attempt to cross it on rafts of reeds seemed an almost desperate venture. Moreover, on the other bank, a great band of men was seen, who at once opened fire. In the first discharge the bullets whistled harmlessly over-head. "Wait where you are two days," the enemy shouted out across the river, "and then you will see something." Gessi at once began to entrench himself on the bank. In a few moments his servant, who was holding his horse, was wounded in the foot. He made his men throw themselves flat in the grass, while he fired a shell at the enemy. Many were seen to fall, and their village was soon in flames. The next morning not a sound could be heard from the other bank, and tidings soon came that the foe had fled. A friendly chieftain lent three fishing-boats, and the troops were ferried over. On December 5 the little army crossed the River Wau,

* "The breadth of the bed at this spot," writes Dr. Schweinfurth, "was rather more than 400 feet; but at this season [the beginning of May] the running water was reduced to eighty feet wide and four feet deep." He relates how his Nubian servant was "attacked by a sentimental fit of home-sickness" as he was fording it. "Stopping midway in the channel, as though lost in contemplation, he suddenly apostrophised the waters: 'Yonder lies Khartoum; yonder flows the Nile. Pass on, O stream, pass on in peace! and bear my greeting to the dear old Bahr-el-Nil!' An Egyptian," he adds, "would have been too stolid to be moved like this son of Nubia."—*Heart of Africa*, Vol. I., p. 186.—ED.

and occupied a village of the same name. There the General made a stockade, in which he could leave behind the women, the children, and the wounded. The natives flocked in to welcome his approach. Nearly ten thousand men, women, and children had been swept away from the villages of the Bahr Gazelle, and dragged into slavery by Suleiman. "At every moment," wrote Gessi, "natives arrive, asking, one for his wife, another for his sister, and so on. I shall," he adds, "take with me one man from each village, who will be able to recognise and claim his own people." So eager were they, that they were rising on all sides, and seizing on the slave-dealers who were settled in the country: those who refused to yield they killed.

On December 11 a friendly sheikh arrived, bringing with him 700 armed men, and other reinforcements soon poured in. As Gessi marched out of Wau, he was met by the head-man of a tribe, with loud cries that a band of Arabs had just carried off all the people of one of his villages. A strong body of troops at once gave chase to the raiders, and soon brought back the captured villagers—160 men, women, and children—with twelve of their kidnappers. The army next marched on Dem Idris, but here its advance was checked for many a weary day. It was about the middle of December when they entered this stronghold, and they did not march out of it till the end of April, 1879. A body of Egyptian troops had been stationed here, but they had been surprised and massacred by Suleiman. The post had been afterwards held for him by Abdulgassin, one of his captains. When this man first set up his standard of revolt, the wind had brought it to the ground. To turn away the anger of Heaven four oxen had been slaughtered, and then a Negro boy. In the poor wretch's blood a flag was dipped, and the standard was raised a second time, a second time to fall.*

Slow though the advance of the troops had been, it had taken Suleiman by surprise. He had thought that for that season he was secured by the floods from an attack from the south, and so was making ready to march north-eastwards against Sháka. He at once turned round, and attacked Gessi in his post at Dem Idris, with a host composed of thirty-four

* "I heard just as I left Massawa that the last of the leaders of Sebehr's slave-dealers had been taken, and I ordered him to be shot. He is the man who killed the child, and shed its blood over the flag when it was blown down."—Letter of Colonel Gordon, September 11, 1879. See p. 402.—ED.

companies each of 300 men—more than 10,000 in all. So sure was he of success, that he had brought cords with him wherewith to bind his prisoners. It was on the afternoon of December 27 that Gessi first heard of the approach of the enemy. They were then only a few miles off. All that night his men worked hard at strengthening their camp with a barricade formed of large pieces of timber and earth. At seven o'clock next morning the attack began. Every side of the camp was assaulted at one and the same time. The standard-bearers boldly set up their standards within fifty yards of the ramparts: when one fell, another at once grasped the flag. Four times the enemy tried to carry the barricade by storm, and four times they were driven back. At last they turned and fled, leaving more than a thousand dead, among whom were counted 104 Arabs. Five standards were taken. Gessi did not dare to follow up his victory; for hidden away in the bush hard by, were some companies which had taken no part in the fight.

In spite of his losses, Suleiman had still by far the stronger army. He posted himself on a height at about an hour's distance, and sent for his two guns, bent on trying a second assault. Gessi, in his turn, added fresh defences to his camp; and round about it had rifle-pits dug. His ammunition, however, was failing. He had enough, he wrote, to meet one or two more attacks, but not enough for a long struggle. He was worn with cares and with want of sleep. He had, he said, to pass the night in going the rounds; for his sentinels slept at their posts. A more deadly foe soon began to show itself, in the form of fever. He could not get his men, he complained, to take the trouble to bury the dead who were lying everywhere about.

On January 12, 1879, Suleiman, encouraged by strong reinforcements, attacked Gessi's camp with the utmost fury. He and all his captains, at a great council, had sworn on the Koran to conquer or to die. Tidings of this had reached Gessi through deserters. He and his men, he wrote, knew well what fate awaited them if they were conquered, and were resolved on selling their lives as dearly as they could. He posted his troops in the long grass and brushwood outside his camp, where they greeted the enemy, at a distance of fifty yards, with a shower of bullets. The first attack was driven back, but later on in the day the slave-dealers made a fresh onset. Their black soldiers had but little heart left for fighting. Gessi could see them driven on by the Arabs, who, with drawn

swords, brought up the rear, and cut off the heads of any who faltered. The second attack was as unsuccessful as the first. But meanwhile his ammunition was running so short, that his men had to pick up the bullets that fell in the camp, and cast them anew. Early on the following morning the enemy, for the third time, returned to the attack. For seven hours they fought with stubbornness; but at last they gave ground, and were chased as far as the edge of the forest. Suleiman, it was said, had in his despair leapt down from his horse, and refused to retreat, crying out that he would go and look for death, if death would not come to him. His guards had seized him in their arms, and had carried him away by main force. Had Gessi only had a good supply of ammunition, he would at once have marched on Suleiman's stronghold and stormed it; but, as it was, he could do nothing more than hold his own ground. For the next fortnight Gessi was not molested, but on January 28 the enemy once more came up to the assault. Again could he see the black soldiers hanging back, and the Arabs in their rear beheading those who refused to advance. Though this day also the slave-dealers were repulsed, yet they learnt from a deserter that the stock of ammunition was now almost spent. They thereupon resolved on an immediate assault with all their forces. Happily that same night a small supply of powder and shot was brought in. The following morning Suleiman opened fire with his bombshells. One of these fell into a hut in the camp and set it on fire. A high wind was blowing, and the flames were carried on all sides. His troops hastened up to the assault, but Gessi met them in the open ground between the camp and the forest. In less than three hours he had once more gained a victory, and chased the enemy to their fortifications.

On March 11 he received two barrels of powder and three ingots of lead; and now, at length, he felt himself strong enough to attack the enemy on their heights. Suleiman's camp was enclosed by a double line of barricades formed of the trunks of large trees, piled up to more than the height of a man. In the middle was a small but strong enclosure, which could hold 600 or 800 men, while the rest of the ground was covered by huts. Among these one of Gessi's congreve rockets fell. In a moment they were all in a blaze. Three hours later the outer barricades caught fire. It was in vain that the rebels tried to check the spread of the flames by casting earth on the burning timber; for a strong wind was blowing, and the

fire was borne rapidly along. The brigands sallied forth and fell upon their enemy, but were driven back with heavy losses. At last they turned and fled, leaving eleven of their leaders dead on the field of battle. Night had come on, and Gessi's troops were faint with toil and want of food. For thirteen hours they had scarcely eaten a morsel. Next morning, when they entered Suleiman's camp, not a soul could be seen. Hundreds of charred bodies were lying scattered about, while the road along which he had fled was strewn with those who had sunk in the flight. Again did the want of ammunition stop the pursuit. In answer to urgent letters for an instant supply, Gessi received from the Governor of Shaka nothing but promises. Meanwhile his camp at Dem Idris was rapidly becoming a hot-bed of fever. Small-pox also had broken out, and in five days, among the followers of a single chief, had carried off 150 men. In defiance of the General's orders, the soldiers' wives and children had accompanied his onward march. Others had joined them, and there were at Dem Idris 12,000 of these camp-followers. Though the country was most fertile, food was beginning to fail.

Yet Gessi could boast that, during his prolonged stay, he had done some great things. The country had been open in his rear, and from time to time he had sent out strong bands to attack the gangs of brigands who on all sides were sweeping off the natives into slavery. By the beginning of February he had, he said, restored more than ten thousand of these unhappy people to their homes. One day eight slave-dealers were brought into his camp, and with them twenty-eight children, whom they had chained together. He had the guilty wretches shot in the sight of all his troops. A few days later he hanged another batch of these ruffians. "Quant à la population," he wrote, "elle est au paroxysme du contentement." It was no wonder that the people were wild with delight. The news of the punishment of their oppressors had spread like wild-fire. To village after village the poor captives had been restored—rescued from what had seemed an endless and hopeless slavery. Not a day passed, he wrote, but that the head-men came to throw themselves at his feet, and to thank him for all that he had done for them and their people. They now at last believed that the Government really wished to watch over them.

At length a full supply of ammunition reached him from the Bahr Gazelle in the east, while a large force was advancing

to his support from the north. But the march of these reinforcements he sent to check; for it was ammunition, he said, that he needed, and not men. Everything was now ready for an advance, while the troops were in good heart at leaving a camp in which they had been cooped up for more than eighteen weeks. On May-day he marched out to go and seek the son of Sebehr in the Dem which bore his own name—Suleiman. Three days later, when he was now within four miles or so of this stronghold, and close to the entrance of a woody ravine, he was received by a shower of bullets from an unseen foe. Nothing dismayed, his men rushed up at so rapid a pace that the enemy had not time to reload. Most of them turned and fled; the Arabs alone stood their ground. But the leaders soon fell pierced with bullets, and their followers thereupon took to flight with the rest. By a quick advance their line of retreat was turned, and the whole body of fugitives was cut off from the stronghold. When Gessi, from the higher ground, looked down into Dem Suleiman, it seemed deserted. Yet Suleiman himself was recognised seated before the gate, awaiting, no doubt, the return of his men. The signal for the assault was at once given, and the troops rushed in with a great shout. As they entered by one gate, the brigand chief, accompanied by only two horsemen, fled out by the other. Some shots had been heard within the Dem as the troops advanced. Suleiman had given one last order before he fled. He had four unhappy prisoners. He butchered them in cold blood. Gessi hastened through the camp in full chase of the murderer. For an hour he followed him; but finding at last that he and one other were left alone in the pursuit, he dared not go any further. His troops meanwhile had turned to the plunder of the camp, and with some reason too, he wrote; for they were in want of everything. All Suleiman's treasure that had not yet been plundered he did his best to secure for the State; but much that he rescued from the common soldiers was afterwards stolen by a man high in the service of the Government.

The scattered forces of the rebels soon gathered into large bands, fleeing some one way and some another. The Arab chieftains were little used to walking, and every kind of beast was in high demand. For a single ass as much as fifteen slaves was paid.* The strong columns that Gessi sent out in pursuit,

* "All the slave-traders ride asses, and it may safely be asserted that they pass the greater part of their lives on the backs of these animals."—SCHWEINFURTH'S *Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p. 412.—ED.

through the weakness or the wickedness of their commanders, did next to nothing. Suleiman, a deserter brought word, was in one of his villages to the west. With him was Rabi, the most dreaded of the rebel chiefs. The same day that Gessi received these tidings—it was May 9—he started, with a band of 600 men, on their track. On the second day he reached the village, but found no one in it but one poor sick woman, the wife of a rebel soldier, who had been too weak to keep up with the flight. From her he learnt that Suleiman and Rabi had fled two days before. The villagers, in their alarm, had abandoned their huts and fields, and had hidden in the long grass. Not a single man could be found to act as guide. In the hopes of catching some straggler, Gessi spread out his troops over a wide line. Mounted on his mule, and riding before them, he saw among the bushes a lance glittering in the rays of the sun. Bidding his men follow him, and riding up at full speed, he found a soldier crouching down in a thicket. Whether the man was a deserter or a spy was not clear. Besides his lance, he had a five-barrelled revolver of English make. In Gessi's troop a man was serving who had lately been one of Suleiman's servants. He at once recognised the weapon. It had belonged, he said, to Rabi. By this time the rain had begun to fall, and was washing out the trail which they had hitherto followed; but their prisoner became their guide. They had brought with them food for only three or four days at most; and none, they found, was to be had on the way, for all the dhoora had been either burnt or carried off by the enemy. Their supply was running very short, but they durst not turn back, for behind them lay what was now a wilderness. Towards night-fall they caught some women crouching down in the long grass, carrying large bundles of strips of antelope's flesh, smoked and dried. They belonged to Suleiman's soldiers, and had stayed behind to cure the meat. Late that night Gessi halted amid the ruins of a little village. The houses had been all burnt, not a grain of dhoora could be found, and the rain was steadily falling. His men were turning sullen. When day broke he called them together, and told them that he had nothing to give them. The enemy, however, was close at hand, and all that they took from them was theirs. The soldiers thereupon taking heart, went off almost at a run. They soon came upon an empty litter in which, no doubt, a wounded chief had been carried. Twenty paces further on they found a fresh grave, and then another. Far off a flock of

birds of prey was hovering in the air; beneath them, as was soon discovered, some dead bodies were lying. They learnt from their guide that they were close upon a great village. The traces of the enemy became more frequent every moment, and the fresh footprints showed that they had but lately passed. When the troops were close upon the first houses, a few shots were fired by the outposts of the rebels. The soldiers pressed on, and had nearly reached the middle of the village when a white woman, almost naked, and holding a baby to her breast, ran out of a hut to meet her deliverers. Her hair hung down her shoulders, and her face bore the marks of terror and long suffering. She could hardly utter a word; the tears ran down her cheeks, and she tried to kiss the General's feet. Her husband, an officer in the Artillery, had been massacred by the slave-dealers in their revolt at Dem Idris, and she had been carried off as their prey.

In the houses grain enough was found to give the men a meal. They still pressed on, and that night they bivouacked in a thick forest. Scouts were at once sent out. In two hours they returned with the news that they had seen a camp, and many fires burning. It was, they thought, a caravan of slaves; for the main body of the rebels was in a village still further on. Gessi at once got ready to start. His plan was to leave the caravan on one side, and to fall first on the rebels. But one of his columns, missing its way, came across the slave-drivers, and shots were fired. In a few minutes the gang of ruffians took to flight. But many were killed, and some were seized and loaded with the chains which their helpless victims had hitherto borne. Their leader was Abu Shnep* (so Gessi calls him), a man reckoned for one of the greatest slave-traders in all the country of the Bahr Gazelle. At the noise of the firing, the rebels hard-by had taken the alarm. Day had not yet dawned, and in the darkness a bright light was suddenly seen. They had fired the village. When Gessi reached it in the early morning, it was a heap of ashes and smouldering wood. Not a soul could be seen but one little slave-child, who, in the midst of the alarm, had stolen away and hidden. He showed them the spot where Suleiman himself had passed the night only twenty-four hours before. Just beyond the village was a kind of pound, in which the flocks of slaves had been folded for the night on their way down to Egypt. Some way further

* Perhaps the Aboo Sammat often mentioned by Dr. Schweinfurth.—Ed.

on they came upon the little body of a child—freshly murdered—and then upon six others, not lying together, but one here and one there. The poor wretches had not been able to keep up with the flight, and so had been ruthlessly butchered. That evening Gessi halted by a brook in a forest, uncheered by the light of a single camp-fire. The highway all day long he had purposely left on one side, so that no tidings of his rapid march might reach the enemy, whose encampment, as his scouts soon brought word, was only a few miles off. Though his men were well-nigh spent with toil, he resolved nevertheless to make the attack at daybreak. An hour after midnight seven men came to his outposts, asking to see Rabi, who was, it seems, the Captain of the neighbouring band. Gessi's camp, in the darkness, they had mistaken for his. They came, they said, from Sultan Idris, who, with many men and much merchandise, was only a short way behind. Rabi therefore was entreated not to hasten his start, but to give the Sultan time to catch him up, that they might thus travel together. Gessi would not see the men himself, for he knew that his speech would bewray him; but he sent back word that he had many wounded with him, and therefore he durst not delay. He would, however, halt further on, and there await his coming. One of the men took back the answer, the other six were pressed to stay and sup. As soon as their comrade had started, they were seized and secured. Gessi's plan was to attack Rabi first, and then to fall upon Sultan Idris, who, for all his grand title, was nothing but a mighty hunter of men.* At daybreak he burst upon Rabi just as he was breaking up his camp. The fight was a short one. Many of the rebels were slain, and others were taken. Unfortunately their Captain escaped, being saved by the swiftness of his horse. His flag and all his stores fell into the hands of his enemy. Gessi, with all speed, had the ground cleared of the dead and wounded. He pitched his tent in a glade of the dense forest, and by its side he hoisted the captured flag. Not a trace was left of the late fight to arouse suspicion. Five or six men were sent out on the way along which Sultan Idris would come, and they fell in with him as if by chance. "To

* Dr. Schweinfurth (*Heart of Africa*, Vol. II., p. 349) describes his chief Seriba. "It was composed of large farmsteads, shut in, almost with the seclusion of monasteries, by tall hedges of straw-work. They were occupied by the various great slave-traders who had settled in the country."—ED.

whom do you belong?" he asked them. "To Rabi," they answered; "we have come out hunting." "Very good," he replied; "go and tell him that I shall be with him in an hour." Gessi posted his men round the glade, and made them crouch down in the long grass. A storm of wind and rain broke suddenly upon them, and the enemy came hurrying up in utter disorder to seek for shelter. The glade was soon thronged. Then the signal was given, and a deadly fire was opened upon them. So great was their bewilderment, that not a man thought of striking a blow in return. Some threw themselves flat on their faces in the grass, others tried to break through the ring. Everywhere they were met and forced back into the glade. At last not a man was left standing, and then at length the firing ceased. Among the dead the Sultan's body was not found. With five or six of his Arabs he had taken shelter under a tree when the storm came on. He had heard the shots, and had saved himself by flight. His merchandise became the spoil of the soldiers, who found a rich prize in horses, oxen, asses, carpets, linen-cloth, and copper vessels. That night they rested on the field of the fight, and refreshed themselves with the provisions which they had taken from the enemy; but the pursuit they were forced to abandon for a time. Before them lay a march of nearly two days through a wild forest, where there were no villages, and therefore no stores of dhoora. The food which they had just seized was enough, and no more than enough, to carry them home. On their way back they found that the country people had risen against their cruel oppressors as they were scattered in flight, and had attacked them with their lances and bows and arrows. After an absence of nine days Gessi entered Dem Suleiman in triumph. The leaders among the slave-traders were dragged along in chains, while the long line of common prisoners bore the great stores of ivory which had been found among the spoils, and set apart as the property of the State.

The soldiers enjoyed a few days' well-earned rest. Their leader himself was ill and needed repose even more than his men. He looked much older, wrote Colonel Gordon, when the two met a little later. He sent out more than one expedition, but little was done to end the war in that part of the country till he was well enough to lead the troops. He had, moreover, been over-confident that the revolt was crushed, and for a time he had bestowed on the transport of the ivory that

thought which would have been better given to the rebel chiefs. So great was the stock of elephants' tusks that one week no less than 1,500 porters laden with them were sent off, to be followed by another train in a few days. For some weeks he could get no sure tidings of Suleiman. The rebels, however, were gathering once more, and once more he started to break up their bands. In the first days of July a deserter brought word that the brigand chief was at a distance of less than three days' march. Suleiman had meant, it was said, to join Haroun, the pretender to the throne of Darfour, but as yet he had not enough beasts of burthen, though he had already exchanged a thousand slaves for oxen. Hearing of Gessi's approach he had broken up his camp, and once more was in flight. Followed by nearly 900 men, he had gone one way to the hill country of Gebel Marah, while Rabi with 700 men had gone another. Gessi at once sent a pressing order for reinforcements, but they did not meet him on the line of march as he had ordered. If he had delayed, his enemy would have slipped from his grasp, so he hastened forward with only three companies. They were well armed, however, for each man carried a Remington rifle. His baggage he left in a village, under the guard of twenty-two of his men, who were not strong enough to bear the toil of a forced march. In the hope of outstripping the rebels, and barring their passage, he struck into a side-path through the forest. The rain was falling heavily, and the ground was turned into mud. For three days and nights he pushed on, with but short times of rest. On the night of July 15 he was abreast of the enemy, and at a distance from them of only a few miles. With the break of day he surprised them in their sleep in the village of Gara. How many peaceful villages in days gone by had these packs of wolves burst upon in the dead of night! How many homes had they sacked, what rivers of blood had they caused to flow! What thousands and ten thousands of lives had they wasted in slow misery whose dumb cry had reached no ear but Heaven's! Their day had come at last, and had come none too soon.

With Gessi there were but 290 men in all, while the rebels numbered full 700. The smallness of his force was perhaps more than made up by the excellence of their rifles. Yet he durst not divide his men, and surround the village. He did not even dare to let them be seen, but he concealed their fewness by posting them among the trees. He gave Suleiman ten minutes to lay down his arms and surrender. If he allowed

that time to pass he would at once fall upon him. The slave-dealers were all utterly bewildered: they knew not the strength of the band which had thus caught them in their slumbers, and they sent word that they yielded. They were ordered to come forward a hundred yards from the village, and lay their arms on the ground. This most of them did, yet many at the first alarm had escaped into the woods. When Suleiman learnt how small was the company to which he had surrendered, he said to Gessi, "What! have you no other troops?" "No, they were enough," was the answer. "And I," he cried out, "had 700 men!" Hereupon he began to weep, and turning to one of his chiefs, he said, "They have not more than 300 men, and you told me that there were 3,000 of them. If only my father had been here to take the command," he added, "we should never have been beaten." The prisoners at first were not bound, but all that day were kept in the village under close guard. But after dark had set in Gessi was alarmed by the news that they were plotting with the runaways who were in hiding in the woods. They meant in the dead of night to give him the slip, and to march off in a body to join the rebel Abdulgassin, who, with a strong band, was no great way ahead. A search was made, and the horses of the slave-dealers were found saddled, and furnished with a supply of food and with arms. "Then," wrote Gessi, "I saw that the time had come to have done with these people once for all." He divided them into three sets. To the common soldiers, who were little better than slaves, he was ready to grant life and liberty on condition that they returned to their own country, and settled down to a peaceful life. They willingly accepted his offer, and were at once sent off under an escort. The smaller slave-dealers—157 in number—he next sent off by another road as prisoners. The eleven chiefs he shot. Two years earlier they had in their very den been warned by the Governor-General, that if they went on with their slave-hunting, they should answer for it with their lives. The warning had fallen on deaf ears. None, said Gessi, showed any signs of sorrow. Suleiman's courage failed him at the last, and he sank down on the earth. One other shed tears, but the rest died doggedly. Abdulgassin's band on hearing the news broke up, while Rabi fled far away within the country.

The neck of the revolt had been broken, but Gessi's work was not yet finished. There were many wandering bands of

brigands that had still to be dealt with. The rains were falling heavily, and in the country of the Bahr Gazelle the floods were again out. "With the best will in the world," he wrote some weeks later on, "we could not march through the mud more than three hours a day, and we have already passed twenty-two days in this agony." He was greatly aided in his heavy task by the native chieftains, who everywhere fell upon the men who had wronged them so long and so deeply. Nowhere could the slave-dealers find a place of shelter. At last Abdulgassin—"the hyæna of these parts," wrote Gessi, "who had massacred whole villages"—was caught and shot, and Rabi alone remained. Where he was, no one knew. Everywhere there was peace. "The negroes were no longer troubled," their deliverer could say, "and were very happy." On one great criminal had not yet fallen the punishment due to his boundless wickedness. Sebehr Pasha had been a king among the slave-traders of the world. His strongholds had been pushed far into the heart of Africa, and over hundreds of miles of fertile lands, whose fruits had once nourished a teeming and a happy population, he had spread desolation and sorrow. He had kept up an almost princely court; but the flood of his prosperity had been swollen to its monstrous height by the tears of thousands and tens of thousands. The ebb had at length come, and for a time that vast stream of human misery had ceased to flow. To add a yet deeper stain to his guilt, he had been a traitor to the Government under which he held high office. He was a Pasha of Egypt, and against Egypt he had raised this fierce revolt. By his orders her troops had been treacherously surprised and massacred. His secret papers, which had been left behind by his son in his flight, were laid before the Council. His guilt was proved and his sentence was death. "I expect they will do nothing to him," wrote Colonel Gordon on hearing the news. He is now living in Cairo, the Khedive's pensioner, with an allowance of one hundred pounds a month. May-be he came unto His Highness delicately, saying surely the bitterness of death is past. "As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women," might well have been the answer. But the Khedive is more merciful than the fierce old prophet. He pardons—and not only he pardons, he pensions. What pensions have the widows and orphans whom Sebehr has made by the thousands? what allowance have the poor worn-out bodies of men strong enough till he dragged them from their

homes, who are now draining the last bitter dregs of life in cruel slavery? What recompense has been made to those whose bleached bones mark the track of his trade over many and many a league of ground? His refuge is in the city of princes that have gold, who fill their houses with silver. Theirs is where the prisoners rest together; where they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Let us beware of thinking that, because this mighty blow has been struck at the Egyptian slave-trade, there is nothing more to be done. It has been crushed for a time, but it will spring up on the very day on which the last of the European governors is withdrawn. Gessi's term of office comes to an end this summer (1881). If his place is taken by an Egyptian, the door will once more be flung open wide to the most cruel of all cruel deeds of wrong. The fairest reports will be issued and the foulest injustice will be done. This hateful trade is carried on far from our own shores, but pity surely is not like sound that dies away overcome by mere distance. Pity can overfly space and outlive time. Most touchingly still fall on our ears the words of one who died more than a hundred years ago, and who laboured long to rouse up England and America to a sense of their great guilt in upholding slavery and the slave-trade.

"Many groans arise from dying men which we hear not.

"Many cries are uttered by widows and fatherless children, which reach not our ears.

"Many cheeks are wet with tears, and faces sad with unutterable grief, which we see not.

"Cruel tyranny is encouraged. The hands of robbers are strengthened, and thousands reduced to the most abject slavery, who never injured us.

"Were we for the term of one year only to be eye-witnesses to what passes in getting these slaves:

"Were the blood which is there shed to be sprinkled on our garments:

"Were the poor captives bound with thongs, heavily laden with elephants' teeth, to pass before our eyes on their way to the sea:

"Were their bitter lamentations day after day to ring in our ears, and their mournful cries in the night to hinder us from sleeping:

"What pious man could be a witness to these things, and see a trade carried on in this manner, without being deeply affected with sorrow?" *

* *The Works of John Woolman*, p. 284. "Get the Writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers," writes CHARLES LAMB, in his *Essay on a Quaker's Meeting*. "Try to read John we often did," said DE QUINCEY, "but read John we did not." (*De Quincey's Works*, Vol. XI., p. 93). So much the worse for De Quincey.—ED.

March 23, 1881.

The end of all honest attempts to put a stop to slave-hunting has come even sooner than I feared. Gessi Pasha, in a letter dated Khartoum, February 8, 1881, informs Colonel Gordon that he has found his position intolerable, and that he has retired from the Bahr Gazelle. He has been ousted from his post by the acts of Raouf Pasha, Governor-General of the Soudan, the man who had formerly played the part of a tyrant at Harrar.* I have drawn up the following abstract of Gessi's letter :—

"I had turned the country of the Bahr Gazelle into a garden. The people were all with me, and so I had been able to discharge a large number of my soldiers. My strength lay, not in brutal force, but in the love of the chieftains and of their followers. From all sides, ivory, caoutchouc, and other products were brought in. A just government had done what seven-and-twenty thousand muskets had never been able to do —it had increased the revenue by ten-fold. Still larger would the increase have been, had I had means of transport. But Raouf Pasha had dismantled the best steamers, and the navigation had almost come to an end. For eight months not a single boat had arrived at the Bahr Gazelle from Khartoum : for a longer time even than that I had received no supplies of food or clothing. We were all reduced to a state of utter misery. Notwithstanding, by way of encouragement, Raouf charged us to keep him well supplied with ivory. When he had finished paying his debts, he would, he said, think about sending us some money. At the same time, by a stroke of his pen, he cut off two years' pay that was due to all the servants of the Government, both civil and military, on the Upper Nile. By another stroke of his pen he cut down my powers, and reduced the extent of my province. To dismiss almost the humblest man in the service, or punish a wrong-doer, I must first obtain his authority.

"There was nothing left for me but to retire. A steamer had come up, and I took passage on her on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1880. Too late I discovered my folly. The grassy barrier had formed once more in the Nile, and the boat was utterly unfit for the heavy service that awaited her. Her engine was very weak—of only forty-horse power. Through the shameful neglect of the captain she had no supply of wood,

* See p. 310.—ED.

and her crew was too small for their duties. When we tried to haul her along through the "Sudd," the cables broke. Our supply of food was for only twenty-five days. I have had the hardest trial that ever man endured since first the world was the world. Never on any river has such a disaster befallen a crew as befell us. We were 560 souls in all. Though we worked day and night, we scarcely made any way. The days passed on, and our food was drawing to an end. My men soon lost all their cheerfulness, and whatever was done was done sullenly. On either side of us were vast marshes and hostile tribes. Famine with all its horrors came with no halting foot. We had some Arab slave-dealers on board, whom, against their will, I was taking down to Khartoum. These men spread the report that I had sixty sacks of meal hidden away. The soldiers were roused against me, but I bade their officers and sergeants go down and search the ship. They might, I said, take all the food that they could find. The slave-dealers then laid to my charge that I had sold the meal. Threats were uttered; and from that time I never let my rifles be out of my sight. The famine grew worse and worse. First the leathern coverings of the beds were eaten, and then the shoes. Some nourishment was got from a plant that grew in the river, but unhappily, it did not grow in any abundance. At last the living began to prey upon the dead. I myself was kept alive by some little fish which my servants from time to time caught by a hook made out of iron wire. We were accompanied by a nuggar; and so long as its owner had had any food, he had generously shared it with me.

"Had we been able, we would have retraced our course; but the storms had driven along the dense masses of vegetation, and had raised behind us, as well as in front, a barrier of grass. The rain had fallen, and the country was flooded far and wide. We could cut no timber for the engine-fire, so I broke up a boat and burnt it. Death began to run his course. The children died first, and then the women. The commander of the soldiers shut himself up in his cabin, and there awaited the coming of fate. No one would set hand to work: they all let death come upon them. Yet the ship's captain, the two engineers, four sailors, and the helmsman, stood by me. 'Past many a barrier we forced the ship, but what could we do, unaided, with our famine-stricken bodies? We seemed, with our steamer, to be in the midst of a vast meadow. The dead lay round us, for no one would move them. The air was

tainted, and the water too. Our only guests were the birds of prey. Of five hundred and fifty who had embarked, at the end of two months scarcely one hundred were left—one hundred skeletons, not bodies of men. On the last day of the year I made my will, and placed it on the table in the cabin. Two days later on I heard some shots: it was the signal of the steamer "Bordeen," from Khartoum. News of our starting had been given by telegraph, but the Governor-General had been slow indeed in sending us relief. The engine of the "Bordeen" was powerful; and we were soon carried past the grassy barrier.

"On board her we found a band of slave-hunters, who were going up the country to begin once more their old course of plundering. Fresh raids, fresh murders, fresh persecutions awaited those poor tribes, who had begun at length to breathe the air of prosperity. Blood was again to be spilt freely, and a little ivory to be got. At one of the stations we found herds of stolen oxen, and thousands of slaves. The slave-dealers, coming up from all sides like grasshoppers, were buying and driving off the unhappy wretches.

"When I arrived at Khartoum His Excellency was out, but I met ——. I almost burst with laughter when I saw the wonderful change that had come over this great man. So stiff did he hold himself, that for a moment I thought he was empaled, To turn his head he turns all his body. His pace is calculated. his movements studied, his steps measured. He lets his words escape him, as if each came from an oracle. He has managed to win Raouf's confidence—nay, he has taken the Governor-General under his mighty safe-guard. He will answer all the attacks that are made on His Excellency, and will make it clear to all the world that Raouf Pasha is the very pearl of all governors.

"Raouf, however, has taken alarm about the slaves whom I saw, but nothing, I am sure, will be done. The whole strength of the Government is turned on amassing money, on outward forms of state, and on ruining the country by taxes and burthensome charges. . . . . My work is in the Bahr Gazelle, and there the memory of my government will not pass away."

Note by Colonel Gordon on Slavery in Egypt.

The passage in the enclosed Address* quoted below shows what, I think, would alone be both *just* to the people and

* *Address from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

practicable to carry out. As long as Khedive and Pashas keep eunuchs and slaves, so long one must doubt their sincerity whatever they may say. Let these officials give their slaves a certificate of liberty, and let the slave have the right to leave if he likes. . . . . Let us act for the present, and leave the past with this reflection—Have the Khedive or the Pashas ever moved a little finger against the slave-trade except under coercion from without? Is it not true that the moment this coercion ceases the slave trade recommences? It is engrained in the bones of the people. Sir Samuel Baker's appointment, my appointment, and the appointment of every European in the Soudan respecting the slave-trade, have been the result of either Government or public (European) opinion forced on Khedives or Pashas. From this I say with confidence that Egypt will never do or act fairly to the slaves, of her own will, and that therefore some such agreement as that given below ought to be come to. I have drawn this paragraph up, and I am convinced that it would not hurt the people, or be difficult to carry out. It *gives* each slave-holder the slave he possesses *now*, but it prevents his taking new ones. . . . . It has been my study for the whole time that I was in the Soudan, and has been discussed with many Arabs, who saw that it could not hurt them.

"The plan suggested in June last by this Society to Earl Granville, for the appointment of Consuls in the Soudan and the Red Sea has not yet been tried; and whilst still advocating such appointments, the Anti-Slavery Society would now further propose a complete REGISTRATION of existing slaves, by which they believe a great check would be placed upon the increase of domestic slavery in Egypt. Such a check could not fail to render slave-hunting less remunerative in the future.

"The following mode of Registration is respectfully submitted:—

"1.—Registration of all existing slaves in the Mudiriehs of the Soudan and of Cairo (Lower Egypt), by the Governors.

"2.—Registers to be kept in each Government Office of the names of slaves and their owners, with description of each.

"3.—Every slave to be free, if not registered, after expiration of six months (the period given for Registration). All slaves born after signature of this Decree to be free.

"4.—Register Books to be closed for ever after the expiration of six months.

"5.—Owners of slaves thus registered to be bound to produce Government Certificates, corresponding with the Register Books, when required to do so by the Government of Egypt.

"6.—The Governors of Egypt and of the Soudan to proclaim this throughout the land.

"7.—All purchases or sales of slaves from family to family are to be endorsed on the Registration Papers, and inscribed in the Government Books of Registry.

"Assuming that the Khedive will issue a Decree adopting these provisions, it may be justly asked, 'Where is the guarantee that they will be effectually enforced?' It is on this point that the Society have to submit to Her Majesty's Government the one executive arrangement which appears to them essential, and without which, experience has shewn that all other provisions will prove of little value. They would urge that Her Majesty's Government, in concert with that of France, obtain the establishment of a Mixed Commission, whose function it shall be to exercise the same kind of supervision over the Slave Trade department in Egypt, as is now done in the control of its financial offices. If Europe may supersede one of the primary rights of self-government in Egypt on behalf of her bond-holders, it is not too much to say that she has a far stronger right to interfere on behalf of the claims of humanity, and to arrest that stupendous evil, which is a chronic violation of 'the law of nature and of nations.'"

CHAPTER VII.—1879.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

FOGIA, *July 1.*—I arrived here to-day and found a telegram from Cherif Pasha, saying the Sultan had named Tewfik Pasha Khedive, and that I was to proclaim it in the Soudan with salutes. It did not affect me in the least. I telegraphed the necessary orders, and also acknowledged to Cherif Pasha the receipt of his telegram—nothing more.

In this summer Colonel Gordon received the enclosed letter from Li Hung Chang.* It is interesting in itself; it is doubly interesting as being written by a Chinese statesman to an Englishman who, some seventeen years earlier, had crushed an insurrection that threatened the empire of China, and had now crushed another insurrection that threatened the power of Egypt.

"TIENTSIN, *March 22, 1879.*

"To His Excellency COLONEL C. G. GORDON,
" "Khartoum, Egypt.

"DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by His Excellency the Grand Secretary, Li, to answer your esteemed favour, dated the 27th October, 1878, from Khartoum, which was duly received. I am right glad to hear from you. It is now over fourteen years since we parted from each other. Although I have not

* See pp. xxvi. and 429.—ED.

written to you, but I often speak of you, and remember you with very great interest. The benefit you have conferred on China does not disappear with your person, but is felt throughout the regions in which you played so important and active a part. All those people bless you for the blessings of peace and prosperity which they now enjoy.

"Your achievements in Egypt are well known throughout the civilised world. I see often in the papers of your noble works on the Upper Nile. You are a man of ample resources, with which you suit yourself to any kind of emergency. My hope is that you may long be spared to improve the conditions of the people amongst whom your lot is cast.

"I am striving hard to advance my people to a higher state of development, and to unite both this and all other nations within the "Four Seas," under one common brotherhood.

"To the several questions put in your note, the following are the answers:—Kwoh Sung Ling has retired from official life, and is now living at home. Yang Ta Yên died a great many years ago. Na Wong's adopted son is doing well, and is the colonel of a regiment, with five hundred men under him. The Pa'to' Chiaow bridge, which you destroyed, was rebuilt very soon after you left China, and it is now in very good condition.

"Kwoh Ta jên, the Chinese Minister, wrote to me that he had the pleasure of seeing you in London. I wished I had been there also to see you; but the responsibilities of life are so distributed to different individuals in different parts of the world, that it is a wise economy of Providence that we are not all in the same spot.

"I wish you all manner of happiness and prosperity. With my highest regards,

"I remain, yours very truly,

"(For LI HUNG CHANG)

"TSÊNG LAISUN."

KHARTOUM, *July 21*.—I shall (D.V.) leave for Cairo in ten days, and I hope to see you soon; but I may have to go to Johannis before I go to Cairo. I am a wreck, like the portion of the "Victory" towed into Gibraltar after Trafalgar; but God has enabled me, or rather has used me, to

do what I wished to do—that is, break down the slave-trade. . . . . To-day I had a telegram from Darfour, saying, "Haroun had been killed and his forces dispersed." God has been truly good to me. "Those that honour me I will honour." May I be ground to dust, if He will glorify Himself in me; but give me *a humble heart*, for then He dwells there in comfort.

I wrote you a letter and tore it up about my illnesses. Thank God, I am pretty well now, but I passed the grave once lately, and never thought to see Khartoum. The new Khedive is more civil, but I no longer distress myself with such things. God is the sole ruler, and I try to walk sincerely before Him. . . . . It pains me what sufferings my poor Khedive Ismail has had to go through.

Colonel Gordon left Khartoum on July 29, and arrived at Cairo on August 23. On August 30 he left for Massawa on a mission to King Johannis. In the following letter are contained his instructions:—

"Mon cher Pacha.

"Il existe, comme vous le savez, un différend entre l'Egypte et l'Abyssinie.

"Pour le bien des deux pays il importe de mettre un terme à ce différend.

"J'ai une entière confiance dans votre loyauté, dans votre expérience, et dans votre dévouement; la cause de mon Gouvernement ne saurait être mieux placée qu'entre vos mains. Je vous charge donc, par la présente lettre de créance, de vous rendre auprès du Roi Johannès pour arranger la situation.

"Vous n'ignorez pas que cette situation n'est nullement mon fait, et que mon plus grand désir est de vivre en paix avec mes voisins. Mes sentiments vous sont parfaitement connus: Rétablir les meilleurs rapports entre les deux Gouvernements; Sauvegarder les droits de l'Egypte; Conserver intactes les frontières du Pays, sans qu'il soit obligé à aucune redevance

envers l'Abyssinie; prévenir désormais tout acte de empiétement ou d'agression, dans l'intérêt des deux Pays; telle est la mission, tel est le but que vous aurez à remplir.

"Je suis sûr d'avance que vous emploierez tous vos efforts à accomplir cette mission de la manière la plus satisfaisante, et que vous saurez convaincre le Roi Johannès que, s'il y a toujours danger à porter la guerre sur le territoire du voisin, il y a toujours avantage à rester ami de ce voisin, en tant surtout qu'il ne recherche que la paix et le développement des relations industrielles et commerciales.

"Agréez, mon cher Pacha, l'expression de mon amitié.

"MAHOMET THEWFIK.

"Palais d'Ismaïlieh,
"28 Août, 1879.

"Son Excellence Gordon Pacha Gouverneur Général du Soudan."

RED SEA, EN ROUTE TO MASSAWA, *August 31.*—I arrived at Cairo, August 23, at 7.30 p.m., very cross at the dismissal of Ismail. I refused a special train Tewfik had ordered me, for in all probability they would have charged me for it. The Prefect of Police met me, and told me that the new H.H. had put the palace at my disposal. I said "No, I am going to the Hotel." However, after conferring with the black imp, my secretary,* I thought I should not be justified

* When Colonel Gordon's Secretary was dismissed for dishonesty (as recounted on p. 273), Berzati Bey, who up to that time had been second secretary, was appointed in his stead. "He is," writes Colonel Gordon, "of a very ancient Mussulman family of Khartoum—of its aristocracy, in fact. They have been always known as most respected, and many of them rose to great renown for their sanctity and learning. Berzati's grandfather was perhaps the most respected man of his generation. This family is not of Cairo, but of the Hedjaz, and came over from the opposite coast some 300 or 400 years ago, and settled at Khartoum, or rather at Shendy, for Khartoum was founded by Mahomet Ali.

"Berzati was educated at Khartoum school by a famous *savant*, and had an education which quite equalled generally the best education in Europe. There was scarcely any topic he could not converse upon with a good deal of sense. He knew the government of the country, its taxes, its history, in a wonderful way; could write in several cyphers without looking at the

attack in such a snub, so I went to the Palace, and an hour after was sent for to the new Khedive. . . . . On the 24th, I went again (our conversation till 11.30 p.m. the night before having been on the menaced attack of Johannis's Generals Aloula and my old friend Walad el Michael on the Bogos territory), and I told the Khedive I would not stay any longer, but would go to Massawa, settle with Johannis, and go home. I could see he was pleased, and I do not wonder at his being glad to get his land back from a too powerful satrap. I saw him a good deal afterwards. He told me that my enemies with his father and with him had urged my dismissal; that he had terrible complaints against me, at which I laughed and he did also. . . . . Then I took up the Foreign Office (Egyptian) duty, and wrote to the Consuls-General of France and England, and told them they had interfered to get sweet things, and now they must interfere to avoid bitter things. I telegraphed to Aden and Jeddah for gunboats, and also to the Jeddah consul to come to Massawa; in fact, I may say I was active in the affair. "I attacked in an official letter the Italian Consul-General, for it is an Italian who has put Johannis up to this, and I

keys. He was my most intimate friend for three years; and though we have had tiffs, I always had a great respect for his opinion. I owe him very much in every way; for, though he was a thorough patriot and devout Mussulman, he advised me honestly for the welfare of the people. He is about twenty-nine years of age, yet perfectly self-possessed and dignified; and I can say that, in all our perils, I never saw him afraid.

"His family was a great tie to him; for he had four wives, and some find one enough.

"A few men like Berzati Bey would regenerate Egypt, but they are rare.

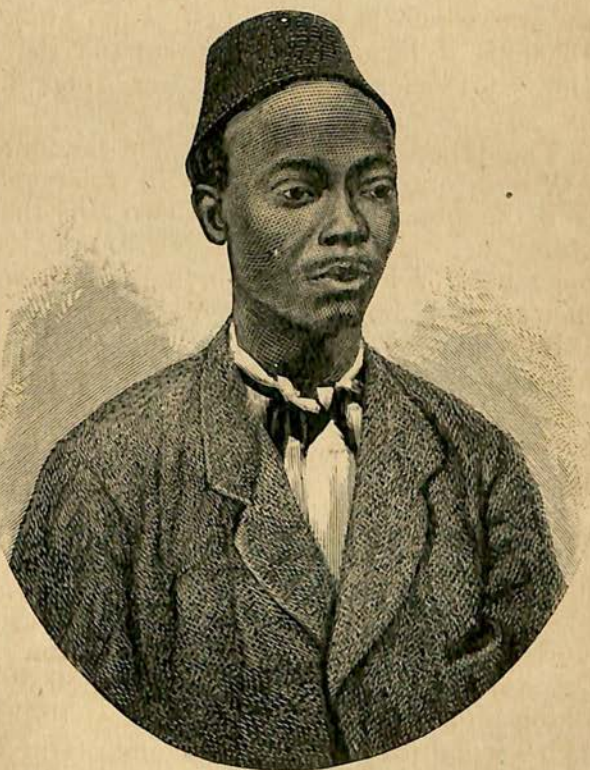
"Scoffers called him the 'black imp.'

"P.S.—Berzati had the invaluable quality of telling me when he disagreed with me."—ED.

expect I made him ashamed. I have ordered the tribes on the frontier to retire their flocks and families, and to prepare their warriors for defence. I have sent down to double the garrisons, and told the Commissioners of Debt (privately) I expect that I shall need £333,333 12*s.* 6*d.* for the war which is impending. I am going to see Johannis if I can, and mean to get the "Black Imp." a French passport, in case Johannis seizes us. . . . .

The Khedive said, after some circumlocution, "Was I not too friendly with Johannis?" In fact, the general report in Cairo was that I was going in for being Sultan; but it would not suit our family. I hope to finish off Johannis soon, and then to come home. . . . . Serrigee, the black boy I brought down from Khartoum, has become a Mussulman—which evidently shows that he does not appreciate modern Christianity. I paid for the rite, and I expect to be blamed by —— for doing so. . . . .

The Pashas all thought I should be badly received, because I was so friendly to the "Incurable." They are now non-plussed and cannot make it out; but, as I have said, they all hate me. Knowing this, I wrote to the Secretary of the Foreign Office man, who is a friend of mine, asking him to tell his chief, who is of the Council, "That if, on my return, I hear any of the Council of Ministers have said anything against me, I will beg the Khedive to make the evil speaker Governor-General of the Soudan," which is equivalent to a sentence of death to these Cairo Pashas. . . . . I have telegraphed to the Commissioners of the Debt that "If the Abyssinians



BERZATI BEY.

Egypt I shall have at once to apply for £300,000 from Cairo, for that H.H. cannot let his subjects be massacred; and that they had better get their Governments to stop Johannis, if they want to see the £300,000."

EN ROUTE TO MASSAWA, RED SEA, *September 2.*—The heat is terrible, but I am quiet and that is a great thing. I fear, through this Abyssinian affair, I shall have to wend my weary way to Senheit; however, God knows what is best for me. I would sooner have come home straight, but I had it not in my heart to forsake Tewfik till this affair is finished. . . . . I have begun to be very tired of the continual wear and tear of my last six years. However, I cannot think of leaving Egypt exposed to her enemies.

MASSAWA, *September 6.*—I arrived here to-day. I find the Abyssinians are in virtual possession of Bogos, and that it is not a question of ceding or not ceding the country, but of retaking it.

September 11.—I leave to-night to meet Aloula, if he will receive me.

EN ROUTE TO ALOULA'S, *September 11.*—I left this evening having, just before I started, had a telegram from H.H. to cede nothing, though he wished to avoid a war! So I go with empty hands. I am low to a degree, covered with the prickly heat-rash.

September 12.—We have met a caravan coming from Aloula's. . . . . They confirm the news that Walad el Michael and all his officers are prisoners by orders sent to Aloula by King Johannis, and that Metfin (Walad el Michael's son) is dead—killed by some one. I heard just as I left Massawa that Abdulgassin—the last of the

leaders of Sebehr's slave-dealers—had been taken, and I ordered him to be shot. He is the man who killed the child, and shed its blood over the flag when it was blown down.* Thus gaps, one by one, are made in my prayers for my enemies. All the chiefs of Sebehr, Metfin the son of Walad el Michael—all were in the list. I confess I am fearfully weary of my life, and contemplate with no trouble the chance that Walad el Michael's soldiers (computing that my arrival at Massawa coincided with the death of Metfin, their chief's son, and with the imprisonment of their chief, and my visit to Aloula,) may waylay me on my way to Bogos.

September 13. — We started at 2 a.m. this morning. The road was simply terrible, and I got off my mule and walked, in a diabolical temper, for I had that palpitation of the heart which reduces one to zero.

September 14. — We have only three hours' more march ere we reach the place of rendezvous. I am glad of it, for this prickly heat-rash has turned into boils, so that I am a perfect Job. I have sad misgivings whether I can do anything or not. I see no mean on which we can meet, if Johannis is determined to have Bogos; for only yesterday H.H. telegraphed for the second time, "Give up nothing, but do not fight;" as if it were in our option to avoid it! I have steadfastly kept one policy in view for the whole time I have been in Abyssinia: viz., to get rid, either *with* or *without* Johannis's help, of Walad el Michael and his men, and then to come to terms with Johannis. Now Johannis will not give me his help

* See p. 377.—ED.

for nothing, when I persist in keeping what we have stolen from him. I do not mean physical help, but moral help, *i.e.*, that he should offer a pardon—that is an asylum, to which Walad el Michael's men can go when they leave Bogos. Otherwise they will fight with desperation against us.

September 15.—We halted till 3 p.m. at the place I named as the rendezvous, when a man came to say Aloula would see me at Gura, so we started at once and crossed the frontier.

September 16.—We reached Gura, after great fatigue, at 3.30 p.m. Aloula's shed is on the top of the steepest of hills—almost insurmountable—near the crest. Of course I was in the Muchir's [Field-Marshal's] uniform. When I came near the soldiers who were drawn up on each side of the entrance to Aloula's palisade, I found my mule so fatigued that I got down and walked. The soldiers were sitting on their heels and never rose—only one or two acknowledged my salute. Near the entrance the soldiers were standing up well. The Commander-in-Chief,* who preceded me on foot, kept making lowly reverences every yard to some one invisible in front; while I could see no one till we got to the entrance of a long shed of branches, full of people, at the end of which was a couch, on which a figure was sitting wrapped up in white even to his face, nose alone appearing. Solemn silence prevailed; nearly every one had his robe to his mouth as if something poisonous had arrived. The figure at the end never moved, and I got quite distressed, for he was so muffled up that I felt inclined to feel his pulse. He must be

* Ras Aloula's Commander-in-Chief, who had met Colonel Gordon at the frontier.—ED.

ill, I thought. No, this was my friend Aloula. He just saluted me, and motioned me to a very low seat, covered with silk, at his side. There was no other seat, so Berzati Bey, the black imp, looking daggers, was motioned by me to sit on the ground. I slightly avenged myself by kicking aside the fine silk on the low stool and in disordering the general arrangement of it; and then there was general silence. Then I got up and gave Aloula the Khedive's letter announcing his accession and my mission. He did not seem the least impressed, but slightingly put the gold-tasselled green-silk bag on the pistol which lay by his side. Dead silence again. So I took a look around me, and then behind me, and there I saw about ten priests of the holy of holiest sitting glaring at me; so I smiled benignantly on them, and then had another look at the invalid on the couch (Aloula). I then sent the black imp off, for I saw he was angry. Aloula said "You may smoke, if you like, though the King has forbidden his people to do so." * However, I did not think it well to smoke, so I only thought to myself "How little worth any alliance with such a meddling king would be to Egypt; if he forbids smoking he

* "The King has issued an edict, that if any of his subjects are found smoking they shall lose hand and foot. I mean to ask him, as a favour to me, to cancel the order. I am allowed to smoke by special order." (From a Memorandum by Colonel Gordon). This Christian King is almost as intolerant as the Wahhabees on the other side of the Red Sea. Mr. Palgrave tells how he once asked a great doctor of that sect which were the great sins. 'Putting on a profound air, ... he uttered his oracle, that 'the first of the great sins is the giving divine honours to a creature.' . . . . 'Of course,' I replied, 'the enormity of such a sin is beyond all doubt. But, if this be the first, there must be a second; what is it?' 'Drinking the shameful' (in English, 'Smoking tobacco') was the unhesitating answer. 'And murder, and adultery, and false witness,' I suggested. 'God is merciful and forgiving,' rejoined my friend."—*Central and Eastern Arabia*, by W. G. PALGRAVE, page 282.—ED.

will end in forbidding other things, and so lose his crown!" Well, it was uncommonly dull, and the invalid was not lively; so I took another good look at my priests which seemed to amuse them, and then I looked closer at my neighbours. By making inquiries, I found a German in Abyssinian clothes, and a native of Syria. There were two interpreters, one for French and one for English—both Abyssinians. I have an innate hatred of interpreters, but, as Berzati Bey had retired, I had to talk to enliven the company. Then came in hydromel, at which every one was delighted, like children at dessert. . . . . Aloula said once or twice, "You are English, and your nation are my brothers." I quietly denied the soft impeachment, and said that "here I could only be looked on as the Envoy of the Khedive, and a Mussulman for the time;" adding "if I were to pretend to be anything else, anything I arranged with him would be useless, if the Khedive knew of my false pretences." Well, after some time, I took leave of the invalid, and left. He had once or twice removed his face-muffler, and I found him a good-looking young man of about thirty or thirty-five. The poisonous effect had also gone off to some degree, for the others also removed their mufflers. Aloula positively wanted to camp me at the bottom of the hill, and thus force me to come up this precipice every time I wanted to see him; this I struck at, and said "If you do that, I shall be so cross when I arrive at Aloula's shed, that nothing can hope to be arranged;" so they camped me near him. I went out to have a stroll around, and soon after was politely ordered back to my circle. Egypt treated Abyssinia very badly and

unjustly, and that is why I do not feel in the least put out at their queer ways of treating me; but to-morrow I shall ask to bring my Soudan throne and a stool for Berzati Bey. I have also sent Aloula a paper asking him to state clearly the complaints of Abyssinia against Egypt, and saying that all conversation must be in Arabic, and that I am an Egyptian. . . . .

The hill on which his hut is built is at least twice as high as Shooter's Hill and very steep. Men at the top, seen from the bottom, look like ants; and this hill I was to go up and down every day! . . . . South of this occurred the battles between the Egyptians and Johannis. Scarcely anything but Remingtons are to be seen with the Abyssinians. They must have captured an immense number. Wadenkal* has been taken to Gebel, or rather Amba Gelali, near Adowa. The Abyssinians imprison their political prisoners on inaccessible mountains which are called "Ambas."† They are of three descriptions. First class, in which the prisoner is hoisted up by means of a basket and pullies, there being no possible road; second, in which there is one road; third, in which

* Walad el Michael.—ED.

† In FATHER LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia* the following account is given of these Ambas:—"The Kingdom of Amhara is yet more mountainous. The Abyssins call these steep rocks Amba. There are many of them which appear to the sight like great cities; and one is scarcely convinced, even upon a near view, that one doth not see walls, towers, and bastions. It was on the barren summit of Ambaguexa that the Princes of the Blood-Royal passed their melancholy life, being guarded by officers who treated them often with great rigour and severity."—P. 204. An English translation of this work was, as is well known, Dr. Johnson's first venture in literature. Had he not been thus led to study Abyssinia, he might never have written *Rasselas*. It is curious that in this tale he places the prison of the princes, not on the mountain-top, but in a spacious valley. That he had in mind the passage in LOBO is shown by his placing the valley in the Kingdom of Amhara.—ED.

there are two or three roads. There is water and cultivable ground on these ambas, and on them the prisoners pass their existence, forgotten and in meditation, till perhaps some new revolution may put them on the throne.*

September 18.—I sent Aloula a memorandum to-day. In it I pointed out the advantages which a direct communication with Egypt's ruler would be to the King, etc. He then sent for me. He was very civil, and I took my chair. He said he could not definitely settle the matter, and that I must see the King. So I agreed to go, if he would not attack Egypt while I was away. He agreed to this: so I leave to-morrow for Debra Tabor, near Gondar, twelve days from here!!!

NEAR ADOWA, *September 24.*—I am pretty well, wending my way over the worst of roads and steepest of mountains. Will you kindly tell my newspaper man to send to "H.M. King Johannis, of Abyssinia," the *Weekly Times*, *Pall Mall Budget*, and either the *Graphic* or *Illustrated London News*, and to address them to Massawa, Red Sea. Please subscribe for a year.† I have worked hard, and I hope my visit will be a success; for the moment I have got a truce for four months.

NEAR ADOWA, *September 25, 1879.*—We are still slowly crawling over the world's crust. . . . . When we were camped near Ras Aloula, the priests used to gather at 3 a.m. in knots of two and three, and chant for an hour, in a wild, melodious

* In a letter of September 25 Colonel Gordon says:—"On the tops of these 'Ambas' are huts, water, and trees. Some of them have precipices of 800 or 900 feet around them, and are of several miles in extent."—ED.

† The King's interpreter had asked for these papers to be sent.—ED.

manner, the Psalms of David.* Awakened by this in the quiet of the night, no one could help being impressed. Some of them had children who also chanted. . . . . You cannot help liking these poor, simple-minded, brave peasantry—people and I have abused them; for they (*like us*) want an eye for an eye, and twenty shillings for one pound.

AMBA ABBA SALAMI, *September 27.*—We arrived here to-day, and are camped quite close to the Amba of Wadenkal. When you get close to it you have to be hauled up in a basket. There was a tent pitched on the top, in which—to-day being the first of the Abyssinian year, as the King's interpreter told me—they were feasting.

October 2.—Yesterday we passed near a famous convent. The great Priest, who only comes out to meet the King, and who is supposed to be the King's right hand in religious questions, came out to meet me. I had some splendid silk brocade, which I gave him. He held a gold cross in his hand, and spoke of the love of Christ. He seemed to be a man who was deeply wrapped up in religion.

This is a long and terrible journey: we have been on the march from September 11. We go on mules. The mountain-tracks are very bad. We are now about one day's march from the

* "No country in the world is so full of churches, monasteries, and ecclesiastics as Abyssinia. It is not possible to sing in one church or monastery without being heard by another, and perhaps by several. They sing the Psalms of David, of which they have a very exact translation in their own language. . . . . They begin their concert by stamping their feet on the ground, and playing gently on their instruments; but when they have heated themselves by degrees, they leave off drumming, and fall to leaping, dancing, and clapping their hands, at the same time straining their voices to their utmost pitch, till at length they have no regard either to the tune or the pauses, and seem rather a riotous, than a religious, assembly. For this manner of worship they cite the psalm of David, '*O clap your hands, all ye nations.*' "—FATHER LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia*, p. 61.—ED.

river Tacazzi, *alias* the Atbara, which joins the Nile at Berber. I fear that it will be December before I get home. I do fear Christmas and New Year's Day—the feast days—also Easter. Another thing troubles me—the thought of those fearful sermons. How I liked those old curtained pews! I remember one somewhere, which was like a small hut, where you could have made your toilet, and no one would have been the wiser.

RIVER TACAZZI, *October 12.*—I send you Gessi's letters, which tell of the end of Sebehr's son. I have no compunction about his death. I told him that, if he fought the Government, God would slay him. Gessi only obeyed my orders in shooting him. . . . . I have written in Arabic a pamphlet with all the history of Sebehr, and I am going to print it, and send it to all the great people. . . . . Do not fret about Ismail Pasha—he is a philosopher, and has plenty of money. He played high stakes and lost. . . . . He is the cleverest man in Europe. I am one of those he fooled, but I bear no grudge. It is a blessing for Egypt that he has gone. . . . . The Khedive and every one in Egypt will be glad when they hear that "the Little Khedive" (they call me this) has gone. I am in hot water with the English, French, and Italian Governments; and though the Khedive likes me personally, he fears me, and the Council hates me. . . . . Thanks for sending my photograph to Li Hung Chang. I like the Chinese better than the Egyptians.

RIVER TACAZZI, *October 13.*—Yesterday I heard that a chief, who is in revolt against the King, was kindly waiting for me on the road close here; and last night the news came to the officer of Aloula,

who is with me, that this man was approaching. The Aloula man started off with his men to see about it. The rebel has 300 men with him. He said, when the people told him I had only a few boxes with me, and that the presents for the King were coming behind, "Never mind, I will take the Pasha and the black imp, and get the boxes afterwards." It would have been a terrible disgrace to the King had I been captured. Even now he will be very much put out; for it would appear from this that he is not master in his own house. I hear of another robber being on the road, between Galabat and Debra Tabor, who has a great number of guns. I have only six black soldiers with me.

With this letter of October 13 Colonel Gordon's Abyssinian Correspondence unhappily comes to an end. The following notes that he drew up later on must fill the gap. In one or two places I have abridged his narrative; in others I have changed the arrangement.

Notes on Abyssinia.

N.B.—Having thought it advisable to burn my report in detail on November 14, these notes are written in a condensed form.

. . . . *October 27.*—Having been taken over the worst road in the country (according to the King's own words) we arrived at Debra Tabor. Ras Aloula had sent me by this road across all the right-bank tributaries of the River Tacazzi, on purpose to prevent my seeing a good road. Every tributary represented a descent and ascent of some thousand feet. On my arrival, I was admitted to the King, who sat upon a raised dais,

with the Itagé or Chief Priest and Ras Arya on the ground on his left, and a stool for me on his right. Then guns were fired, and his Majesty said, "That is in your honour," and then said I could retire, which I did, to some wretched huts, half finished, which had been ordered ten days before by the King. The psalm-singing at day-break went on at the court just as it had in Ras Aloula's camp.

I found at Debra Tabor the Greek Consul of Suez, Bianchi (an Italian of Mateucci's party), and two other Italians, named Neretti, one of whom had been with the King for eight years and a-half. At night fifteen black soldiers, whom the King had taken at Gondet in November, 1875, and nine Arab soldiers whom Ras Aloula had taken at Ailat in January, 1877, came and begged me to try to get their release. On October 28, the King sent to say he would see me at dawn. I went there, and on my entry, the King said to Ras Arya—

"My father, do you not see Gordon has come? Have I not told you I wish to see him alone? Please retire and see after your business."

So off went Ras Arya. . . . .——, a great scamp, was interpreter. The King recounted his griefs against Egypt at a tedious length; I agreed to them. He then said—

KING.—"What have you come for?"

G.—"Have you not read H.H.'s letters?" (One announcing his accession, the other accrediting me.)

KING.—"No." (Well, after a great search, the letters were found, and ordered to be translated, the chief clerk receiving forty blows for not

having done so before: among the heap of letters was the one from Her Majesty's Consul-General, saying that Her Majesty's Government would view with extreme concern any attack on Egypt. It was quite disregarded, as also its brother letter from the French Government.)

KING.—"You want peace; well, I want retrocession of *Metemma, Changallas, and Bogos, cession of Zeila and Amphilla (ports), an Abouna, and a sum of money from one to two million pounds;* or, if His Highness likes better than paying money, then I will take Bogos, Massawa, and the Abouna. I could claim Dongola, Berber, Nubia, and Sennaar, but will not do so. Also I want certain territory near Harrar." (Here H.M. seemed out in his geography, so he added that he would waive that claim for the moment.)

G.—"This is the first time, in spite of three years' continued efforts, that Egypt has been able to know what Your Majesty wants from her."

KING.—"How could I trust you?"

G.—"There was no question of trust in saying what Your Majesty wanted." (I could have added, you confided to me a letter to the Queen. *N.B.*—Fully six times—from 1877 to 1879—I have tried to get the King to state the demands on Egypt.) "Will Your Majesty write these demands, seal them, and give H.H. six months for a reply?"

KING.—"Yes. I am going to some hot baths two days from here; come with me."

G.—"I have been away from my government many days, and in the face of Your Majesty's demands, no good can result from my going with you."

KING.—"Why in such a hurry?"

G.—"H.H. must know at once of these

demands, and arrangements must be made for the frontier. Will Your Majesty answer me a question, which is not obligatory? If these demands are not granted, what will Your Majesty do?"

KING.—"I shall then know that you hate me, and I shall fight you. What will you do then? Will Egypt fight me?"

G.—"That is the Khedive's function to reply: but, personally, I think your demands will not be granted."

KING.—"Will Egypt fight me with Christian or Mussulman soldiers?"

G.—"I do not know; most likely, if she fights, she will fight with Soudan soldiers."

KING.—"I do not know if I shall fight. I will not cross over the frontier; but you will never stay in your frontier. You will come over it, and then I will fight you. Come to the baths, and I will consider the letter; or wait till I come back from the baths."

I then asked him to let the nine Arabs and the fifteen Soudanese soldiers go back with me. I told him I had seen them. He twice replied that they wanted to stay with him, and I twice said they did not. Then I left, and Berzati Bey gave him some £200 of presents, and he left at once for the Baths. (Quite fashionable! the baths consist of a hot spring coming up through a bamboo in an old hut.)

From that day, October 28 to November 6, nothing particular passed, beyond that I found out a good deal of what was going on. The King had been put up to these claims by the Greek Consul and the interpreter combined, who had persuaded him that he had only to ask in order

to obtain. I was so much pressed to go to the Baths, that I felt sure that the object of the King and the Greek Consul was to try and detach me from the Khedive. Indeed the King kept appealing to my being English and Christian, and spoke much in that strain, as did the Greek Consul, the interpreter adding glowing accounts of the wonderful presents preparing for me,—alas! never to be received. However, when he saw that I would not give in, he tried to get me to give him 1,000 dollars, on the promise that he would arrange the affair; but it was no good. So on November 6 back came the King, with his unfulfilled promise of writing his demands, and granting six months' truce. The King saw he had got into a mess, for it was difficult for him to withdraw his demands, and yet he did not like to write them. It was my policy to keep him officially to his word, though I let him know privately what I would aid him to obtain—viz., an Abouna, free import for arms and letters for himself at Massawa, and Bogos. Now I have positive orders not to cede Bogos. I told the King this, and that I could only promise him my good graces for the cession [of this district], which is useless to Egypt, but which H.H. will not give up. I know the Greek Consul scoffed at what I offered to concede, and wanted, in conjunction with the King and the interpreter, to cajole me into conversations which might lead to my promising more of my good graces. This I would not have; so on the whole of November 7 I kept pressing for the *letter of demands which had been promised.* The Itagé sent to me to say that the King wished to moderate his demands; and at

last the Greek Consul came, and I gave him a paper in which I said that His Majesty stated that he wanted A, B, C, and D, or else D and E.* He said he would write these demands, seal it, and give six months for a reply. The Consul went with the interpreter to the King, and came back to say that on November 8 I should have the letter and take leave. On that day the King received me; the Greek Consul placed himself by my side. I said to him, "Please go over to the other side."

KING (very sulky).—"Have you anything to say?"

G.—"No."

KING.—"Go back to your master. I will send a letter."

G.—"Will you give me the Egyptian soldiers?"

INTERPRETER.—"Pray do not ask now."

G.—"Do your duty." (He does it.)

KING (furious).—"Why do you ask me this? You keep many of my subjects prisoners."

G.—"No; every one is free. Ask the Consul." (Consul silent.)

KING.—"I have written one letter, and I will write another about this. Go."

So I made my exit, and started an hour afterwards. Just as I was starting, the interpreter brought me the letter, and also 1,000 dollars which I sent back. When I halted, I opened the letter. I felt sure there was some trick. It was some twelve lines. I counted two for salutations at the beginning, and two for salutations at the end, and I saw that the remaining eight lines would not be enough for the demands, so I had it translated. The King says, "I have received the letters you

* These letters are used for the King's alternatives. See p. 412.—ED.

sent me by *that man*. I will not make a secret peace with you. If you want peace, ask the Sultans of Europe."

When angry, the expression of contempt, *that man* is used—never the poor individual's name.

I had a right, as Vakeel to the Khedive, to open the letter, for it behoved me to know, as Governor-General of the Soudan, whether the six months' truce was granted. Well, I wrote to the Greek Consul, and said, "You told me that the King would write a *certain letter*, and on your word, I said nothing to the King when I took leave of him. Did the King say to you *that he would write the promised letter, or did he not?* You have to explain this." The Greek Consul wrote back to say, that the King, when spoken to about the letter he had written, had said "that he had written to H.H. as he thought fit, and should write other letters if he judged right:" so I went on my way towards Galabat.* I saw Ras Arya on November 12, in a village on the water-shed of Lake Tsana and the River Atbara. Stopping at the place of poor Theodore at Jenda, I reached Chelga on the 13th. Here the soldiers of Ras Arya left me, as they were afraid to pass further owing to a revolted chief—Gadassi, who attacked all the King's troops. We were therefore virtually free on the 14th, when we left Chelga for Galabat, two days distant. But as I was not very comfortable as to what reception Gadassi would give me, I sent on to Galabat to order 200 soldiers to come and meet me; and I halted myself and caravan at Char Amba, the gate of Abyssinia, about two hours from Chelga.

* Colonel Gordon was on his way to Khartoum *vid* Katarif.—ED.

At five o'clock that evening, just as we were enjoying the splendid view of the Soudan plains and the defile before us, down swooped 120 soldiers with three high officers of Ras Arya, with a letter of which they would only show the King's seal, and ordered us all back. We were considerably bothered by these troops all night, and back we all marched in the morning, knowing nothing of our fate, or what the reason of our recall was, until the 16th, when we reached Ras Arya's village again. On the road thither, as there was a chance of our personal seizure, I was afraid of my detailed journal being captured, and so I burnt it.

Ras Arya sent word to say he could not see me, for he had taken medicine. (Every Abyssinian takes "Kossoo" at certain fixed epochs—say, every ten days — to kill the tape-worms engendered by eating raw meat; but this was not the regular day for Ras Arya to take "Kossoo," so I knew he lied.) At dusk he sent to me to send Berzati Bey to him, which I did. At the same time he sent the man who had acted as the false ambassador at Katarif,* to me, to say that he would, in spite of the King, for a consideration *bien entendu* send any telegrams to Galabat I wanted. I jumped at the chance, and sent him a huge present—some £70 of things. Berzati Bey came back, and said that Ras Arya had said the King was a thoroughly bad man, that he had ruined the country, and was rapidly going mad. (Ras Arya is the King's uncle; and though neither he nor the King has any right to the throne, he has more right than the King.) He (Ras Arya) said, "Why do not the Egyptians

* See p. 330.—Ed.

take the country? Nothing is more easy; everyone is angry with Johannis, etc. The King treats me like a dog. When I asked him for some presents that Gordon had given him, he said, 'No, you have had enough from Egypt.' Moreover, the King turned me out when Gordon came. I will not obey his orders to cut off all communication with Galabat." He then said that the orders of the King were, that I was to go back to Egypt by Massawa, and that every care was to be taken that I sent no letter or person to Galabat. The next day I had to see Ras Arya before I started. There he sat, with his son, Prince Kassai, at his feet, with three mules at kicking distance. I had to get up and swear to look after his son (who is to be married to Ras Adal's daughter), which I did heartily.

Leaving Ras Arya's on November 17, we passed Gondar on the 18th, and crossing over a good bridge, reached Ras Garamudhiri. He is the uncle of Alamayou and brother of the King Wobay. We were fearfully bullied up to this point, and then went on to Prince Hagos. Both this Prince and the Ras said that the King was wrong. We then became free,* and made great marches to Axum, where we got robbed, and were rescued by two little boys, sons of a Prince killed at Gura, who took us in. (Needless to say we paid our way throughout with gold. £1,400 were expended before we reached Massawa.) The mountains were covered with snow, and we, having given up our tents, suffered a good deal. At Axum a sister of the King sent

* Here the King's escort left us, which up to this place had fixed our marches and worried us in many ways.

for one of my men. She abused the King roundly, and sent me two disks of bread. We then pushed on, and passed near Adowa, to which I sent one of my people to take presents to Ras Arya Salam, the King's son, a boy of thirteen. There we heard that the King, after his row with me, had sent an order putting this boy over Ras Aloula, his best General. This he did because he was apprehensive that Aloula, who was friendly to me, might revolt. This had made Ras Aloula furious. Well! the King's son said *he* (thirteen years!) thought his father wrong in what he had done, and sent me salutations. We pushed on to the frontier, near which is a village (Kya Khor). There we were again arrested and bullied. Upwards of twenty times they pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, and tried to rob me. They took many things from my people. At last we got away, and reached Massawa on December 8. I was delighted to see our man-of-war, the "Sea Gull," there. The English Government helped me immensely by sending her. H.H., occupied with his debts, has paid no attention to me.* The people here were delighted at my return—such rejoicings were never seen. I do not write the details of my misery. They are over, thank God; and though "the King of Kings" [Johannis,

* "I asked your Highness," Colonel Gordon telegraphed to the Khedive on December 15, "when I was taken by King John on November 14, by telegraph, to send a regiment and a steamer with two guns to Massawa. Your Highness has not done so; and had not the English gunboat been here, the place might have been sacked. Some 8,000 refugees are in the isle, and they run the risk of their water-conduit being cut off. The English and French Governments have given orders that their gunboats are only to protect their own national subjects, and have even taken pains to inform the King of their intention not to interfere."—ED.

King of the Kings of Æthiopia] has made me uncomfortable, I have made him uncomfortable also. Sleeping with an Abyssinian at the foot, and one on each side of you, is not comfortable; and so I passed my last night in Abyssinia.

I append the letters of the King to the Khedive. They are insulting. The letters of H.H. the Khedive to King Johannis were couched in the most civil language. H.H. expressed his regret at the past, and his desire to renew the old friendship between Egypt and Abyssinia. The King answers H.H. with *no* titles, thus :—

"How are you, Mohamed Towfik? I and my soldiers are well. Your letter you sent me by your man I have received, respecting Peace. You fought me before like a robber. Eight Kings* knew not of this affair. To want to make peace like robbers is not good. You want peace, but you prevent the Abyssinian merchants to go to Massawa. You have taken land not your own. What you say and what I say eight Kings must have cognizance of."†

The King calls himself the "God-given Ruler." He calls H.H. "thou," which is never used except to a person of very inferior rank.

Translation of another letter from King Johannis to the Khedive :—

"Que la lettre de l'élu de Dieu, Johannes, Roi de Sion,‡ Roi des Rois d'Ethiopie parvienne à Mohammed Tewfik. Comment as-tu passé la semaine? Moi, Dieu soit béni, je

* The Kings of England, France, Germany, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Turkey, and Greece.

† This letter was translated by the French Consul at Massawa.—ED.

‡ The full title was King of the Stone of Sion. In FATHER LOBO'S *Voyage to Abyssinia* we read that "The Kings of Æthiopia draw their

vais bien ainsi que tous mes soldats. La lettre que tu m'as envoyée m'est parvenue. Et c'est pour faire la paix, dis-tu que tu m'envoies lettre et homme! Après m'avoir volé, vous m'avez combattu, sans que les Rois l'apprennent; mais les Rois le sauront! Et pour recommencer ferons-nous la paix (en cachette) comme des voleurs?

"Comment parler de paix pendant que vous entravez les marchands et que vous arrêtez les gens du pays?

"Les Rois apprendront ma conduite et la vôtre!

"Ecrite en 1872 année de miséricorde le 29 Octobre* dans la place de Semra." †

I write in haste, but I will sum up my impression of Abyssinia. The King is rapidly growing mad. He cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The other day a man went to salute Ras Aloula. In saluting him his tobacco-box dropped out. Ras Aloula struck him with his sword, and his people finished him. The King is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet and hands of people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. ‡ Several came to me to tell me this. I remonstrated with the King against his edict forcing men to become Christian from Mussulman. *He said they wished it.* I also remonstrated about the tobacco edict, but it was of no use.

boasted pedigree from Minilech (or Menelech), the son of the Queen of Sheba and Solomon. . . . . This son, after having educated him herself for some years, she sent to Solomon to be farther instructed, by whom he was taken care of. . . . . He was sent back to the Queen attended by many Doctors of the Law of Moses, and great men of Solomon's Court, the chief of whom was Azarias the son of Zadoc the High Priest, who stole and carried with him the Ark and one of the Tables of the Law, which are still preserved in the Church of Axuma."—Pp. 45 and 281.—ED.

* November 8, 1879, of our era.

† This letter was translated by the Catholic Mission of Massawa.

‡ It is said to destroy the optic nerve. The eyes remain "clear to outward view of blemish or of spot."—ED.

No one can travel without the King's order if he is a foreigner. You can buy nothing without the King's order; no one will shelter you without his order—in fact, no more complete despotism could exist. It cannot last; for the King will go on from one madness to another. Orders were given that no one was to approach me; nor was I to speak to any. The officer who conducted me to the King, the second in command to Aloula, met his uncle and cousin in chains, and durst not ask why they were chained. The King is a man of some forty-five years, a sour, ill-favoured looking being. He never looks you in the face, but when you look away he glares at you like a tiger. He never smiles; his look, always changing, is one of thorough suspicion. Hated and hating all, I can imagine no more unhappy man. Avaricious above all his people, who do not lack this quality, his idea of a free port is that fleets of steamers will arrive from the Powers of Europe with presents for him, to which he will reply by sending a letter with the Lion seal,* saying, "You are my brother, my mother, etc. How are you?" Johannis is delighted with Her Majesty, because she called him her son. He carries with him all his great prisoners—the poor Goobäsie,† with his eyes out, and the rest. At the great feast, on September 27, he had *one* bullock killed for some hundreds of persons.

Lascelles, the Consul-General, wrote him a letter with the Great Seal of England, saying, "*That*

* "The escutcheon is a Lion holding a Cross, with this motto, 'Vicit Leo de Tribu Juda.'"—LOBO'S *Abyssinia*, p. 260.—ED.

† See p. 204.—ED.

will please the King." He pitched it, with its brother letter of France, on the ground with the greatest contempt.

The following description of the King and the country I have extracted from two letters written to Colonel Gordon by one of his envoys:—"The King is a melancholy-looking man, and, I should say, has hardly ever smiled in his life. His life is simplicity itself. His palace consists of two large, round, conical-roofed, thatched houses; one for a reception-room, the other his dwelling-room—no attempt at the simplest window or door. His horses were in it as well as himself, but this is partly due to tradition. A holy priest is his constant attendant. . . . . The country is far less advanced than I had anticipated. There are no houses beyond the ordinary round, single-roomed hut. These houses—even those of the sheikhs—were so terribly dirty, that I preferred usually to camp in the open, although the rains had begun, and we had much wet. In the place where I had my first interview with Ras Arya, I changed my clothes for the great man; but as I was in the open plain, and it was pouring cats and dogs, you may imagine what an absurd business it was. Everything was wet through in the act of changing. . . . . You have far abler men to deal with than I had anticipated—men of stern, simple habits and utter freedom from bombast, or ordinary uncivilised tinsel and show. It is a race of warriors, hardy, and, though utterly undisciplined, religious fanatics. Their weakest point is greed. On leaving Ras Arya his last words were, 'Have you a watch to spare?' I had not; but I seized a splendid silver one of Ibrahim's and gave it to him. The countenance of that Dragoman was a study. I told him, however, to fix a price, which I paid him. Really, for a presentation watch to a Prime Minister, the sum—twenty-two dollars—could not be considered excessive."

In returning, I passed all the battle-fields of the poor Egyptians; nothing could exceed the blunders they had made in every way. The cruelties the King and his people committed were atrocious. Forty Soudan soldiers were mutilated altogether, and sent to Bogos with the message that if H.H. wanted eunuchs he could have these. Two

thousand Egyptians were taken prisoners. They had no food for three days, and then were ordered to march—they objected. They were all naked. The Abyssinians fell on them, and ordering some hundreds to lie on the rocks, shot at them as targets. The King has taken some 9000 Remingtons and twenty-five cannon, but he is getting short of ammunition. You know I have seen many peoples, but I never met with a more fierce, savage set than these. The peasantry are good enough. The King says he can beat united Europe, except Russia. All the great men do not want a war with Egypt, and the King fears it when sober, for he drinks to excess at night. He talks like the Old Testament. He is of the strictest sect of the Pharisees—drunk over night, at dawn he is up reading the Psalms. He never would miss a prayer-meeting, and would have a Bible as big as a Portmanteau if he were in England. No women are allowed within 300 yards of his palace—his hut I should say. He is furious at my opening his letter to the Khedive. I know, and indeed knew, that I was rash in provoking him while in his power; but I leant on the verse, "The hearts of kings are in the hands of the Lord; as the rivers of water He turneth them as He willeth." Ismail, the ex-Khedive, knew the King well. He said to me, "Never go near him; it is perfectly useless." He has one legitimate son, Ras Arya Salam, and one illegitimate. Two sons of Theodore are with him. Poor Alamayou! I am very sorry that he is dead. His name was known in all the land, and the people thought that our Government would send him here.

The night before we were taken prisoners at Char Amba, I received the post, telling me that the Nyanza Mission were prisoners at Mtesa's. I rather laughed at this, for I had foretold it.* I was well paid out when the next day I had the same experience. Mtesa and King Johannis are of the same family! . . . . At Char Amba I had written a full description of all that had passed. When we were taken I was loathe to destroy the papers with all the sketches. I opened my pillow and put the letters in it. No good! I split my portmanteau, and put them into it. No good! I put them under a stone. No good. I offered £20 for their transmission. No good! At last I burnt them; all my people who knew of their existence were happy.

MASSAWA, *December 17.*—Accustomed to be most obsequiously spoken to, the King could not realise that he would have the truth told him in his own den, amid his own people. He, the King of Kings, to be told that his demands were impossible, that Egypt would resist him, and would arm his enemies, etc.! I told him this as a friend, and said and wrote to him that he ought to be obliged to me; for I could have deceived him and got away quietly, therefore he ought to be obliged to me, and not angry. . . . . We must remember that the King was also very angry at his people liking me for my presents. He was angry that a power equal to his was visible to his court. I did

* Gessi Pasha, writing on September 12, 1879, says:—"Je crois que leur Mission est terminée, et que c'est un insuccè. Lady Bertha Kutz (qy. Burdett-Coutts?) aurait pû mieux employer son argent." Gessi, I may here remark, was a much better soldier than French scholar.—ED.

"worrit" him, I know, by remarks which were carried to him—such as, he would be better if he would not try and be God; that six feet of earth would hold me and would hold him; that he was not his own master; that God held his heart in His hand, and could turn it whither He would. All these things were told him: besides which, around my camp came all the beggars of the place, and not to him, for he is too stingy to give anything. Every one used to come and whisper, which I would not have. I also walked about without soldiers, on foot, and joked with the people of all grades. . . . .

The natives about here have great trouble to milk the cows. They therefore kill the calf, and keep its skin. When the mother is wanted to be milked, they take out the skin of the deceased calf to the field, and hold it up. The bereaved mother smells the skin, follows it, and, while smelling it, is tied by the legs and milked. After four months the aroma of the deceased goes off, and the cow can be no longer milked.*

MASSAWA, *December 27.*—Part of my caravan was delayed behind me. It came in on the 18th. The chief had been captured by Ras Aloula, and chained for two days to an Abyssinian prisoner. Why? Because Ras Aloula was furious that I had got away without going to him, by which he

* "A Tulchan is—or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete—a calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a calf, similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a cow. At milking-time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow, looking round, fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while!"—*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, edition 1857, Vol. I., p. 33.—ED.

had lost some presents. He considers himself, therefore, robbed of his due.

In 1879 Colonel Gordon rode 2,230 miles through the deserts on camels, and 800 miles in Abyssinia on mules.

In the three years—1877, 1878, and 1879—he rode 8,490 miles on camels and mules. His average day's journey on camels was 32½ miles, and on mules 10 miles.

It was none too soon that Colonel Gordon brought his work to an end, and returned home. Even his iron frame and unconquerable will must soon have given way under the vast strain that had so long been upon him. He had indeed ruled the great country over which he had been set. On his shoulders each man's burden lay, and such a burden had brought, as it ever must, dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights. He had been ill—very ill, as some of his letters show—when he set out on his mission to Abyssinia. The hard usage which he had undergone, and the risks which he had run in that kingdom, had still more tried his health. On his return to Alexandria, he was examined by Dr. Mackie, the surgeon to the British Consulate, who certified that he was "suffering from symptoms of nervous exhaustion, and alteration of the blood—giving rise to hæmorrhagic (purpuric) spots in the skin, or cicatrices of former sores or wounds. I have recommended him," the doctor adds, "to retire for several months for complete rest and quiet—and that he may be able to enjoy fresh and wholesome food, as I consider that much of what he is suffering from is the effect of continued bodily fatigue, anxiety, and indigestible food. I have strongly insisted on his abstaining from all exciting work—especially such as implies business or political excitement."

The advice was good, but it was not easy to follow. None find it harder to take rest than those who need it most. The over-wrought brain too often will not own to itself its own wants; and, even if it does, too often it knows not how to set about the task of idleness. Colonel Gordon had more than once pictured to himself the life that he would lead when his retirement should at last come. He would lie in bed till noon; he would only take short strolls; he would never go on a railway journey, and never accept an invitation to dinner. He would have oysters for lunch. He had scarcely begun

even to make trial of the life of an idle man, when unhappily fresh employment was offered him. "In a moment of weakness," he writes, "I took the appointment of Private Secretary to Lord Ripon, the new Governor-General of India. No sooner had I landed at Bombay than I saw that, in my irresponsible position, I could not hope to do anything really to the purpose, in the face of the vested interests out there. Seeing this, and seeing moreover, that my views were so diametrically opposed to those of the official classes, I resigned. Lord Ripon's position was certainly a great consideration with me. It was assumed by some that my views of the state of affairs were the Viceroy's, and thus I felt that I should do him harm by staying with him. We parted perfect friends. The brusqueness of my leaving was unavoidable, inasmuch as my stay would have put me into the possession of secrets of state, that—considering my decision eventually to leave—I ought not to know. Certainly I might have stayed a month or two, had a pain in the hand, and gone quietly; but the whole duties were so distasteful that I felt, being pretty callous as to what the world says, that it was better to go at once."

It was on June 3 that he resigned his appointment under Lord Ripon. News of his resignation appeared in the London papers of the following day, and was read, among other people, by Mr. J. D. Campbell, the agent in England of Mr. Hart, the Chinese Commissioner of Customs at Pekin. This gentleman thereupon forwarded to Colonel Gordon a telegram which he had received from Mr. Hart. "You were supposed," wrote Mr. Campbell later on, "to be in England; and I was expected to deliver the message to you *in propria persona*. I should never have thought of telegraphing it on to you in India, had I not seen in the newspaper of June 4 that you had resigned the post of Private Secretary to the Marquis of Ripon." The following is Mr. Hart's telegram :—

"I am directed to invite you here [to China, that is to say]. Please come and see for yourself. This opportunity for doing really useful work on a large scale ought not to be lost. Work, position, conditions can all be arranged with yourself here to your satisfaction. Do take six months' leave and come."

The following was Colonel Gordon's answer :—

"Inform Hart, Gordon will leave for Shanghai first opportunity. As for conditions Gordon indifferent."

He had been on the point of leaving for Aden on his way to Zanzibar, where he had hoped to be able to strike yet

another blow at the slave-trade. He gave up at once his intended journey, and applied to the Home Government for leave of absence on the grounds that he was invited to go to China. He was asked to state "more specifically" his purpose in going and the position that he was to hold. "I am ignorant" was all the answer that he was able at the time to send. This was not considered sufficient, and permission was refused. He thereupon referred the Government to Mr. Campbell for an explanation of the steps that had been taken in the whole matter, and sent in to the War Office the resignation of his commission. At the same time he said that his "counsel, if asked," would be "peace, not war." Thereupon he left for China. So soon as Mr. Campbell had been consulted the facts of the case were at once understood, and Colonel Gordon's resignation was refused. He might go to China on condition that he took no military service. His reply was easy, for he had never intended to do so. His great hope was to ward off the war which seemed so likely to break out between China and Russia. Any effort that he could make to avert so dreadful a disaster would be, he said, cheaply bought at any sacrifice of himself. He felt sure, moreover, that the Chinese Government would make up to him any loss in money that he might incur.

He went to Tientsin, and there he had an interview with his old friend, the statesman Li Hung Chang. From him he learnt the posture of affairs. He felt that to gain full freedom of speech and action he must no longer remain in the English army. He sent accordingly the following telegram to London: "July 27, 1880. I have seen Li Hung Chang, and he wishes me to stay with him. I cannot desert China in her present crisis, and would be free to act as I think fit. I therefore beg to resign my commission in Her Majesty's service."

His stay in China was not long. It was long enough, however, to give him time to render the world a priceless service; and he left with the knowledge that peace was maintained between those two great empires. He was never told by whom it was that Mr. Hart had been "directed" to invite him to China. There can, however, be scarcely any doubt that the invitation had come from the Imperial Court. The side that he took, nevertheless, was not likely to please the courtiers. They, as he found, all gave their sentence for war. Li Hung Chang, to the great peril of his life, was no less strong for peace. With him Colonel Gordon at once sided, speaking out his mind

strongly to the Court party as he set before them the dangers of a war with Russia. Most happily, his warning was not in vain.*

His work was finished, and he returned to Shanghai. There, on August 14, he received tidings that his resignation had once more been refused, but that his leave of absence was cancelled. He had already taken his passage for Aden. On arriving at that port he sent the following telegram in answer:—"You might have trusted me. My passage from China was taken before the arrival of telegram of August 14, which states leave cancelled, &c. Do you insist on rescinding the same?" On the following day, September 20, the brief reply arrived—"Leave granted to February 28." He was much touched by the kindness that had been shown him throughout by those placed in authority at home. Towards the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Lintorn Simmons, General Eyre, and Colonel J. M. Grant, he feels most of all indebted. They doubtless felt that in honouring him they were honouring themselves; and that in refusing to accept his resignation they were retaining for their country the services of a man whose like cannot easily be found in the world of letters or of men.

* The following extracts from an article on Russia and China that was published in the *Times* of April 18, 1881, confirm this statement, which was, I may add, already in type when the article appeared:—

"The outbreak of hostilities seemed imminent, when one more attempt was made to bring about a peaceful solution. The Marquis Tsêng, Chinese Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was ordered to St. Petersburg to endeavour to amend the action of his predecessor; and Colonel Gordon, in response, it is understood, to an indirect invitation from the Imperial Government, went personally to Pekin and threw the weight of his great personal influence into the scale of peace. The efforts of both were so far successful that the danger of immediate collision was staved off. . . . .

"This, then, in the spring of 1880, seems to have been the political position at Pekin. Prince Chun and the Empresses-Regent were eager for war, and Tso Tsung-tang, with the tattered legions which had never dared to meet the army of Yakoob Khan, vainly believed himself able to cope with the Russian forces; while Li Hung-chang and other great satraps, who, with a juster appreciation of the relative strength of China and Russia, desired peace, were dominated by the power of the Imperial name. There is no need to dwell on the circumstances of Colonel Gordon's visit, or on the intrigues which attended his advent. It is enough to say that he paid a visit of several days to the great Viceroy, with whom he had acted in the days of the Taeping rebellion, and both to him and subsequently to the high authorities at the capital urged every argument in favour of peace. Exposing the weakness of their forts and ships, and the unwieldiness and imperfection of their whole military organisation, he is said to have warned them that the outbreak of hostilities at Kuldja would be followed by the invasion of Manchuria from the Amoor, and that they might expect a hostile army within two months before the gates of Pekin."—ED.

APPENDIX A.

MEMORANDUM ON THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS AT CAIRO.*

My reasons, beyond those I have already adduced (which are the necessity of my remaining in the Soudan, until the taxes of the past year are collected, and until the revolt in the Bahr Gazelle is suppressed), for not appearing before the Council of responsible Ministers, are as follows, viz:—

That the composition of this Council is an anomaly, and that it would not be fair to force from me my opinions, to my hurt.

I presume the Council of Ministers has been charged with the Government of the country—*first*, with the view of keeping the country's interests as paramount to all others; *secondly*, in order that Egypt should be quiet and prosperous, and not a source of anxiety to the Foreign Powers; and *thirdly*, that the creditors of Egypt should be as fairly treated as it is possible for them to be treated, in accordance with the two first views.

It will not be doubted, that of this Ministry, the Finance Minister has a *parti pris*. He is pledged not to reduce the interest on the Debt. That being the first and paramount view he takes, any remarks in the interest of Egypt, or its tranquility, which affect his views on the Debt, must be considered as antagonistic to him, although those opinions may have been held by me long ere he was ever named Minister of Finance. I ask, therefore, if I have not done right, even if I had no further reason, for not desiring to meet the Council of Ministers, when the very first question would put me in antagonism with the Minister of Finance.

* See p. 338.—Ed.

It may be observed, that there would be no necessity for my entering on the question of the Finances of Egypt, but the fact is, such immixion must be inevitable, for the Soudan is a part of Egypt, and the Cairo Government abstract a certain portion of the revenues of the Soudan, by taking the custom dues, at Suez, on goods in transit to the Soudan, and by calling on the Soudan to carry on and meet the expenses of the Soudan Railway, when it is known to the Minister of Finance that the Expenditure of the Soudan exceeds the Receipts of the Soudan by £109,000 annually, and that the Debts of the Soudan are £300,000. Now this deficit of £109,000 exists if all the taxes due to Government are received; up to this time not more than one-half have been gathered, and some £72,000 of the estimated Receipts are said to be impossible to recover. The estimated Revenue is £551,000 a year; we have not got in more than £200,000 of this sum. We have a serious insurrection in existence to contend with, which I am obliged to starve down, in the way of supplies, etc., from want of funds. The Finance Minister, quite ignoring all this, and also ignoring the detailed accounts I have sent down to him, asks me to pay this and that sum, for the Railway.

This would be incomprehensible, were it not that he, in some way, is pledged to keep paying the interest of the Debt, as it now stands.

It is not my business to criticise the importation of high-paid Europeans into Egypt at this time: but it seems to me a most unwise policy to pursue. I would not dare in the presence of the financial state of the Soudan to do so, and our financial state, bad as it is, is better than that of Cairo. I have been obliged to do my finance business alone.

To return to my original remark, that I do wisely not to come to Cairo. I say that should I do so, I must be in immediate variance with the Finance Minister, and in such a way, that either he or I would be impossible. With me, I should have the people at large and the creditors of the floating debt; with him, would be the Governments of Europe and the creditors of the Debt. I should not fear the issue, for the Governments of Europe would think twice ere they interfered directly, but why, when I have so many good reasons for not coming down, should the inevitable trouble be brought about?

When at Cairo in 1878, I believe that, with me, Lesseps would have signed a memorandum to His Highness, recommending the temporary suspension of the Decrees, and the

immediate payment of the floating debt and employés, and a payment of four per cent. on the great Debt. Through certain circumstances this scheme fell through, and the consequence was, that since then two coupons have been paid, without alleviating in the least the floating debt or employés, and with the sure prospect that eventually the four per cent. will have to be paid.

Beyond the loss of the money, paid in these coupons, what has happened? The power of the Khedive is shaken, and a universal dissatisfaction exists.

When a man enters the service of a foreign state, he should entirely enter into consideration for that state: he should act for that state as for his own country. Of course, if he comes into the service of a foreign state by the orders of his own Government, *and that is understood by the Ruler in whose service he enters*, he is bound to follow the orders of his own Government; but in that case he has no right or status to sit in the Privy Council of the Ruler.

I will take an instance of what would be sure to happen, did I go to Cairo. The question of Berberah and Tajurah would be sure to arise. I would—and I think I should be right in doing so—urge the evacuation of those places, unless the Cairo Government paid their expenses: this the Finance Minister would refuse to do, true to his idea that such a proceeding would force him to reduce the interest on the Debt; and he would try and force me to say I can keep them up, though I know I cannot do so. He would then or might report me to our Government for urging a matter which was antagonistic to our Government's interests, and in which his French colleague would be for me. Certainly those questions should be avoided; for although I have never concealed my opinion that the forced occupation of Tajurah and Berberah, without the power of taking taxes at Berberah,* is not fair to Egypt, yet it has never been brought to any decided crisis, which this would be.

My line of action is clear: it is to keep aloof from Cairo, and to do my best in the Soudan, leaving those at Cairo to involve, as I think they are doing, the country more and more.

The people of the Soudan watch all that passes. They see H.H. put aside: they know the assumption of vice-regal honours by, to them, nobodies; for Nubar Pasha has never

* See p. 312.—Ed.

been to Egypt more than a comparatively low-born Armenian, who was clever enough to dispute with the Consuls-General, and who, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in the Privy Council, was fully aware of all the loans, &c., of the Moufetish.* In England one inquires how So-and-So becomes rich in the Government service—might not the same question be asked in this case?

C. G. GORDON.

KHARTOUM,
March 8th, 1879.

* The gatherer of taxes.

APPENDIX B.

FOREIGNERS IN THE SERVICE OF ORIENTAL STATES.

In considering this question, it is necessary to examine the existing state of affairs in Oriental countries, and then the *raison d'être*, *façon d'agir*, and object in view of the foreigner who enters the service of an Oriental country: in the same way as before a war, the theatre of operations, in the first instance, and the plan and object of the contemplated campaign, in the second instance, are studied.

Although Oriental countries resemble one another completely in every way, it is convenient to take one as a type — namely, Egypt; and so I will confine my remarks to that land, claiming that what I state applies to Turkey and China, and indeed to all existing Oriental countries possessing independence.

I put aside, in the first place, the fact that God has made the people of Egypt what they are; that it is by His will the Khedive is their ruler; and go on to say, that, after European ideas, the Egyptian people are a servile race, as foretold they should be; and that, not only do they not deserve a better government than they have, but they would not be content under a better government. The government is the outcoming of the people, it fitly represents them: it is a fallacy to suppose a good government would alter their nature—it can never do so. If the people were raised, the bad government would disappear. It is a fault to attempt a remedy in the branches: seek it in the roots.

It can be easily understood how hateful to any people is the occupation of high places by strangers, however good or

honest they may be, unless the country is truly annexed by the Government of those strangers. So we may write down as sure that the whole of Egypt's population are, in a primary manner, averse to strangers: nothing on the latter's part will destroy this natural feeling which is implanted in every man.

Add to this the general desire to peculation which exists, not only among the upper, but in the lower strata. All love muddy water; none wish it clear. We may blame them for this, and we may blame the sturgeon for the same fault; but it is true, and it is as God has ruled it.

Untruthfulness is the rule everywhere throughout the country: high and low are steady to that. Again, the bird in the hand is worth any number in the bush. It is useless to reason; they are deaf to it. They have the bird, and they prefer it: in words they are fatalists, in acts they are the reverse. These are the characteristics of the Egyptians and of all Asiatics, let them be brought up in Paris or London, and let them be high or low placed. To my mind we have no more reason to blame them than we would have to object to the colour of their eyes—any way, these are the people as they exist, and from the people springs a Government actuated with the same ideas. Whenever one of these governments led by a genius tries to improve or to reform abuses, or exceeds the general acceptation of how far peculation or oppression may go, that government falls, and one after the old model succeeds. The reason is that the people make their governments; and the Khedives, Sultans, Ameers, are simply the types of their people.

Acknowledge this, and much of the difficulties attending the relations between Oriental states and Europe will end. A Sultan, or Khedive, or Ameer, may make a spasmodic effort to really benefit his people, but unless some definite and considerable advantage is *sure* to be gained—1, *by him;* 2, *by his surroundings;* and 3, *by his people*—it will soon be abandoned (remark, I say, that the *three* parties must gain).

To remedy the state of these Oriental countries (and I speak of those Oriental countries which are *purely* such) there are two ways: either for European nations to annex them *in toto*, or exterminate their populations—there is no middle route; the first is a bad speculation; the second is impossible; and the best way is to let them alone, and not be philanthropic to those who do not need it.

I have now considered the existing state of affairs in Oriental countries—*i.e.*, studied the theatre of war.

Now for the *raison d'être*, *façon d'agir*, and object in a foreigner entering the service of one of these Oriental states. I put aside any calculation as to reasons which induce impecunious men — men desirous of clap-trap reputations — to take service; also the inducements which may lead men to enter the service of one of these states, for the purpose of knowing its capabilities, its peoples, its habits, with a view of his own country eventually owning that state: he may do this, without view of reward to be eventually gained from his own Government when it does annex, but simply to add to the glory of his native land.

I simply lay down what reasons may actuate a foreigner who enters Oriental service, devoid of any of the above objects. The only reason which, to me, justifies his taking service is—that he wishes to benefit his fellow-creatures, and to lead (not drive) them to raise themselves in the scale of civilisation, when, by a natural sequence, if he succeeds, the people will improve their Government; though he may be quite sure that even if, by that sequence, such an event does take place, *he* will not be benefited, he may feel that, if he succeeds and the Government is improved, his native country may be benefited if it is interested in the welfare of that Oriental state.

With this idea he enters the service, with the full conviction that, if reforms are to be made and are to be permanent, they must be the spontaneous desire of the mass of the people, and not forced, like exotics, to perish in a day; he is fully convinced that he is not liked, that he is not trusted, that he is *de trop* to all, that they grudge him the air he breathes. Even with the ruler he cannot fail to feel he is merely a necessary evil, to be borne with for a time, but he sets his face as a rock to persevere in his attempt. So far as to the justification of a foreigner in Oriental service.

As to his *façon d'agir*, I maintain the foreigner should, for the time, entirely abandon his relations with his native land; he should resist his own Government, and those of other powers, and keep intact the sovereignty of the Oriental state whose bread he eats; he should put himself into the place of a native when he has to advise the Sultan, Ameer, or Khedive, on any question which his own, native, or any foreign Government, may wish settled, and his advice should be sealed by—first, what is universally right throughout the world; and, secondly, by what is best for the Oriental state he serves. I

do not mean best for the ruler of the Oriental state, but best for the people. Thus, acting as a native of the country, he will take care that the peculiar habits and customs are considered.

In his acts he will see he has the general public opinion of the better class of these depraved countries with him (for there are grades), and if he would succeed in raising the people, he will not rush into reforms of ancient usages, however righteous or beneficial they may seem to him.

By working at the suppression of smaller and universally-acknowledged abuses, he will gain support in the land, quite irrespective of the Sultan, Ameer, or Khedive; he may then go on to attack the greater abuses, until, if God blesses him, he will raise a spirit in the people, that no Sultan, Ameer, or Khedive can lay, and which will live for ever. He should weigh the fact, that strict justice to twenty petty individuals is worth more than the same to one richer individual, for he then has twenty tongues *versus* one. I have already stated what I consider the object which the foreigner can have, and which alone justifies his taking service.

Now the above is my ideal, which I have tried to work up to: whether I have done so or not is my own affair, and it matters very little to me however the world may pronounce, for the simple reason, that the world at large is incapable of giving any opinion. I believe that a continuance in the ideal course I have sketched would insure the desired result.

I have not truckled to the Khedive. I am *plus Egyptien que le Viceroi;* and if it is said that I combated the late hermaphrodite administration, I have done so; but I have done so on the principles which I have written, and with no desire to benefit myself.

I have never disguised my sentiments towards the ex-administrators. I should never have combated, had the English and French Governments come openly forward, but should have left; but when men came in who had no greater status in Egypt than I had, and grasped, through unfair means, the Government, I was justified in refusing to obey them. I maintain that the reins of government were unfairly taken from the Khedive, that neither the French nor English government wished that matters should go so far, unless by the perfectly free and willing consent of the Khedive, which it is absurd to say that he, an Asiatic, ever gave. I opposed the clique also on account of what one could not fail to see would be the

sequel—*i.e.*, that the two Foreign Powers would inevitably be drifted by circumstances into action they were far from contemplating, and were using every effort to avoid.

To blame the Khedive for his actions you must blame his people, and blame their Creator; they act after their kind, and in the fashion they were made. Is it supposed that the capitalists who floated these loans did not know very fairly the eventual result of operations with such states? Where is there one state, except Japan, which has met its engagements?—and we have yet to see how Japan will act. Who persuaded clergymen and widows to invest? Was it not the speculators of Europe, with their *phantasmagoria?* If people go on what is evidently rotten ice, it is their own fault if they fall through.

1. Any foreigner entering the service of an Oriental state may be sure that no native official will ever be punished, except in name, for any thing he may do; he may be certain also that, unless he can hold his own by his own right hand, he will fall; and that it is not in the power, even if it is the inclination (?) of the Ruler of that state to help him.

2. A foreigner cannot go one-tenth as far in the use of—or rather abuse of—his authority as a native; the people will put up with the one, but not with the other if he exceeds a certain limit.

3. A foreigner, seeing axiom No. 1, is obliged, if he is to hold his place, to depart from European rules, and use, to some extent, arbitrary (*i.e.*, Oriental) means for defence and offence.

4. A foreigner, if conjointly charged with other natives to carry out any work, may rest assured that his great enemies, and most formidable, are those with whom he takes counsel, and that they are ready to be crushed if they can bring him down with them, and he may generally be sure that the ruler is not likely to do more than regret (?) his fall.

5. A foreigner, to succeed, must so regulate his affairs that no gain but sheer loss to the many would be incurred by his fall (I mean *tangible* gain—patriotic sentiments, or advantage to the country, or glory, are sentiments which never weigh in the scale. Actual coin is Allah, and "there is none, but" it). When men reason thus then fomenters of trouble find no hearers; but neglect this, and every one is ears. This is very natural, and not indigenous to the East. When a foreigner has so regulated affairs, that his fall will be a loss to the

many, *then* he may afford to look his enemies in the face, and not need the smile of the Sultan or Ameer.

These are my views formed from experience; and they are true for Turkey, Egypt, and China, and I expect for all the East.

C. E. GORDON.

SHAKA, DARFOUR,

April 24th, 1879.

P.S.—Joseph was the first foreigner in the service of Egypt; he took good care to have the masses indebted to him, through his having the means to help them. A minister of finance should never fall—for he holds the purse.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

I.

THE PROVINCES OF THE EQUATOR.

	MILES
Khartoum to Fashoda	490
Fashoda to River Saubat	60
Saubat to Rabatchambé	270
Rabatchambé to Bohr	90
Bohr to Lardo	90
Lardo to Gondokoro	10
Gondokoro to Rageef	16
Rageef to Bedden	13
Bedden to Kerri	28
Kerri to Moogie	13
Moogie to Laboré	27
Laboré to Duffli	45
Duffli to Magungo	135
Magungo to Murchison Falls	18
Murchison Falls to Anfina's Isle	42

	MILES
Anfina's Isle to Foweira	10
Foweira to Mrooli	73
Mrooli to Nyamyongo	80
Nyamyongo to Urundogani	14
Urundogani to Cossitza (Ripon Falls)	40
Duffli to Fatiko	54
Fatiko to Foweira	76
Duffli to Fashelie	9
Magungo to Keroto	54
Keroto to Masindi	44

II.

CAMEL ROUTES ACROSS THE DESERTS.

	MILES
Massawa to Keren	120
Keren to Kasala	160
Kasala to Katarif	120
Katarif to Sennaar	120
Sennaar to Abou Haraz	50
Khartoum to Obeid	180
Obeid to Fogia	140
Fogia to Oomchanga	50
Oomchanga to Fascher	60
Fascher to Kobeyt	35
Kobeyt to Kolkol	160
Fascher to Dara	130
Dara to Shaka	180
Shaka to Obeid	380

	MILES
Oomchanga to Toashia	80
Toashia to Dara	80
Dara to Kalaka	90
Kalaka to Shaka	120
Dara to Fufar	60
Suakin to Berber	280
Berber to Merowa	150
Khartoum to Debbe	220
Dongola to Wadi Halfa	200
Zeila to Harrar	200

OBSERVATIONS DETERMINING THE ALTITUDES ABOVE SEA OF PLACES NAMED BELOW, CALCULATED BY CAPTAIN C. M. WATSON, R.E., FROM OBSERVATIONS MADE BY COLONEL GORDON AND CAPTAIN WATSON DURING 1874–1876.

Date of Observation.	Place.	Height above Sea.	Remarks.
		FEET.	
9 & 10/8/1874.....	Khartoum ...	1402	Level of Nile.
23/10/1874	Fashoda	1446	Level of Nile.
6/2/1875	Bahr Gazelle	1476	Level of Nile.
19 & 21/11/1874...	Gondokoro ...	1763	Level of Nile.
4/12/1874	Rageef.....	1775	Level of Nile.
5/5/1876	Kerri	1819	Level of Nile.
8 & 29/8/1875.....	Moogie	1821	Level of Nile.
10 & 12/10/1875...	Duffli	2053	Level of Nile.
27/10/1875	Fashelie	2237	Level of Unyama River, falling into Nile.
12/4/1876	Lake Albert	2069	Level of Lake.
28/7/1876			
2/8/1876			
12/4/1876			
28/7/1876			
6/8/1876	Shoa Moru ...	2365	Level of Victoria Nile, above Murchison Falls.
9/8/1876	Rapids.....	3058	Level of Victoria Nile, between Murchison Falls and Foweira.
10/8/1876	Anfina's Isle	3146	Level of Victoria Nile.
18/1/1876.....	Foweira	3369	Level of Victoria Nile.
13/8/1876.....			
5/1/1876	Fatiko.....	3541	

N.B.—Average number of instruments used at each observation:—Aneroids, four; Boiling-point Thermometers, five.

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Debra Tabor
Magdala
SHOA
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DANAKLI
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